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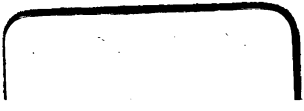
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The FIFTH PART of

Miſcellany Poems.

Containing Variety of New

TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

ANCIENT POETS;

Together with Several

ORIGINAL POEMS.

By the Moſt Eminent Hands.

Publiſh'd by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

LONDON:
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A LETTER from *ITALY*,

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES Lord *HALLIFAX*.

In the Year MDCCI.

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna Virûm! tibi res Antiquæ laudis & Artis
Aggredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes.
Virg. Geo. 2.

By Mr. JOSEPH ADDISON.

WHILE you, *my Lord*, the rural Shades admire,
And from *Britannia's* publick Poſts retire;
Nor longer, her ungrateful Sons to pleaſe,
For their Advantage ſacrifice your Eaſe;
Me into Foreign Realms my Fate conveys,
Through Nations fruitful of Immortal Lays,
Where the ſoft Seaſon and inviting Clime
Conſpire to trouble your Repoſe with Rhime.
For whereſoe'er I turn my raviſh'd Eyes,
Gay gilded Scenes and ſhining Proſpects riſe,
Poetick Fields encompaſs me around,
And ſtill I ſeem to tread on Claſſic Ground;

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For here the Muſe ſo oft her Harp has ſtrung,
That not a Mountain rears its Head unſung,
Renown'd in Verſe each ſhady Thicket grows,
And ev'ry Stream in Heav'nly Numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to ſearch the Hills and Woods
For riſing Springs and celebrated Floods!
To view the *Nar*, tumultuous in his Courſe,
And trace the ſmooth *Clitumnus* to his Sourſe,
To ſee the *Mincio* draw his watry Store
Through the long windings of a fruitful Shore,
And hoary *Albula*'s infected Tide
O'er the warm Bed of ſmoaking Sulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thouſand Raptures I ſurvey
Eridanus through flow'ry Meadows ſtray,
The King of Floods! that rolling o'er the Plains
The Tow'ring *Alps* of half their moiſture drains,
And proudly ſwoln with a whole Winter's Snows,
Diſtributes Wealth and Plenty where he flows.
Sometimes miſguided by the tuneful Throng,
I look for Streams immortaliz'd in Song,
That loſt in Silence and Oblivion lye,
(Dumb are their Fountains and their Channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the Muſes skill,
And in the ſmooth Deſcription murmur ſtill.
Sometimes to gentle *Tiber* I retire,
And the fam'd River's empty Shores admire,
That deſtitute of ſtrength derives its Courſe
From thrifty Urns and an unfruitful Sourſe;
Yet ſung ſo often in Poetick Lays,
With ſcorn the *Danube* and the *Nile* ſurveys.
So high the deathleſs Muſe exalts her Theme!
Such was the *Boin*, a poor inglorious Stream,
That in *Hibernian* Vales obſcurely ſtray'd,
And unobſerv'd in wild *Meanders* play'd;
Till by *Your* Lines and *Naſſau*'s Sword renown'd,
Its riſing Billows through the World reſound,
Where-e'er the Heroe's Godlike Acts can pierce,
Or where the Fame of an Immortal Verſe.

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Oh cou'd the Muſe my raviſht Breaſt inſpire
With Warmth like yours, and raiſe an equal Fire,
Unnumber'd Beauties in my Verſe ſhou'd ſhine,
And *Virgil's Italy* ſhou'd yield to mine!
See how the Golden Groves around me ſmile,
That ſhun the Coaſt of *Britain's* ſtormy Iſle;
Or when tranſplanted and preſerv'd with Care,
Curſe the Cold Clime, and ſtarve in Northern Air.
Here kindly Warmth their mounting Juice ferments
To nobler Taſtes, and more exalted Scents.
Ev'n the rough Rocks with tender Myrtle bloom,
And trodden Weeds ſend out a rich Perfume.
Bear me ſome God to *Baja's* gentle Seats,
Or cover me in *Umbria's* Green Retreats;
Where Weſtern Gales eternally reſide,
And all the Seaſons laviſh all their Pride,
Bloſſoms, and Fruits, and Flowers together riſe,
And the whole Year in gay Confuſion lies.
Immortal Glories in my Mind revive,
And in my Soul a thouſand Paſſions ſtrive,
When *Rome's* exalted Beauties I deſcry
Magnificent in Piles of Ruin lye:
An Amphitheater's amazing height
Here fills my Eye with Terror and Delight,
That on its publick Shows unpeopled *Rome*,
And held uncrowded Nations in its Womb.
Here Pillars rough with Sculpture pierce the Skies,
And here the proud Triumphal Arches riſe,
Where the old *Romans* deathleſs Acts diſplay'd,
Their baſe degenerate Progeny upbraid.
Whole Rivers here forſake the Fields below,
And wondring at their height through airy Channels flow.
Still to new Scenes my wandring Muſe retires,
And the dumb ſhow of breathing *Rocks* admires;
Where the ſmooth *Chiſſel* all its Force has ſhown,
And ſoften'd into Fleſh the rugged Stone.

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In ſolemn Silence, a Majeſtick Band,
Heroes, and Gods, and *Roman* Conſuls ſtand,
Stern Tyrants, whom their Cruelties renown,
And Emperors in *Parian* Marble frown.
While the bright Dames, to whom they humbly ſu'd,
Still ſhow the Charms that their proud Hearts ſubdu'd.

Fain wou'd I *Raphael*'s Godlike Art rehearſe,
And ſhow th' Immortal Labours in my Verſe.
Where from the mingled ſtrength of Shade and Light
A new Creation riſes to my Sight.
Such Heav'nly Figures from his Pencil flow,
So warm with Life his blended Colours glow.
From Theme to Theme with ſecret Pleaſure toſt,
Amidſt the ſoft Variety I'm loſt:
Here pleaſing Airs my raviſht Soul confound
With circling Notes and Labyrinths of Sound;
Here Domes and Temples riſe in diſtant Views,
And opening Palaces invite my Muſe.

How has kind Heav'n adorn'd the happy Land,
And ſcatter'd Bleſſings with a waſtful Hand!
But what avail her unexhauſted Stores,
Her blooming Mountains and her ſunny Shores,
With all the Gifts that Heaven and Earth impart,
The Smiles of Nature, and the Charms of Art,
While proud Oppreſſion in her Vallies reigns,
And Tyranny uſurps her happy Plains?
The poor Inhabitant beholds in vain
The red'ning Orange and the ſwelling Grain:
Joyleſs he ſees the growing Oils and Wines,
And in the Myrtles fragrant Shade repines:
Starves in the midſt of Nature's Bounty curſt,
And in the loaden Vineyard dies for Thirſt.

Oh *Liberty*, thou *Goddeſs* Heav'nly bright,
Profuſe of Bliſs, and pregnant with Delight,
Eternal Pleaſures in thy Preſence reign,
And ſmiling Plenty leads thy wanton Train!

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Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks chearful in thy ſight;
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy Face of Nature gay,
Giv'ſt Beauty to the Sun, and Pleaſure to the Day.
Thee, *Goddeſs*, Thee, *Britannia*'s Iſle adores;
How has ſhe oft exhauſted all her Stores,
How oft in Fields of Death thy Preſence ſought?
Nor thinks the mighty Prize too dearly bought:
On Foreign Mountains may the Sun refine
The Grapes ſoft Juice, and mellow it to Wine,
With Citron Groves adorn a diſtant Soil,
And the fat Olive ſwell with floods of Oil:
We envy not the warmer Clime that lies
In ten Degrees of more indulgent Skies,
Nor at the Coarſeneſs of our Heav'n repine,
Tho' o'er our Heads the frozen *Pleiads* ſhine:
'Tis Liberty that Crowns *Britannia*'s Iſle,
And makes her barren Rocks and her bleak Mountains ſmile.
Others with Tow'ring Piles may pleaſe the ſight,
And in their proud aſpiring Domes delight;
A nicer Touch to the ſtretcht Canvas give,
Or teach their animated *Rocks* to live:
'Tis *Britain*'s Care to watch o'er *Europe*'s Fate,
And hold in Balance each contending State.
To threaten bold preſumptuous Kings with War,
And anſwer her afflicted Neighbour's Pray'r.
The *Dane* and *Swede* rouz'd up by fierce Alarms,
Bleſs the Wiſe Conduct of her Pious Arms.
Soon as her Fleets appear, their Terrors ceaſe,
And all the Northern World lies huſh'd in Peace.
Th'ambitious *Gaul* beholds with ſecret dread
Her Thunder aim'd at his aſpiring Head,
And fain her Godlike Sons wou'd diſunite
By Foreign Gold, or by Domeſtick Spite;
But ſtrives in vain to Conquer or Divide,
Whom *Naſſau*'s Arms defend and Counſels guide.

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Fir'd with the Name, which I ſo oft have found
The diſtant Climes and different Tongues reſound;
I bridle in my ſtruggling Muſe with Pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder Strain.
But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous Song.
My humble Verſe demands a ſofter Theme,
A painted Meadow or a purling Stream,
Unfit for Heroes; whom Immortal Lays,
And Lines like *Virgil*'s, or like yours ſhou'd praiſe.

On the Death of AMYNTAS: *A Paſtoral ELEGY.*

Written by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

'TWas on a Joyleſs and a Gloomy Morn,
Wet was the Graſs, and hung with Pearls the Thorn;
When *Damon*, who deſign'd to paſs the Day
With Hounds and Horns, and chaſe the flying Prey,
Roſe early from his Bed; but ſoon he found
The Welkin pitch'd with ſullen Clouds around,
An Eaſtern Wind, and Dew upon the Ground.
Thus while he ſtood, and ſighing did ſurvey
The Fields, and curs'd th' ill Omens of the Day,
He ſaw *Menalcas* come with heavy pace;
Wet were his Eyes, and chearleſs was his Face:
He wrung his Hands, diſtracted with his Care,
And ſent his Voice before him from afar.
Return, he cry'd, return unhappy Swain,
The ſpungy Clouds are fill'd with gath'ring Rain;
The Promiſe of the Day not only croſs'd,
But ev'n the Spring, the Spring itſelf is loſt.
Amyntas,----Oh! he cou'd not ſpeak the reſt,
Nor needed, for preſaging *Damon* gueſs'd.
Equal with Heav'n young *Damon* lov'd the Boy;
The boaſt of Nature, both his Parents Joy.

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His graceful Form revolving in his Mind;
So great a Genius, and a Soul ſo kind,
Gave ſad aſſurance that his Fears were true;
Too well the Envy of the Gods he knew:
For when their Gifts too laviſhly are plac'd,
Soon they repent, and will not make them laſt.
For, ſure, it was too bountiful a Dole,
The Mother's Features, and the Father's Soul.
Then thus he cry'd, The Morn beſpoke the News,
The Morning did her chearful Light diffuſe;
But ſee how ſuddenly ſhe chang'd her Face, [grace;
And brought on Clouds and Rains, the Day's Diſ-
Juſt ſuch, *Amyntas*, was thy promis'd Race!
What Charms adorn'd thy Youth where Nature
And more than Man was giv'n us in a Child! [ſmil'd,
His Infancy was ripe: a Soul ſublime
In Years ſo tender that prevented time:
Heav'n gave him all at once; then ſnatch'd away,
E'er Mortals all his Beauties cou'd ſurvey:
Juſt like the Flow'r that buds and withers in a Day.

MENALCAS.

The Mother Lovely, tho' with Grief oppreſt,
Reclin'd his dying Head upon her Breaſt.
The mournful Family ſtood all around;
One Groan was heard, one Univerſal Sound:
All were in Floods of Tears and endleſs Sorrow
So dire a Sadneſs ſate on ev'ry Look, [drown'd.
Even Death repented he had giv'n the Stroke.
He griev'd his fatal Work had been ordain'd,
But promis'd length of Life to thoſe who yet remain'd.
The Mother's and her Eldeſt Daughter's Grace,
It ſeems had brib'd him to prolong their ſpace:
The Father bore it with undaunted Soul,
Like one who durſt his Deſtiny controul:
Yet with becoming Grief he bore his part,
Reſign'd his Son, but not reſign'd his Heart.

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Patient as *Job*; and may he live to see,
Like him, a new increasing Family;

DAMON.

Such is my Wish, and such my Prophesie.
For yet, my Friend, the Beauteous Mold remains,
Long may she exercise her fruitful Pains:
But, ah! with better hap, and bring a Race
More lasting, and endu'd with equal Grace:
Equal she may, but farther none can go;
For he was all that was exact below.

MENALCAS.

Damon, behold, yon breaking Purple Cloud;
Hear'st thou not Hymns and Songs Divinely loud?
There mounts *Amyntas*; the young Cherubs play
About their Godlike Mate, and Sing him on his way.
He cleaves the liquid Air, behold he flies,
And every Moment gains upon the Skies;
The new come Guest admires th'Ætherial State,
The *Saphir* Portal, and the *Golden* Gate;
And now admitted in the shining Throng,
He shows the Passport which he brought along;
His Passport is his Innocence and Grace,
Well known to all the Natives of the Place.
Now Sing ye joyful Angels, and admire [Quire:
Your Brother's Voice that comes to mend your
Sing you, while endless Tears our Eyes bestow;
For like *Amyntas* none is left below.

On the DEATH *of a very young Gentleman.*

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

HE who cou'd view the Book of Destiny,
And read whatever there was writ of thee;
O *Charming Youth*, in the first op'ning Page,
So many Graces in so green an Age,

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Such Wit, such Modesty, such Strength of Mind,
A Soul at once so manly, and so kind:
Wou'd wonder, when he turn'd the Volume o'er,
And after some few Leaves shou'd find no more.
Nought but a blank remain, a dead void Space,
A step of Life that promis'd such a Race:
We must not, dare not think that Heav'n began
A Child, and cou'd not finish him a Man:
Reflecting what a mighty Store was laid
Of rich Materials, and a Model made:
The Cost already furnish'd; so bestow'd,
As more was never to one Soul allow'd;
Yet after this Profusion spent in vain,
Nothing but mould'ring Ashes to remain.
I guess not, lest I split upon the Shelf,
Yet durst I guess Heav'n kept it for himself;
And giving us the use did soon recal,
Ere we con'd spare the mighty Principal.

Thus then he disappear'd, was rarify'd,
For 'tis improper Speech to say he dy'd:
He was exhal'd: His great Creator drew
His Spirit, as the Sun the Morning Dew.
'Tis Sin produces Death; and he had none
But the Taint *Adam* left on ev'ry Son.
He added not, he was so pure, so good,
'Twas but th' Original forfeit of his Blood:
And that so little, that the River ran
More clear than the corrupted Fount began.
Nothing remain'd of the first muddy Clay,
The length of Course had wash'd it in the way.
So deep, and yet so clear, we might behold
The Gravel bottom, and that bottom Gold.

As such we lov'd, admir'd, almost ador'd,
Gave all the Tribute Mortals cou'd afford.
Perhaps we gave so much, the Pow'rs above
Grew angry at our superstitious Love:
For when we more than Human Homage pay,
The charming Cause is justly snatch'd away.

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Thus was the Crime not his, but ours alone,
And yet we murmur that he went ſo ſoon;
Though Miracles are ſhort and rarely ſhown.
Hear then, ye mournful Parents, and divide
That Love in many which in one was ty'd.
That individual Bleſſing is no more,
But multiply'd in your remaining Store.
The Flame's diſpers'd, but does not all expire,
The Sparkles blaze, though not the Globe of Fire.
Love him by Parts, in all your num'rous Race,
And from thoſe Parts form one collected Grace;
Then, when you have refin'd to that Degree,
Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.

To my Honour'd Friend Dr. Charleton, *on his learned and uſeful Works; but more particularly his Treatiſe of* Stone-Heng, *by him reſtor'd to the true Founders.*

By Mr. DRYDEN.

THE longeſt Tyranny that ever ſway'd,
Was that wherein our Anceſtors betray'd
Their free-born *Reaſon* to the *Stagirite*,
And made his Torch their univerſal Light.
So *Truth*, while only one ſupply'd the State,
Grew ſcarce, and dear, and yet ſophiſticate.
'Till it was bought, like Emp'rick Wares, or Chatms,
Hard Words ſeal'd up with *Ariſtotle*'s Arms.
Columbus was the firſt that ſhook his Throne;
And found a *Temp'rate* in a *Torrid* Zone:
The feav'riſh Air fann'd by a cooling Breeze,
The fruitful Vales ſet round with ſhady Trees;
And guiltleſs *Men*, who danc'd away their time,
Freſh as their *Groves*, and *Happy* as their *Clime*.
Had we ſtill paid that Homage to a *Name*,
Which only *God* and *Nature* juſtly claim;

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The Western Seas had been our utmoſt Bound,
Where *Poets* ſtill might dream the *Sun* was drown'd:
And all the *Stars* that ſhine in *Southern* Skies,
Had been admir'd by none but *Salvage* Eyes.
Among th' *Aſſerters* of free Reaſon's claim,
Our Nation's not the leaſt in Worth or Fame.
The World to *Bacon* does not only owe
Its *preſent* Knowledge, but its *future* too.
Gilbert ſhall live, till *Load-ſtones* ceaſe to draw,
Or *Britiſh* Fleets the boundleſs Ocean awe.
And noble *Boyle*, not leſs in *Nature* ſeen,
Than his great *Brother* read in *States* and *Men*.
The *Circling* Streams, once thought but Pools, of Blood
(Whether Life's Fewel, or the Body's Food)
From dark Oblivion *Harvey*'s Name ſhall ſave;
While *Ent* keeps all the Honour that he gave.
Nor are *You*, Learned Friend, the leaſt renown'd;
Whoſe Fame, not circumſcrib'd with *Engliſh* Ground,
Flies like the nimble Journies of the Light;
And is, like that, unſpent too in its Flight.
Whatever *Truths* have been, by *Art*, or *Chance*,
Redeem'd from *Error*, or from *Ignorance*,
Thin in their *Authors*, (like rich Veins of Ore)
Your Works unite, and ſtill diſcover more.
Such is the healing Virtue of your Pen,
To perfect Cures on *Books*, as well as *Men*.
Nor is this Work the leaſt: You well may give
To *Men* new Vigour, who make *Stones* to live.
Through You, the *Danes* (their ſhort Dominion loſt)
A longer Conqueſt than the *Saxons* boaſt. [found
STONE-HENG, once thought a *Temple*, you have
A *Throne*, where Kings, our earthly Gods, were crown'd,
Where by their wandring Subjects they were ſeen,
Joy'd with their Stature, and their Princely Meen.
Our *Sovereign* here above the reſt might ſtand;
And here be choſe again to rule the Land.
Theſe Ruins ſhelter'd once *His* Sacred Head,
When *He* from *Worceſter*'s fatal Battel fled;

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Watch'd by the Genius of this Royal Place,
And mighty Viſions of the *Daniſh* Race.
His *Refuge* then was for a *Temple* ſhown:
But, *He* reſtor'd, 'tis now become a *Throne.*

The DREAM.

By the Earl of ROSCOMMON.

TO the pale Tyrant, who to horrid Graves
Condemns ſo many thouſand helpleſs Slaves,
Ungrateful we do gentle Sleep compare;
Who, tho' his Victories as num'rous are,
Yet from his Slaves no Tribute does he take,
But woful Cares that load them while they wake.
When his ſoft Charms had eas'd my weary Sight.
Of all the baneful Troubles of the Light;
Dorinda came diveſted of the Scorn,
Which the unequall'd Maid ſo long had worn;
How oft in vain had Love's great God eſſay'd,
To tame the ſtubborn Heart of that bright Maid!
Yet ſpight of all the Pride that ſwells her Mind,
The humble God of Sleep can make her kind;
A riſing Bluſh increas'd the Native Store
Of Charms that but too fatal were before.
Once more preſent the Viſion to my view,
The ſweet Illuſion, gentle Fate, renew!
How kind, how lovely ſhe; how raviſht I!
Shew me, bleſt God of Sleep, and let me die.

Upon the Death of the Earl of DUNDEE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

OH laſt and beſt of *Scots!* who didſt maintain
Thy Country's Freedom, from a foreign Reign;

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New People fill the Land now thou art gone;
New Gods the Temples, and new Kings the Throne.
Scotland and Thee did each in other live;
Nor wou'dst thou her, nor cou'd she thee survive:
Farewel, who dying didst support the State,
And cou'dst not fall but with thy Country's Fate.

The RAPTURE.

I Yield, I yield, and can no longer stay
My eager Thoughts, that force themselves away.
Sure, none inspir'd, whose Heat transports 'em still
Above their Reason, and beyond their Will,
Can firm against the strong Impulse remain:
Censure it self were not so sharp a Pain.
Let vulgar Minds submit to vulgar Sway;
What Ignorance shall think, or Malice say,
To me are Trifles; if the knowing few,
Who can see Faults, but can forgive them too,
Applaud that Genius which themselves partake,
And spare the Poet for the Muse's sake.
The Muse who raises me from humble Ground,
To view the vast and various World around:
How fast I mount! In what a glorious way
I grow transported to this large Survey!
I value Earth no more, and far below
Methinks I see the busie Pigmies go;
My Soul entranc'd, is in a Rapture brought
Above the common Tracts of vulgar Thought.
With Fancy wing'd I feel the purer Air,
And with Contempt look down on Human Care.
Airy Ambition, ever soaring high,
Stands most expos'd to my censorious Eye:
Behold 'em toiling up a slipp'ry Hill,
Where, tho' arriv'd, they must be [illegible] d;
Some, with unsteady Feet, just fa[illegible] d;
Others at top, whose Heads are [illegible] d.

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To this high Sphere it happens ſtill that ſome,
The moſt unfit, are forwardeſt to come;
Yet among theſe are Princes forc'd to chuſe,
Or ſeek out ſuch as would perhaps refuſe.
Pow'r, if too great, is ſafely plac'd in none,
And ſoon becomes a Dragon, or a Drone.
Either remiſs and negligent of all,
Or elſe Imperious and Tyrannical.
The Muſe inſpires me now to look agen,
And ſee a meaner ſort of ſordid Men,
Doating on little Heaps of yellow Duſt;
For that, deſpiſing Honour, Eaſe, and Luſt.
Let other Bards, expreſſing how it ſhines,
Deſcribe with Envy, what the Miſer finds;
But like ſome Heap of Dirt it ſeems to me,
Where we may juſt ſuch crawling Vermine ſee.
Through Filth they creep a thouſand crooked ways,
Inſenſible of Infamy or Praiſe.
Loaded with Guilt, they ſtill purſue their Courſe;
Nor are to be reſtrain'd by Friendſhip's ſacred Force.
Not to inlarge on ſuch an obvious Thought;
Behold their Folly, which tranſcends their Fault!
Alas, their Cares and Caution only tend
To gain the Means, and then to loſe the End.
Like Heroes in Romances, ſtill in Fight
For Miſtreſſes that yield them no Delight.
This, of all Vice, does moſt debaſe the Mind,
And Gold is an Allay to Human-kind.
Oh, happy Times, when no ſuch thing as Coin
E'er tempted Friends to part, or Foes to join!
Cattle, or Corn, among thoſe harmleſs Men,
Was all their Wealth; the Gold and Silver then:
Corn was too bulky to corrupt a Tribe,
And bellowing Herds would have betray'd the Bribe.
Our Traffick is meer intercourſe of Ill,
And ev'ry Wind brings a new Miſchief ſtill;
By Trade we flouriſh in our Leaves and Fruit,
But Av'rice and Exceſs devour the Root.

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Thus far the Muſe unwillingly has been
Fix'd on the dull, leſs pleaſing ſorts of Sin;
But with Delight ſhe views the diff'rent ways
Of Luxury, and all its Charms ſurveys.
Oh Luxury! thou ſoft, but ſure Deceit!
Riſe of the Mean, and Ruin of the Great!
Thou ſure Preſage of ill approaching Fates!
The Bane of Empires, and the Change of States!
Armies in vain reſiſt thy mighty Pow'r;
Not Plagues, or Famine would confound them more.
Thus *Rome* her ſelf, while o'er the World ſhe flew,
And did, by Virtue, all the World ſubdue,
Was by her own Victorious Arms oppreſt,
And catch'd Infection from the conquer'd Eaſt;
Whence all thoſe Vices came, which ſoon devour
The beſt Foundations of Renown and Pow'r.

But, oh, what need have we abroad to roam,
Who feel too much the ſad Effects at home
Of wild Exceſs; which we ſo plainly find
Decays the Body, and impairs the Mind.
Yet the grave Fops muſt not preſume from hence
To ſlight the ſacred Pleaſures of the Senſe;
Our Appetites are Nature's Laws, and giv'n
Under the broad Authentick Seal of Heav'n.
Let Pedants wrangle, and let Biggots fight,
To put reſtraint on innocent Delight,
But Heav'n and Nature's always in the right;
They wou'd not draw poor wretched Mortals in,
Nor give Deſires that ſhall be doom'd for Sin.
But that, in height of harmleſs Joys, we may
Laſt to old Age, and never loſe a Day:
Amidſt our Pleaſures we our ſelves ſhould ſpare,
And manage all with Temperance and Care.
Yet Heav'n forbid, but we ſometimes may ſteep
Our Joys in Wine, and lull our Cares aſleep:
It raiſes Nature, ripens Seeds of Worth;
Like Pictures wet, to fetch the Colours forth:
But if the Varniſh we too oft apply,
Like Colours, we, alas! grow faint and die.

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Hold, hold, impetuous Muſe: I wou'd reſtrain
Her over-eager Heat, but all in vain;
Abandon'd to Delights, ſhe longs to rove;
I check her here, and now ſhe flies to Love;
Shews me ſome rural Nymph by Shepherd chas'd,
Soon overtaken, and as ſoon embrac'd;
The Graſs by her, as ſhe by him is preſt;
For ſhame, my Muſe, let Fancy gueſs the reſt;
At ſuch a Point Fancy can never ſtay,
But flies beyond whatever you can ſay.
Behold the ſilent Shades, the am'rous Grove,
The dear Delights, the very Act of Love.
This is his loweſt Sphere, his Country Scene,
Where Love is humble, and his Fare but mean,
Yet ſpringing up, without the Help of Art,
Leaves a ſincerer Reliſh of the Heart;
More healthfully, tho' not ſo finely fed,
And better thrives than where more nicely bred:
But 'tis in Courts where moſt he makes a Show,
And high Enthron'd, governs the World below;
For, though in Hiſtories learn'd Ignorance
Attributes all to Cunning, or to Chance,
Love, in that grave Diſguiſe, does often ſmile,
Knowing the Cauſe was Kindneſs all the while.
What Story, Place, or Perſon does not prove
The boundleſs Influence of mighty Love?
Where-e'er the Sun does vig'rous Heats inſpire,
Both Sexes love and languiſh in Deſire.
The weary'd Swain, faſt in the Arms of Sleep,
Love can awake, and often ſighing keep;
And buſie Gown-men, by fond Love diſguis'd,
Will leaſure find to make themſelves deſpis'd.
Imperious Kings ſubmit to Beauty's ſway;
Beauty it ſelf, a greater Prince than they,
With all its Vanity, and all its Pride,
Lyes often languiſhing by ſome bleſs'd Shepherd's ſide;
I meane to ſlight the ſoft bewitching Charm,
But yet my Head and Heart are both too warm;

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I doat on Womankind with all its Faults,
Love turns my Satyr into softest Thoughts;
Of all that Passion which our Peace destroys,
Instead of Mischiefs I describe the Joys.
But short will be its Reign (I fear too short)
And present Cares shall be my future Sport.
Then, Love's bright Torch put out, his Arrows broke,
Loose from kind Chains, and from obliging Yoke,
To all fond Thoughts I'll sing such counter Charms,
The Fair shall listen in their Lovers Arms.
Now the Enthusiastick Fit is spent,
I feel my Weakness, and too late repent.
As they, who walk in Dreams oft climb too high
For Sense to follow with a waking Eye;
And, in such dang'rous Paths, are blindly bold,
Which afterward they tremble to behold;
So I review the Sallies of my Pen,
And modest Judgment is return'd agen;
My Confidence I curse, my Fate accuse,
Scarce hold from censuring the sacred Muse.
No wretched Poet of the railing Pit,
No Critick curs'd with the wrong-side of Wit,
Is more severe from Ignorance and Spite,
Than I with Reason against all I Write.

The Speeches of Brutus *and* Cato. *Translated from* Lucan, Lib. 2. Lin. 234.

By Mr. *ROWE.*

In the latter part of the First Book, and the beginning of the Second, the Poet, after having describ'd the Prodigies that fore-ran the Civil Wars, gives an Account of the general Consternation every Body was under at Rome, *from an Apprehension of the Calamities they were to suffer between the two Factions. From thence*

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he takes an occaſion to introduce the Famous M. Brutus *conſulting* Cato *concerning the War that was likely to enſue, which is the Subject of the two following Speeches.*

Diſtracted thus with Fears, preſaging *Rome*
Labour'd with Evils that were yet to come,
But *Brutus* Temper fail'd not with the reſt,
Nor with the common Weakneſs was oppreſt,
But kept the Native Peace within his manly Breaſt.
'Twas when the ſolemn dead of Night came on,
When bright *Caliſto*, with her ſhining Son,
Now half their Circle round the Pole had run;
When *Brutus*, on the buſie Times intent,
To virtuous *Cato*'s humble Dwelling went.
Waking he found him, careful for the State,
Grieving and fearing for his Country's Fate.
For *Rome*, and wretched *Rome* alone he fear'd;
Secure within himſelf, and for the worſt prepar'd.
To him thus *Brutus* ſpoke. O thou, to whom
Forſaken Virtue flies, as to her Home:
Driv'n out, and by an impious Age oppreſt,
She finds no room on Earth but *Cato*'s Breaſt;
There, in her one good Man, ſhe reigns ſecure,
Fearleſs of Vice, or Fortune's Hoſtile Pow'r.
Then teach my Soul, to Doubt and Error prone,
Teach me a Reſolution like thy own.
Let partial Favour, Hopes, or Int'reſt guide,
By various Motives, all the World beſide,
To *Pompey*'s, or ambitious *Ceſar*'s Side;
Thou, *Cato*, art my Leader, Whether Peace
And calm Repoſe, amidſt theſe Storms ſhall pleaſe;
Or whether War thy Ardour ſhall engage,
To gratifie the Madneſs of this Age, [Rage:
Herd with the factious Chiefs, and urge the People's
The Ruffian, Bankrupt, looſe Adulterer,
All who the Pow'r of Laws and Juſtice fear,
From Guilt learn ſpecious Reaſons for the War.

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By Starving, Want and Wickedneſs prepar'd,
Wiſely they arm for Safety and Reward;
But oh! what Cauſe, what Reaſon can'ſt thou find?
Art thou to Arms, for love of Arms, inclin'd?
Haſt thou the Manners of this Age withſtood,
And for ſo many Years been ſingly good,
To be repaid with Civil Wars and Blood?
Let thoſe to Vice enur'd for Arms prepare,
In thee 'twill be Impiety to dare;
Preſerve at leaſt, ye Gods, theſe Hands from War.
Nor do thou meanly with the Rabble join,
Nor grace their Cauſe with ſuch an Arm as thine.
To thee the Fortune of the Fatal Field
Inclining, unauſpicious Fame ſhall yield;
Each to thy Sword ſhall preſs, and wiſh to be
Imputed as thy Crime, and charg'd on thee.
Happier thou wert, if with Retirement bleſt,
Which Noiſe and Faction never ſhould moleſt,
Nor break the ſacred Quiet of thy Breaſt;
Where Harmony and Order ne'er ſhould ceaſe,
But ev'ry Day ſhould take its Turn in Peace;
So in Eternal ſteddy Motion roll
The radiant Spheres around the ſtarry Pole.
Fierce Lightnings, Meteors, and the Winter's Storm,
Earth, and the Face of lower Heav'n deform;
Whilſt all by Nature's Laws is calm above,
No Tempeſt rages in the Court of *Jove*.
Light Particles and idle Atoms fly,
Toſt by the Winds, and ſcatter'd round the Sky,
While the more ſolid Parts the Force reſiſt,
And fix'd and ſtable on their Centre reſt.
Cæſar ſhall hear with Joy, that thou art join'd
With fighting Factions, to diſturb Mankind;
Tho' ſworn his Foe, he ſhall applaud thy Choice,
And think his wicked War approv'd by *Cato*'s Voice.
See, how to ſwell their mighty Leader's State,
The Conſuls and the ſervile Senate wait;

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Ev'n *Cato*'s self to *Pompey*'s Yoak must bow,
And all Mankind are Slaves, but *Caesar*, now.
If War, however, be at last our Doom,
If we must Arm for Liberty and *Rome*,
While undecided yet their Fate depends,
Caesar and *Pompey* are alike my Friends;
Which Party I shall chuse is yet to know,
That let the War decide; who Conquers is my Foe.
Thus spoke the Youth: When *Cato* thus expreſt
The sacred Counsels of his inmost Breast.
Brutus, with thee, I own the Crime is great,
With thee, this impious Civil War I hate;
But Virtue blindly follows, led by Fate.
Answer your selves, ye Gods, and set me free,
If I am guilty, 'tis by your Decree.
If yon fair Lamps above should lose their Light,
And leave the wretched World in endless Night;
If *Chaos* should in Heav'n and Earth prevail,
And universal Nature's Frame should fail,
What Stoick would not the Misfortune share,
Nor think that Desolation worth his Care?
Princes and Nations, whom wide Seas divide,
Where other Stars far distant Heav'ns do guide,
Have brought their Ensigns to the *Roman* Side;
Avert it, Gods! When barb'rous *Scythians* come
From their cold North, to prop declining *Rome*,
That I shou'd see her fall, and sit secure at home.
As an unhappy Sire, by Death undone,
Robb'd of his Age's Joy, his only Son,
Attends him to the Tomb with pious Care,
To pay his last Paternal Office there;
Takes a sad Pleasure in the Croud to go,
And be himself part of the pompous Woe;
Then waits 'till, ev'ry Ceremony past,
His own sad Hand may light the Pile at last.
So fix'd, so faithful to thy Cause, O *Rome*,
With such a Constancy and Love I come;

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Reſolv'd for thee and Liberty to mourn,
And never! never! from your Sides be torn;
Reſolv'd to follow ſtill your common Fate,
And on your very Names, and laſt Remains to wait.
Thus let it be, ſince thus the Gods ordain;
Since Hecatombs of *Romans* muſt be ſlain,
Aſſiſt the Sacrifice with ev'ry Hand,
And give 'em all the Slaughter they demand.
O! were the Gods contented with my Fall,
If *Cato*'s Life could anſwer for you all,
Like the devoted *Decius* would I go,
To force from either Side ſome Mortal Blow: [Foe.
And, for my Country's ſake, wiſh to be thought her
To me, ye *Romans*, all your Rage confine;
To me, ye Nations from the barb'rous *Rhine*;
Let all the Wounds this War ſhall make, be mine.
Open my Vital Streams, and let 'em run,
And let the Purple Sacrifice attone
For all the Ills offending *Rome* has done.
If Slavery be all the Faction's End,
If Chains the Prize for which the Fools contend,
To me convert the War, let me be ſlain;
Me, only me, who fondly ſtrive in vain,
Their uſeleſs Laws and Freedom to maintain.
So may the Tyrant ſafely mount his Throne,
And rule his Slaves in Peace, when I am gone.
Howe'er, ſince free as yet from his Command,
For *Pompey* and the Common-wealth we ſtand.
Nor he, if Fortune ſhould attend his Arms,
Is Proof againſt Ambition's fatal Charms;
But, urg'd with Greatneſs and Deſire of Sway,
May dare to make the vanquiſh'd World his Prey.
Then, leaſt the Hopes of Empire ſwell his Pride,
Let him remember I was on his Side;
Nor think he conquer'd for himſelf alone,
To make the Harveſt of the War his own,
Where half the Toil was ours. So ſpoke the Sage;
His Words the liſt'ning, eager Youth engage
Too much to love of Arms, and heat of Civil Rage.

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Verſes ſent to Dr. GARTH *in his Illneſs.*

By Mr. GRANVILL.

Machaon Sick! in every Face we find
His Danger is the Danger of Mankind,
Whoſe Art protecting, Nature could expire
But by a Deluge, or the general Fire.
More Lives he ſaves, than periſh in our Wars;
And, faſter than a Plague deſtroys, repairs.
The bold Carowſer, and advent'rous Dame,
Nor fear the Feaver, nor refuſe the Flame;
Safe in his Skill, from all Reſtraint ſet free,
But conſcious Shame, Remorſe, or Piety.
Sire of all Arts, defend thy darling Son,
Reſtore the Man, whoſe Life's ſo much our own;
On whom, like *Atlas*, the whole World's reclin'd:
And, by preſerving *Garth*, preſerve Mankind.

STANZA'S.

THIS is the Place, where oft my longing Eyes
Have charming *Sylvia* ſeen!
How in that Inſtant would my Paſſion riſe?
And with what Tranſports did I meet her then?
What means my Heart, at that falſe Name to move?
Have you forgot that you no longer love?

Here, Chaplets of the choiceſt Flow'rs to make,
The Meads I wander'd o'er:
Which me with tender Looks would bluſhing take;
Or with feign'd Coyneſs make her Kindneſs more.
What means my Heart, at that falſe Name to move?
Have you forgot that you no longer love?

If tender Jealouſies diſturb'd my Reſt,
Whene'er my Doubts appear'd;

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How unconcern'dly wou'd she calm my Breast?
With what Contempt describe the Swains I fear'd?
What means my Heart, at that false Name to move?
Have you forgot that you no longer love?

Now, conscious of her Guilt, she shuns my Sight;
To me she shuts her Door;
While worthless Hirelings grosly taste Delight,
And riot in the Charms that I adore.
What means my Heart, at that false Name to move?
Have you forgot that you no longer love?

Upon an Accidental Meeting.

WHAT Sight is that does ev'ry Sense controul?
What stops my Tongue? what is it strikes my Soul;
And in my Breast revives extinguish'd Fires?
Oh, *Sylvia!* durst thou enter in Dispute!
Could thy Guilt stand but for one Moment mute!
And let us calmly talk of past Desires!
Fear not that I should furiously contend
My Wrongs to plead, my Actions to defend;
Or with false Colours the Dispute prolong;
Rather may'st thou, Fair Nymph, thy Conduct clear,
Make, with full Proofs, thy Innocence appear,
And clearly show that I have done thee Wrong.
Love, all the Treasure of my Soul contain'd;
That Treasure I confided in thy Hand,
Which thou hast squander'd lavishly away:
This is the Point on which the Cause we'll try;
Speak boldly then, which part can'st thou deny?
Did not I trust? or didst not thou betray?
Had'st thou lost all that Avarice desires,
Or all that Beauty which the World admires,
Not both those Losses could have changed my Mind:
I could have lov'd thee Indigent and Poor;
I could have lov'd, tho' Beauty were no more;
But I must hate thee, Faithless and Unkind.

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Yet, oh ye Pow'rs! what Torture 'tis to part
From one ſo deeply rooted in my Heart!
And with what wretched Proſpect muſt I live?
Take Courage, Heart! for cou'dſt thou yet return,
And in ignoble Paſſions meanly burn,
Yet ſhe has injur'd, and can ne'er forgive.

Milton's *Stile imitated, in a Tranſlation of a Story out of the Third* Æneid.

By Mr. JOSEPH ADDISON.

LOST in the gloomy Horror of the Night
We ſtruck upon the Coaſt where *Ætna* lyes,
Horrid and waſte; its Entrails fraught with Fire:
That now caſts out dark Fumes and pitchy Clouds,
Vaſt Show'rs of Aſhes hov'ring in the ſmoak;
Now belches molten Stones and ruddy Flame
Incenít, or tears up Mountains by the Roots,
Or flings a broken Rock aloft in Air.
The bottom works with ſmother'd Fire, involv'd
In peſtilential Vapours, Stench and Smoak.
'Tis ſaid that Thunder-ſtruck *Enceladus*,
Grov'ling beneath th' incumbent Mountain's Weight
Lyes ſtretch'd ſupine, Eternal Prey of Flames;
And when he heaves againſt the burning Load,
Reluctant to invert his broiling Limbs,
A ſudden Earth-Quake ſhoots through all the Iſle,
And *Ætna* thunders dreadful under Ground,
Then pours out Smoak in wreathing Curls convolv'd,
And ſhades the Sun's bright Orb, and blots out Day.
Here in the ſhelter of the Woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard ſtrange Sounds and diſmal Yells,
Nor ſaw from whence they came; for all the Night
A Murky Storm deep low'ring o'er our Heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious Gloom

Oppos'd

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Oppos'd it ſelf to *Cynthia*'s Silver Ray,
And ſhaded all beneath: but now the Sun
With Orient Beams had chas'd the dewy Night
From Earth and Heav'n; all Nature ſtood diſclos'd.
When looking on the Neighb'ring Woods we ſaw
The ghaſtly Viſage of a Man unknown,
An uncouth Feature, Meager, Pale, and Wild,
Affliction's foul and terrible Diſmay
Sate in his Looks, his Face impair'd and worn
With Marks of Famine, ſpeaking ſore Diſtreſs.
His Locks were tangled, and his ſhaggy Beard
Matted with Filth, in all things elſe a *Greek*.
He firſt advanc'd in haſte, but when he ſaw
Trojans and *Trojan* Arms, in mid Career
Stopt ſhort, he back recoil'd as one ſurpriz'd:
But ſoon recov'ring ſpeed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous Cries
Our Ears aſſail'd: " By Heav'n's Eternal Fires,
" By ev'ry God that ſits Enthron'd on high,
" By this good Light, relieve a Wretch forlorn,
" And bear me hence to any diſtant Shore,
" So I may ſhun this Savage Race accurſt.
" 'Tis true I fought among the *Greeks* that late
" With Sword and Fire o'er-turn'd *Neptunian Troy*,
" And laid the Labour of the Gods in Duſt;
" For which, if ſo the ſad Offence deſerves,
" Plung'd in the Deep for ever let me lye
" Whelm'd under Seas; if Death muſt be my doom,
" Let Man inflict it, and I die well-pleas'd.
He ended here; and now profuſe of Tears
In ſuppliant Mood fell proſtrate at our Feet;
We bade him ſpeak from whence, and what he was,
And how by ſtreſs of Fortune ſunk thus low;
Anchiſes too with friendly Aſpect mild
Gave him his Hand, ſure Pledge of Amity;
When, thus encourag'd, he began his Tale.
I'm one, ſays he, of poor Deſcent, my Name
Is *Achamenides*, my Country *Greece*,

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Ulyſſes' ſad Compeer, who whilſt he fled
The raging *Cyclops*, left me here behind
Diſconſolate, forlorn; within the Cave
He left me, Giant *Polypheme's* dark Cave;
A Dungeon wide and horrible, the Walls
On all ſides furr'd with mouldy Damps, and hung
With Clots of ropy Gore, and human Limbs,
His dire Repaſt: Himſelf's of mighty ſize,
Hoarſe in his Voice, and in his Viſage grim,
Intractable, that riots on the Fleſh
Of Mortal Men, and ſwills the vital Blood.
Him did I ſee ſnatch up with horrid Graſp
Two ſprawling *Greeks*, in either Hand a Man;
I ſaw him when with huge tempeſtuous ſway
He daſht and broke 'em on the Grundſil Edge;
The Pavement ſwam in Blood, the Walls around
Were ſpatter'd o'er with Brains. He lapt the Blood,
And chew'd the tender Fleſh ſtill warm with Life,
That ſwell'd and heav'd it ſelf amidſt his Teeth
As ſenſible of Pain. Not leſs mean while
Our Chief incens'd, and ſtudious of Revenge,
Plots his Deſtruction, which he thus effects.
The Giant, gorg'd with Fleſh, and Wine, and Blood,
Lay ſtretcht at length and ſnoring in his Den,
Belching raw Gobbets from his Maw, o'er-charg'd
With purple Wine and cruddl'd Gore confus'd.
We gather'd round, and to his ſingle Eye,
The ſingle Eye that in his Forehead glar'd
Like a full Moon, or a broad burniſh'd Shield,
A forky Staff we dexi'rouſly apply'd,
Which in the ſpacious Socket turning round,
Scoopt out the big round Gelly from its Orb.
But let me not thus interpoſe Delays;
Fly, Mortals, fly this curſt deteſted Race:
A hundred of the ſame ſtupendous ſize,
A hundred *Cyclops* live among the Hills,
Giguntick Brotherhood, that ſtalk along
With horrid Strides o'er the high Mountains tops,

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Enormous in their Gait; I oft have heard
Their Voice and Tread, oft ſeen 'em as they paſt,
Sculking and ſcowring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the Moon waſht all her Orb in Light,
Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obſcure ſojourn
The realms of Night inglorious, ſince I've liv'd
Amidſt theſe Woods, gleaning from Thorns and Shrubs
A wretched Suſtenance. As thus he ſpoke,
We ſaw deſcending from a Neighb'ring Hill
Blind *Polypheme*; by weary Steps and ſlow
The groping Giant with a Trunk of Pine
Explor'd his way; around, his woolly Flocks
Attended grazing; to the well-known Shore
He bent his Courſe, and on the Margin ſtood,
A hideous Monſter, terrible, deform'd;
Full in the midſt of his high Front there gap'd
The ſpacious hollow where his Eye-ball roll'd,
A ghaſtly Orifice: He rins'd the Wound,
And waſh'd away the Strings and clotted Blood
That cak'd within; then ſtalking through the deep
He Fords the Ocean, while the Topmoſt Wave
Scarce reaches up his middle ſide; we ſtood
Amaz'd be ſure, a ſudden Horror chill
Ran through each Nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry Vein,
'Till uſing all the Force of Winds and Oars
We ſped away; he heard us in our Courſe,
And with his out-ſtretch'd Arms around him grop'd,
But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
Such hideous Shouts that all the Ocean ſhook.
Ev'n *Italy*, tho' many a League remote,
In diſtant Eccho's anſwer'd; *Ætna* roar'd,
Through all its inmoſt winding Caverns roar'd.
Rous'd with the Sound, the mighty Family
Of One-ey'd Brothers haſten to the Shore,
And gather round the bellowing *Polypheme*,
A dire Aſſembly: we with eager haſte
Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold
A Hoſt of Giants cov'ring all the Shore.

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So ſtands a Foreſt tall of Mountain Oaks
Advanc'd to mighty growth: the Traveller
Hears from the humble Valley where he rides
The hollow Murmurs of the Winds that blow
Amidſt the Boughs, and at the diſtance ſees
The ſhady tops of Trees unnumber'd riſe,
A ſtately Proſpect, waving in the Clouds.

On the Death of the late Earl of Rocheſter.

By Mrs. A. BEHN.

MOurn, mourn, ye Muſes, all your loſs deplore,
The Young, the Noble *Strephon* is no more.
Yes, yes, he fled quick as departing Light,
And ne'er ſhall riſe from Death's eternal Night.
So rich a Prize the *Stygian* Gods ne'er bore,
Such Wit, ſuch Beauty, never grac'd their Shore,
He was but lent this duller World t'improve
In all the Charms of Poetry, and Love;
Both were his Gift, which freely he beſtow'd,
And like a God, dealt to the wond'ring Crowd,
Scorning the little Vanity of Fame,
Spight of himſelf attain'd a Glorious name.
But oh! in vain was all his peeviſh Pride,
The Sun as ſoon might his vaſt Luſtre hide,
As piercing, pointed, and more laſting bright,
As ſuffering no viciſſitudes of Night.
Mourn, Mourn, ye Muſes, all your leſs deplore,
The Young, the Noble *Strephon* is no more.
Now uninſpir'd upon your Banks we lye,
Unleſs when we wou'd mourn his Elegy;
His Name's a Genius that wou'd Wit diſpenſe,
And give the Theme a Soul, the Words a Senſe.
But all fine Thought that raviſh'd when it ſpoke,
With the ſoft Youth eternal leave has took;
Uncommon Wit that did the Soul o'ercome,
Is buried all in *Strephon*'s Worſhip'd Tomb;

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Satyr has loſt its Art, its Sting is gone,
The Fop and Cully now may be undone;
That dear inſtructing Rage is now allay'd,
And no ſharp Pen dares tell 'em how they've ſtray'd
Bold as a God was ev'ry laſh he took,
But kind and gentle the chaſtizing ſtroke.
Mourn, mourn, ye Youths, whom Fortune has betray'd,
The laſt Reproacher of your Vice is dead.
Mourn, all ye Beauties, put your *Cypreſs* on,
The trueſt Swain that e'er Ador'd you's gone;
Think how he lov'd, and writ, and ſigh'd, and ſpoke,
Recall his Mein, his Faſhion, and his Look.
By what dear Arts the Soul he did ſurprize,
Soft as his Voice, and charming as his Eyes.
Bring Garlands all of never-dying Flow'rs,
Bedew'd with everlaſting falling Show'rs;
Fix your fair Eyes upon your victim'd Slave,
Sent Gay and Young to his untimely Grave.
See where the noble Swain extended lies,
Too ſad a Triumph of your Victories;
Adorn'd with all the Graces Heav'n e'er lent,
All that was Great, Soft, Lovely, Excellent
You've laid into his Early Monument.
Mourn, mourn, ye Beauties, your ſad loſs deplore,
The young, the charming *Strephon* is no more.
Mourn, all ye little Gods of Love, whoſe Darts
Have loſt their wonted Power of piercing Hearts;
Lay by the gilded Quiver and the Bow,
The uſeleſs Toys can do no Miſchief now,
Thoſe Eyes that all your Arrows Points inſpir'd,
Thoſe Lights that gave ye fire, are now retir'd,
Cold as his Tomb, pale as your Mother's Doves;
Bewail him then oh all ye little Loves,
For you the humbleſt Votary have loſt
That ever your Divinities could boaſt;
Upon your Hands your weeping Heads decline,
And let your Wings encompaſs round his Shrine;

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Inſtead of Flow'rs your broken Arrows ſtrow,
And at his Feet lay the neglected Bow.
Mourn, all ye little Gods, your loſs deplore,
The ſoft, the charming *Strephon* is no more.
Large was his Fame, but ſhort his glorious Race,
Like young *Lucretius* liv'd and dy'd apace.
So early Roſes fade, ſo over all
They caſt their fragrant Scents, then ſoftly fall;
While all the ſcatter'd perfum'd Leaves declare,
How lovely 'twas when whole, how ſweet, how fair.
Had he been to the *Roman* Empire known,
When great *Auguſtus* fill'd the peaceful Throne;
Had he the noble wond'rous Poet ſeen,
And known his Genius, and ſurvey'd his Mein,
(When Wits, and Heroes grac'd Divine abodes,)
He had encreas'd the number of their Gods;
The Royal Judge had Temples rear'd to's Name,
And made him as Immortal as his Fame;
In Love and Verſe his *Ovid* he'ad out-done,
And all his Laurels, and his *Julia* won.
Mourn, mourn, unhappy World, his Loſs deplore,
The great, the charming *Strephon* is no more.

To a LADY.

By Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

MUST all my Life in fruitleſs Love be ſpent?
And never, never will your Heart relent?
Too well, my charming Dear, your Pow'r you know,
And that which makes you play the Tyrant ſo.
For ever be the fatal Moment curſt,
When fondly I confeſs'd my Paſſion firſt.
Oh! that my Flames had never been reveal'd,
Oh! that I now could keep the Fire conceal'd.
Reſiſtleſs Love your Victory ſecures,
And you already know my Soul is yours.

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It shows it self thro' all the forc'd disguise,
Breaks tho' my Lips, and trembles at my Eyes.
My Blood boils high, and rages to be blest,
My fluctuating Thoughts will never rest,
And know no calm, 'till harbour'd in your Breast.

Relent, at last, my cruel Fair relent,
And listen kindly to my just Complaint.
Think on the Passion that's already past,
Think that the Passion will for ever last.
O see with what impatient Fires I burn,
And let your pitying Heart make some return.
My Flames are so sincere, my Love is such,
Some you should show,---you cannot show too much.
How blest should I in your Possession be?
How happy might you make your self in me?
No Mistress ever led so sweet a Life,
As you should in th' exploded thing, a Wife;
Years should roll round on Years, and Ages move
In Circles, Crown'd in everlasting Love.
Our mutual Joys, should like your Charms be new,
And all my business be to merit you.
What shall I say? Lines after Lines rehearse
Nought but the fondness in the former Verse.
On the dear Theme I could for ever dwell;
For while I speak to you,----
My fault'ring Tongue can never speak farewel.
In your cold Breast let Love an Entrance find,
And think, oh! quickly think, of growing kind.
My Flames no more with dull Indifference treat,
Indifference is the Lover's hardest Fate;
But if my Ruin is your fix'd Intent,
Urge it I beg you with a closer bent.
All glimm'rings of the faintest Hope remove,
Say, that you do not, will not, cannot love.
Extreamly kind, or in Extreams severe,
Make sure my Bliss, or mad me with Despair.
Forbid me, banish me your charming sight,
Shut from my view those Eyes that shine so bright,
Shut your dear Image from my Dreams by Night.

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Drive 'em ſomewhere, as far as Pole from Pole,
Let Winds between us rage, and Waters roll;
In diſtant Climes let me my Fate deplore,
In ſome lone Iſland, on a deſart Shore,
Where I may ſee your fatal Charms no more.

To the ſame.

By Mr. *CHARLES HOPKINS.*

I Thought in Silence to ſuppreſs my Pain,
And never ſhow my fond Concern again,
What e'er you ſhow'd; Indifference, or Diſdain,
But Love's great God the vain reſolve withſtands,
At once inſpires my Breaſt, and guides my Hands,
My Soul flows out in ev'ry Line I write,
And rolls in Numbers in my own deſpight.
Then let me in Poetick Fury break,
For I can write the things I dare not ſpeak.
My Tongue ſtill faulters as I move my Suit,
And awful Love confounds and keeps me mute.
Out of your Sight I can my Wrongs proclaim,
And with unfetter'd Words confeſs my Flame.
Why do you uſe me thus, ingrateful Fair?
Oppreſs'd with Doubts, yet bury'd 'bove Deſpair.
Like wounded Fowl upon the Flood I lye,
Floating on Wings, with which they us'd to fly,
Who would find Eaſe, could they but drown and die.
Such ſtill has been your conqu'ring Beauty's ſpight,
Cruel to wound, not kind to kill outright,
Be merciful and ſave, or ſink me quite.
Toſs not 'twixt hope and fear my lab'ring Heart,
Let us for ever join, or ever part.
You know I love you, and you love me too,
Which you have kindly let me know you do;
All this I know; oh! there will be the fall
From Heav'n, to Hell;---
Should I be doom'd to loſe you after all.

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But be not by miſtaken Notions led,
Nor think that Riches bleſs the Nuptial Bed.
This ſhall my only Conſolation be,
No Fool of Fortune can your Merit ſee,
Nor have the Wit and Senſe to love like me.
Oh! would that you had been but meanly Born,
Naked of Friends, abandon'd and forlorn;
Left to the World;---then ſhould this Wiſh enſue,
Oh! would I had a World to offer you.
You know this is no falſe Poetick flight,
You know I feel more than the Muſe can write.
Too well, my cruel Dear, you keep the Field,
Too long hold out; 'tis now high time to yield.
Conſent at laſt, to mutual Joys reſign,
And let the ſmalleſt ſhare of Bliſs be mine;
Unalterable Love your part ſecures,
My Int'reſt, Humour, all my Soul is yours.
I beg you, let me know my Doom at laſt,
Nought worſe than Death can come, then all is paſt.
But think, and do not make a raſh Decree;
O! think, you never were, nor e'er can be,
So truly lov'd, as you have been by me.

WOMAN All in All.

WHen God from Heav'n, for Diſobedience, threw
The tow'ring Satan; he reſolv'd to ſhew
(By forming Thouſands happy in his Place)
How much the Wretch deſerv'd his Lord's Diſgrace;
For none, who ſaw his Bounty ſo excell,
Cou'd doubt his Juſtice, when his Angel fell.
The happy Creature, for this Bliſs deſign'd,
Was Man; ungrateful to a God ſo kind.
A mighty Chaos, which had long time lain
In Heaps and Darkneſs, uſeleſs and in vain,
(Perhaps, the dread Remains of ſome old World;
For Crimes like ours, in juſt Confuſion hurl'd:)

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For his Reception was prepar'd with ſpeed:
The Work as ſoon was finiſh'd as decreed.
All Things with wond'rous Haſte to Order move;
God long'd to ſee what he deſign'd to love.
Yet e'er he wou'd admit this welcome Gueſt,
His Care (no leſs than Haſte) his Love expreſt.
He kindly view'd the Work his Word had done;
A Work for Man t' admire, and God to own:
His Footſtool ſpoke the Grandeur of his Throne.
What late he bad, himſelf wou'd ſee fulfill'd,
And found a fond Obedience to his Will.
The Sun was laviſh of its glorious Light,
The Moon paid cheerful Tribute to the Night;
The glitt'ring Stars with Plenty crowd the Sky
In uſeful Order, to the careful Eye.
Large Troops of Guardian Angels throng the Air,
Waiting th' Approach of Man, their valu'd Care:
The Earth ſeems willing to prevent Deſire;
All things to pleaſe th' expected Lord aſpire.
The Wood contends for Beauty with the Plain,
Yet both ſo fair, that both contend in vain.
The lofty Mountains boaſt their Grandeur, while
The humble Vallies plead their fruitful Soil.
The haughty boiſt'rous Sea is proud to name
The conſtant Service Man from thence will claim;
While ſmoother gliding Streams are pleas'd to tell
What ſoft Delights in their Retirement dwell.
Ten thouſand pleaſant Flow'rs and Plants attend;
Each aims a Bleſſing, each attains its End.
A num'rous Train of Beaſts and Birds appear'd
In various Kinds, for various Ends prepar'd:
Some form'd for Uſe, and ſome for Man's Delight;
Fond of Employment, jealous of their Right.
The Fiſh contending, haſten to the Shoar,
A willing Sacrifice to Human Pow'r.
The whole Creation, plentifully ſtor'd
With various Pleaſures, joins with one Accord,
To pay a grateful Homage to th' approaching Lord.

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When God had thus perform'd this mighty Task,
And done for Man much more than Man cou'd ask,
With ſacred Hands he form'd his noble Frame;
He form'd it worthy of the Maker's Name:
And, that he might his lively Image bear,
He gave a Soul Immortal to his Care;
With Reaſon, for his Choice of Good and Ill:
His Bliſs was ſeated wholly in his Will.
And, thus accompliſh'd, does Poſſeſſion take
Of what his God provided for his ſake:
O'er all the Globe he caſt a pleaſing Eye,
To find his Wiſhes cou'd not ſoar too high:
He thought, (ſuch Bleſſings dwelt within his Pow'r)
Since Man cou'd ask, that Heav'n cou'd grant no more.
Thus raviſh'd with the Pleaſures of his State,
He bow'd, and bleſs'd the Author of his Fate.

The kind, indulgent Parent, pleas'd to ſee
Man's apt Acknowledgment, in Infancy,
Into his Nature ſtrictly does enquire,
To find ſome yet unſatisfy'd Deſire:
He wiſh'd a freſh Occaſion, to expreſs
A Father's Welcome to a Son's Addreſs.
Nor did his Wiſh in fruitleſs Thought expire;
He found, at laſt, a ſecret ſtruggling Fire.
For Man obſerving, from an early Date,
The Fondneſs ev'ry Creature bore its Mate;
What pleaſing Tranſports waited on their Love,
When o'er the fruitful Plains they us'd to rove:
When he obſerv'd with what Humility
The pow'rful Male wou'd court the weaker She;
What cheerful Proofs, from time to time, he gave,
How fond to ſerve, how proud to be her Slave;
He ſoon concludes, ſuch Bondage largely ſtor'd
With Charms, beyond what Freedom cou'd afford:
Repines, to find ſo partial a Decree,
And ſighs, and mourns his hated Liberty.

But all his penſive Thoughts retir'd with ſpeed,
For Heav'n was ready at his time of Need;

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With Bleſſings form'd to all he cou'd require;
They differ only that th' exceed Deſire.
While on a ſhady River's Bank he lyes,
Oppreſs'd with careful Thoughts, and weary'd Eyes,
A gentle Slumber yields a kind Relief,
And brings a charming Period to his Grief.
Woman, the choice Reſerve of God above,
The largeſt Inſtance of his Pow'r and Love,
Woman, that ev'ry Soul with Love inſpires,
The welcome Mover of that pleaſing Fire,
Woman, the happy Centre of Deſire,
Was form'd that Moment; and was kindly ſent
To yield his waking Hour his Soul's Content.
Inſpir'd with Love, ſhe haſten'd where he lay,
To bring the cheerful Tidings of the Day;
With youthful Modeſty approach'd his Side,
She bluſh'd, to find the Longings of a Bride;
Still when he mov'd, her trembling Hopes prevail'd,
Her Love increas'd, but Reſolution fail'd:
Such various Paſſions of her Mind partake,
She ſtill wou'd have him ſleep, yet longs that he ſhou'd wake.
While Hope and Fear are ſtruggling in her Breaſt,
He, cloy'd with his Repoſe, and tir'd with Reſt,
From Nature's earthy Pillow rais'd his Head,
Indulging various Thoughts his Dreams had bred,
Of kind Decrees, that late in Heav'n were ſign'd,
To blaſt his Troubles, and content his Mind.
Ideas infinite his Soul inflam'd,
Yet none ſo fair as her whom God had fram'd.
The blooming Virgin, ſtill attending by,
With all her Charms diſplay'd, at length drew nigh,
While he ſurpriz'd, at what he thinks Divine,
Starts from his Place, and modeſtly declines.
Yet e'er he could retire, ſhe fix'd her Dart;
Not all his awful Thoughts could guard his Heart:
Such Charms he ſaw, that whatſoe'er ſhe prov'd,
He had been more than Man, had he not lov'd.
Pleas'd with his Stay, yet lik'd to ſee him fly,
Since it declar'd ſuch Pow'r was in her Eye.

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But Love, Almighty Love, prevail'd at length,
Upon a poor defenceleſs Virgin's Strength;
Her willing Feet her longing Arms obey'd,
Her fond Purſuit her yielding Heart betray'd:
Swift as her Wiſhes to his Arms ſhe flies;
Where late ſhe vanquiſh'd, ſhe becomes the Prize,
And he repays the Conqueſt of her Eyes.
Now all's on Fire, no Bounds our Lovers know,
The pleaſing Tide of Love begins to flow;
Claſp'd in each others Arms they preſs, they kiſs,
Conſume in Pleaſure, and diſſolve in Bliſs.
Their Souls, tranſported with their pleaſing Strife,
Are loſt, and wander to the Verge of Life;
Each Part partakes of Nature's kind Decree,
All's cloath'd in Joy, and rapt in Eeſtaſie.
Here reſt, my Muſe, here leave the happy Pair,
Decline the mournful Take of their Deſpair;
Leave their Misfortunes to another's Care.
Let thy perpetual Entertainments be,
Of Lovers happy to Eternity:
Of Love, that no ambitious Force can ſhake;
Of Love, triumphant, tho' the World's at ſtake;
Let ev'ry thing thou ſay'ſt, contribute ſtill
T' increaſe the Ardour of that Flame I feel:
For Happineſs is weigh'd by Love alone,
By too much Liberty we are undone,
None's truly wretched, but whoſe Heart's his own.

To LOVE *after a long* INDIFFERENCE.

WElcome, thrice welcome to my frozen Heart,
Thou long departed Fire;
How cou'dſt thou ſo regardleſs be,
Of one ſo true, ſo fond as me,
Whoſe early Thought, whoſe firſt Deſires
Were pointed all to thee.
When in the Morning of my Day,
Thy Empire firſt began,

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Pleas'd with the Proſpect of thy Sway,
Into thy Arms I ran;
Without reſerve my willing Heart I gave,
Proud that I had my Freedom loſt,
Contending which I ought to boaſt,
The making thee a Sov'raign, or my ſelf a Slave.

Still I am form'd to Execute thy Will,
By me declare thy Pow'r and Skill;
My Heart already by thy Fire
Is ſo prepar'd, is ſo refin'd,
There's nothing left behind
But infinite Deſire.
O! wou'dſt thou touch that lovely Maid,
(Whoſe Charms and thine I have obey'd)
With ſuch another Flame,
The Heav'n that would appear in me,
Would ſpeak ſuch Goodneſs dwelt in Thee,
Thy Bow, thy Art
No more need guide thy Dart;
No Heart ſo ſtubborn, but at that would aim.

On the Death of the Marquiſs of BLANDFORD.

SO early bloom'd, and ſo untimely dy'd
The Darling of the Court, his Parent's Pride;
A lofty Name, a Fortune unconfin'd,
The ſweeteſt Temper, the moſt hopeful Mind;
The Muſes with the Graces ſeem'd to join,
And Manly Wit appear'd in Form Divine.
As fragrant Flow'rs that late adorn the Field,
By Clowns rude Feet oppreſs'd, their Glories yield:
Such are the Toys to which vain Mortals truſt,
They fade, they wither, they conſume to Duſt.
Unhappy Parents! now, as Patriots, act;
While here they flatter, while they there detract;

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Convince even thoſe, who ſeek for Cauſe to blame;
You toil'd with publick, more than private Aim:
Since the dear Youth that did your Thoughts enſlave,
Lies calm and careleſs in the ſilent Grave.

Vaſt is the Loſs that does your Souls oppreſs,
Yet firm, undaunted Courage makes it leſs;
Here great Examples your Remarks deſerve;
Nor is there greater than the *Queen* you ſerve:
Reflect, when Death her fondeſt Hopes beguil'd,
An only Son, and that an only Child;
Tho' raging Paſſions tore her tender Mind,
She griev'd as Woman, but as Saint reſign'd.
While your Misfortunes kindly to repair,
Heav'n leaves four blooming Nymphs, divinely Fair.

The Enquiry of VENUS *after* CUPID.

From the Greek *of* Moſchus.

WITH a loud Voice, thro' ev'ry Field and Wood,
The Queen of Love her wand'ring Son purſu'd.
Who-e'er (ſays ſhe) the Wanton Vagrant meets,
Loyt'ring about, or playing in the Streets,
Let him to me the joyful News convey,
And I'll with Kiſſes all his Care repay.
But he who ſhall reſtore the ſtraggling Boy
To his glad Mother, ſhall my ſelf enjoy;
Not only Kiſſes to him will I give,
But he ſhall thoſe, and ſomething more receive.
He's eaſie to be known, him you may tell
From twenty others, he's remarkable:
His Body much reſembles Fire, not White;
His Eyes are Flames, and piercing as the Light.
Words drop like Hony from his Lips, his Mind
Is wav'ring and unconſtant, as the Wind.
A double dealing Knave, he's full of Tricks,
And never thinks one Word of what he ſpeaks.

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When vext, revengeful, and at Miſchief glad,
Exaſp'rating with Jeers the Wounds he made.
His Golden Hair in neateſt Braids hang down
His Shoulders, but his Looks do ſeem to frown.
His Hands are ſmall, yet pointed Darts they throw
So far, they wound the dusky King below.
Slave to no place, from this to that he flies,
And in all Hearts the lurking Villain lies.
Nor does his Pow'r on one Man vainly fall,
He blindly ſhoots his unſeen Shafts at all.
Both Heav'n and Earth his guided Arrows pierce,
And wound the Monarch of the Univerſe.
There's none but feel his mighty Pow'r, ev'n I
Have no Exemption from his Tyranny.
Phœbus himſelf, who has ſuch ſtore of Heat,
Whoſe genial Warmth doth living things beget;
If once my little Rover ſtirs Deſire,
Rages and burns with new contracted Fire.
Therefore whoe'er thou art that tak'ſt the Boy,
Pray bind him faſt, and all thy Skill employ
To bring him home; ne'er mind his Childiſh Tears,
(The Rogue is witty far above his Years)
But if he ſeem well-pleas'd, and ſmile, beware;
His Smiles are Treaſon, ev'ry Look's a Snare.
All his fair Words (like foul Infection) ſhun,
And from his Gifts as from Deſtruction run;
His burning Arrows, and envenom'd Breath,
And ev'ry thing he has, is ſtampt with Death.

ODE *in the* SPRING, *to the Returning* SUN.

WElcome, thou God of Light and Heat,
Where haſt thou made thy long Retreat?
Thou tak'ſt Delight in *Indian* Climes to ſtay,
And ſtill the happy Eaſt

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Is with thy longeſt Preſence bleſt;
Or elſe perhaps in Am'rous Play,
Beneath th' immortal Greens of *Tempe*'s Grove,
While feebler Hands thy Chariot drove,
Haſt loiter'd with ſome Object of thy Love:
Or haſt thou been in Mines below,
Where Pearls and Infant Diamonds grow?
(For they their Birth to thy kind influence owe.)
But ſay where-ever thou haſt been,
In all thy Walks thro' Earth or Skies,
Are any Wonders thou haſt ſeen
So dazling bright as fair *Francelia*'s Eyes?

II.

Does *Arabia*'s Spicy Coaſt
Half ſo rich an Odour boaſt?
Or can *Java*'s perfum'd Air
With her fragrant Breath compare?
But why ſhou'd I, to ſpeak of her,
Confine thee to the ſpace of one revolving Year?
Thou thy glorious Race haſt run,
Ever ſince the World begun;
Thou ſaw'ſt when *Venus* from the Billows roſe,
'Twas thou firſt kiſs'd her Coral Mouth,
And bleſt her with Eternal Youth;
Did the young Goddeſs then more Charms diſcloſe?
Had her Mein ſo good a Grace?
Was ſuch Sweetneſs in her Face?
She muſt yield her Rival place;
Her mighty Rival can inſpire
Higher Joys and fiercer Fire.
Francelia can alone diſpence
Every Charm to ev'ry Senſe;
Muſick lives upon her Tongue,
She's to our Ears the *Sirens* Song,
And when ſhe ſtrikes our raviſh'd ſight,
One poliſh'd Beam of thy own Mid-day Light.

III.

Let other Nymphs with Art and Pains
Some poor unwary Heart betray,

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While ſhe, diffus'd like thy own Brightneſs, reigns,
And rules Mankind with univerſal Sway.
Conſenting Nations in her Praiſe agree,
I join with them, but want her Mercy more;
For tho' alike we wonder and adore,
Yet none can love like me.
Nature, when firſt ſhe took me from the Womb,
Thus ſmiling deſtin'd all my Days to come;
Scepters, ſhe ſaid, I give to other Hands,
Thy Wreaths of Empire are *Francelia*'s Bands;
My darling Son, and moſt diſtinguiſh'd Care,
For thee this double Portion I prepare,
Thou, glorious thou, *Francelia*'s Chains ſhalt wear.
And from this early moment to thy Grave
Be greater far than Kings, for thou'rt *Francelia*'s Slave.

The Story of Ants chang'd to Men: From the Seventh Book of Ovid's Metamorphoſes.

By Mr. STONESTREET.

A Dreadful Plague from angry *Juno* came,
To ſcourge the Land that bore her Rival's Name;
Before her fatal Anger was reveal'd,
And teeming Malice lay as yet conceal'd:
All Remedies we try, all Med'cines uſe,
Which Nature cou'd ſupply, or Art produce;
Th' unconquer'd Foe derides the vain Deſign,
And Art and Nature foil'd declare the Cauſe Divine.
At firſt we only felt th' oppreſſive weight
Of gloomy Clouds, then teeming with our Fate,
And lab'ring to diſcharge unactive Heat:
But ere four Moons alternate Changes knew,
With deadly Blaſts the fatal *South-wind* blew,
Infected all the Air, and poiſon'd as it flew.

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Our Fountains too a dire Infection yield,
For Crowds of Vipers creep along the Field,
And with polluted Gore, and baneful Steame,
Taint all the Lakes, and venom all the Streams.
The young Diſeaſe with milder force began,
And rag'd on Birds and Beaſts, excuſing Man.
The lab'ring Oxen fall before the Plow,
Th' unhappy Plow-men ſtare, and wonder how:
The tabid Sheep, with ſickly Bleatings, pines;
Its Wool decreaſing, as it Strength declines:
The Warlike Steed, by inward Foes compell'd,
Neglects his Honours, and deſerts the Field,
Unnerv'd and languid ſeeks a baſe Retreat,
And at the Manger groans, but wiſh'd a nobler Fate:
The Stags forget their Speed, the Boars their Rage,
Nor can the Bears the ſtronger Herds engage:
A gen'ral Faintneſs does invade 'em all,
And in the Woods and Fields promiſcuously they fall.
The Air receives the Stench, and (ſtrange to ſay)
The rav'nous Birds and Beaſts avoid the Prey:
Th' offenſive Bodies rot upon the Ground,
And ſpread the dire Contagion all around.
But now the Plague, grown to a larger ſize,
Riots on Man, and ſcorns a meaner Prize.
Inteſtine Heats begin the Civil War,
And Fluſhings firſt the latent Flame declare,
And Breath inſpir'd, which ſeem'd like fiery Air.
Their black dry Tongues are ſwell'd, and ſcarce can move,
And ſhort thick Sighs from panting Lungs are drove;
They gape for Air, with flatt'ring Hopes t'abate
Their raging Flames, but that augments their Heat;
No Bed, no Cov'ring can the Wretches bear,
But on the Ground, expos'd to open Air,
They lye, and hope to find a pleaſing coolneſs there.
The ſuff'ring Earth, with that Oppreſſion curſt,
Returns the Heat which they imparted firſt.

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In vain Phyſicians would beſtow their Aid,
Vain all their Art, and uſeleſs all their Trade;
And they, ev'n they, who fleeting Life recall,
Feel the ſame Pow'rs, and undiſtinguiſh'd fall.
If any proves ſo daring to attend
His ſick Companion, or his darling Friend,
Th' Officious Wretch ſucks in contagious Breath,
And with his Friend does ſympathize in Death.

And now the Care and Hopes of Life are paſt,
They pleaſe their Fancies, and indulge their Taſt;
At Brooks and Streams, regardleſs of their Shame,
Each Sex, promiſcuous, ſtrives to quench their Flame;
Nor do they ſtrive in vain to quench it there,
For Thirſt and Life at once extinguiſh'd are.
Thus in the Brooks the dying Bodies ſink,
But heedleſs ſtill the raſh Survivers drink.

So much uneaſie Down the Wretches hate,
They fly their Beds to ſtruggle with their Fate;
But if decaying Strength forbids to riſe,
The Victim crawls and rolls 'till on the Ground he lies.
Each ſhuns his Bed, as each wou'd ſhun his Tomb,
And thinks th' Infection only lodg'd at home.

Here one, with fainting Steps, does ſlowly creep
O'er Heaps of Dead, and ſtraight augments a Heap;
Another, while his Strength and Tongue prevail'd,
Bewails his Friend, and falls himſelf bewail'd:
This with imploring Looks ſurveys the Skies,
The laſt dear Office of his cloſing Eyes,
But finds the Heav'ns implacable, and dies.

What now, ah! what employ'd my troubled Mind?
But only hopes my Subjects Fate to find.
What place ſoe'er my weeping Eyes ſurvey,
There in lamented Heaps the Vulgar lay;
As Acorns ſcatter when the Winds prevail,
Or mellow Fruits from ſhaken Branches fall.

You ſee that Dome which rears its Front ſo high;
'Tis ſacred to the Monarch of the Sky;

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How many there, with unregarded Tears,
And fruitleſs Vows, ſent up ſucceſsleſs Pray'rs?
There Fathers for expiring Sons implor'd,
And there the Wife bewail'd her gaſping Lord;
With Pious Off'rings they'd appeaſe the Skies,
But they, ere yet th' attoning Vapours riſe,
Before the Altars fall, themſelves a Sacrifice:
They fall, while yet their Hands the Gums contain,
The Gums ſurviving, but their Off'rers ſlain.

The deſtin'd Ox, with holy Garlands Crown'd,
Prevents the Blow, and feels an unexpected Wound:
When I my ſelf invok'd the Pow'r Divine,
To drive this fatal Peſt from Me and Mine;
When now the Prieſt with Hands uplifted ſtood,
Prepar'd to ſtrike, and ſhed the ſacred Blood,
The Gods themſelves the mortal Stroke beſtow,
The Victim falls, but *They* impart the Blow:
Scarce was the Knife with the pale Purple ſtain'd,
And no Preſages cou'd be then obtain'd
From putrid Entrails, where th' Infection reign'd.
Death ſtalk'd around with ſuch reſiſtleſs ſway,
The Temples of the Gods his Force obey,
And Suppliants feel his Stroke while yet they pray.
Go now, ſaid he, *your Deities implore*
For fruitleſs Aid, for I deſie their Pow'r.
Then with a curſt malicious Joy ſurvey'd
The very Altars, ſtain'd with Trophies of the Dead.

The reſt grown mad, and frantick with Deſpair,
Urge their own Fate, and ſo prevent the Fear.
Strange madneſs that, when Death purſu'd ſo faſt,
T' anticipate the Blow with impious haſte.
No decent Honour to their Urns are paid,
Nor could the Graves receive the num'rous Dead;
For or they lay unbury'd on the Ground,
Or unadorn'd a needy Fun'ral found:
All Rev'rence paſt, the fainting Wretches fight
For Fun'ral Piles which were anothers Right.
Unmourn'd they fall, for who ſurviv'd to mourn?
And Sires and Mothers unlamented burn;

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Parents and Sons ſuſtain an equal Fate,
And wand'ring Ghoſts their kindred Shadows meet.
The Dead a larger ſpace of Ground require,
Nor are the Trees ſufficient for the Fire.
Deſparing under Grief's oppreſſive weight,
And ſunk by theſe tempeſtuous Blaſts of Fate,
O *Jove*, ſaid I, if common Fame ſays true,
If e're *Ægina* gave thoſe Joys to you,
If e're you lay enclos'd in her Embrace,
Fond of her Charms and eager to poſſeſs;
O Father, if you do not yet diſclaim
Paternal Care, nor yet diſown the Name;
Grant my Petitions, and with ſpeed reſtore
My Subjects num'rous as they were before,
Or make me Partner of the Fate they bore.
I ſpoke, and glorious Lightning ſhone around,
And ratling Thunder gave a proſp'rous ſound;
So let it be, and may theſe Omens prove
A Pledge, ſaid I, of your returning Love.
By chance a rev'rend Oak was near the Place,
Sacred to *Jove*, and of *Dodona*'s Race,
Where frugal Ants laid up their Winter Meat,
Whoſe little Bodies bear a mighty Weight:
We ſaw them march along, and hide their ſtore,
And much admir'd their Number, and their Pow'r;
Admir'd at firſt, but after envy'd more.
Full of Amazement, thus to *Jove* I pray'd,
O grant, ſince thus my Subjects are decay'd,
As many Subjects to ſupply the Dead.
I pray'd, and ſtrange Convulſions mov'd the Oak,
Which murmur'd, tho' by ambient Winds unſhook:
My trembling Hands, and ſtiff erected Hair,
Expreſt all Tokens of uncommon Fear;
Yet both the Earth and ſacred Oak I kiſt,
And ſcarce cou'd hope, yet ſtill I hop'd the beſt;
For Wretches, whatſoe'er the Fates divine,
Expound all Omens to their own Deſign.
But now 'twas Night, when ev'n Diſtraction wears
A pleaſing Look, and Dreams beguile our Cares.

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Lo! the ſame Oak appears before my Eyes,
Nor alter'd in its Shape, nor former Size;
As many Ants the num'rous Branches bear,
The ſame their Labour, and their frugal Care;
The Branches too a like Commotion found,
And ſhook th' induſtrious Creatures on the Ground,
Who, by degrees, (what's ſcarce to be believ'd)
A nobler Form, and larger Bulk receiv'd,
And on the Earth walk'd an unuſual Pace
With many Strides, and an erected Face;
Their num'rous Legs, and former Colour loſt,
The Inſects cou'd a Human Figure boaſt.
I wake, and waking find my Cares again,
And to the unperforming Gods complain,
And call their Promiſe and Pretences vain.
Yet in my Court I heard the murm'ring Voice
Of Strangers, and a mixt uncommon Noiſe:
But I ſuſpected all was ſtill a Dream,
'Till *Telamon* to my Apartment came,
Op'ning the Door with an impetuous haſte,
O come, ſaid he, and ſee your Faith and Hopes ſurpaſt:
I follow, and, confus'd with Wonder, view
Thoſe Shapes which my preſaging Slumbers drew:
I ſaw, and own'd, and call'd them Subjects; they
Confeſt my Pow'r, ſubmiſſive to my Sway.
To *Jove*, Reſtorer of my Race decay'd,
My Vows were firſt with due Oblations paid.
I then divide with an impartial Hand
My empty City, and my ruin'd Land,
To give the New-born Youth an equal ſhare,
And call them *Myrmidons*, from what they were.
You ſaw their Perſons, and they ſtill retain
The Thrift of *Ants*, tho' now transform'd to Men.
A Frugal People, and inur'd to ſweat,
Lab'ring to gain, and keeping what they get.
Theſe, equal both in Strength and Years, ſhall join
Their willing Aid, and follow your Deſign,
With the firſt Southern Gale that ſhall preſent
To fill your Sails, and favour your Intent.

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To Doctor GIBBONS.

By Mr CHARLES HOPKINS.

THE Fires that fell in Ages paſt from Heav'n,
Were to the charge of Prieſts and Augurs giv'n.
Life, the moſt active, moſt exalted Fire
The great creating Godhead could inſpire,
Breath'd into Man, while yet the World was new,
Is now committed to the Care of you:
How you diſcharge your Truſt, maintain your Poſt,
Tho' you are ſilent, I have cauſe to boaſt.
Again, the riſing Muſe expands her Wings,
Again prepares to mount, and mounting ſings:
Again wou'd celebrate ſome ſacred Name,
And chuſes you, who rais'd her, for her Theme.
Ye conſcious Poets, be no longer vain,
Confeſs your Weakneſs, and your Pride contain;
Quit your bold Claim, and end your idle Strife,
It is not yours to give Immortal Life.
Ev'n you, to him, on all occaſions fly,
Without whoſe Aid you and your Muſes die.
His Succour is implor'd, where Wit declines,
Where Lovers languiſh, and where Beauty pines;
Where Monarchs faint beneath the weight of Crowns,
And ſicken in their Robes on Silver Thrones:
His ſacred Art, their ſacred Lives ſuſtains,
And ſtrengthens them again to guide the Reins.
As *Iris* enter'd with her Golden Beams
The Cave of Sleep, and chas'd away the Dreams;
Diſeaſes ſeem to fly at his approach,
And circling Blood keeps meaſure at his touch.
So leaps the Lover's Heart, ſo beats and moves,
When he lyes folded in her Arms he loves.
So, influenc'd by the Moon, wide Oceans roll;
And ſo the Needle trembles to the Pole.
O *Gibbons*! I am rais'd; there's nought I ſee
Above my reach, when thus reviv'd by thee.

Now

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Now cou'd I paint a well-diſputed Field,
Or praiſe proud Beauties, 'till I made them yield.
But Gratitude a diff'rent Song requires,
My Breaſt enlarges, and dilates my Fires.
Life, the firſt Bleſſing Humankind can boaſt,
Life, which can never be reſtor'd when loſt,
Endear'd by Health, from Pain and Sickneſs free,
Is the bleſt Gift beſtow'd by Heav'n and thee:
How ſhall I then, or Heav'n, or you regard?
The Care of both has been beyond Reward.
But grateful Poets, off'ring up their Lays, [Praiſe.
Find you content with Thanks, and Heav'n with
O! may your Stream of Life run ſmooth, but ſtrong;
Long may you live, ---- that others may live long.
'Till healing Plants no more on Mountains grow;
'Till mineral Waters have forgot to flow,
And paint the Vallies where they glide below;
While Silver *Helicon* delights the Taſte,
And while the Muſes ſacred Mount ſhall laſt;
Their Songs, for thee, the Sifters ſhall deſign,
The grateful Subject of the tuneful Nine;
Oft ſhalt thou fill their Songs; — and always mine.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

By Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

LET other Poets other Patrons chuſe,
Get their beſt Price, and proſtitute their Muſe.
With flatt'ring Hopes, and fruitleſs Labour wait,
And court the ſlipp'ry Friendſhip of the Great:
Some trifling Preſent by my Lord is made,
And then the Patron thinks the Poet paid.
On you, my ſurer, nobler Hopes depend,
For you are all I wiſh; you are a Friend.
From you, my Muſe her Inſpiration drew,
All ſhe performs, I Conſecrate to you.

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You taught me firſt my Genius and my Pow'r,
Taught me to know my own, but gave me more:
Others may ſparingly their Wealth impart,
But he gives nobleſt, who beſtows an Art.
Nature, and you alone, can that confer,
And I owe you, what you your ſelf owe her.
O! *Congreve*, cou'd I write in Verſe like thine,
Then in each Page, in ev'ry charming Line,
Should Gratitude, and ſacred Friendſhip ſhine.
Your Lines run all on eaſie, even Feet;
Clear is your Senſe, and your Expreſſion ſweet:
Rich is your Fancy, and your Numbers go
Serene and ſmooth, as Cryſtal Waters flow.
Smooth as a peaceful Sea which never rolls,
And ſoft, as kind conſenting Virgins Souls.
Nor does your Verſe alone our Paſſions move,
Beyond the Poet, we the Perſon love.
In you, and almoſt only you, we find
Sublimity of Wit, and Candor of the Mind:
Both have their Charms, and both give that Delight;
'Tis pity that you ſhou'd, or ſhou'd not Write:
But your ſtrong Genius Fortune's Pow'r defies,
And, in deſpight of Poetry, you riſe.
To you the Favour of the World is ſhown,
Enough for any Merit, but your own.
Your Fortune riſes equal with your Fame,
The beſt of Poets, but above the Name.
O! may you never miſs deſerv'd Succeſs,
But raiſe your Fortunes 'till I wiſh them leſs.
Here ſhou'd I, not to tire your Patience, end;
But who can part ſo ſoon, with ſuch a Friend.
You know my Soul, like yours, without Deſign,
You know me yours, and I too know you mine,
I owe you all I am, and needs muſt mourn
My want of Pow'r to make you ſome return.
Since you gave all, do not a part refuſe,
But take this ſlender Off'ring of the Muſe.
Friendſhip, from ſervile Int'reſt free, ſecures
My Love, ſincerely, and entirely yours.

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The LADY's SONG.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

A Quire of bright Beauties in Spring did appear,
To chuſe a *May*-Lady to govern the Year:
All the Nymphs were in White, and the Shepherds in Green,
The Garland was giv'n, and *Phyllis* was Queen:
But *Phyllis* refus'd it, and ſighing did ſay,
I'll not wear a Garland while *Pan* is away.

II.

While *Pan*, and fair *Syrinx*, are fled from our Shore,
The Graces are baniſh'd, and Love is no more:
The ſoft God of Pleaſure, that warm'd our Deſires,
Has broken his Bow, and extinguiſh'd his Fires;
And vows that himſelf, and his Mother, will mourn,
'Till *Pan* and fair *Syrinx* in Triumph return.

III.

Forbear your Addreſſes, and Court us no more,
For we will perform what the Deity ſwore:
But if you dare think of deſerving our Charms,
Away with your Sheephooks, and take to your Arms;
Then Lawrels and Myrtles your Brows ſhall adorn,
When *Pan*, and his Son, and fair *Syrinx*, return.

An Epiſtle from Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS *to Mr.* YALDEN *in* OXON.

MY lab'ring Muſe, grown tir'd of being hurl'd
And toſt about, in a tempeſtuous World,
Prays for a Calm, implores ſome quiet Seat,
And ſeeks what yours has found, a ſweet Retreat,

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Now your bleſt Fields their Summer Liv'ry wear,
Their Fruits your loaded Trees in Seaſon bear;
But Learning flouriſhes throughout the Year.
From your full Spring o'er *Britain*'s Iſle it ſtreams,
And ſpreads like *Iſis*, when ſhe meets the *Thames*.
Rear'd on her Banks, the Muſes Lawrel grows,
Adorn'd by yours, adorning others Brows.
Sweet are her Streams, ſweet the ſurrounding Air,
But ſweeter are the Songs ſhe ecchoes there.
There the Great *Ormond*'s daily Praiſe is ſung,
There *Addiſon*'s harmonious Harp is ſtrung,
And there *Lucretius* learnt the *Engliſh* Tongue.
Well might I here the large Account purſue,
But you have ſtopt me---- for I write to you.
Methinks I ſee the tuneful Siſters ride,
Mounted like Sea-Nymphs on the ſwelling Tide,
The Silver Swans are ſilent while they play,
Auguſta hears their Notes, and puts to Sea,
Dryden and *Congreve* meet them half the way.
All wafted by their own ſweet Voices move,
And all is Harmony----
And all that's Harmony, is Joy and Love.
All are in all the tuneful Numbers ſkill'd,
And now *Apollo* boaſts his Conſort fill'd.
Here liſten while our *Engliſh Maro* ſings,
Born like the *Mantuan* Swan on equal Wings:
Mark the great Numbers, mind the lofty Song,
The Senſe as clear and juſt, the Lines as ſtrong.
Hark yonder where the *Mourning Bride* complains,
And melt with pity at the moving Strains:
Wait the Concluſion, then allay your Grief,
Vice meets with Ruin, Virtue with Relief:
Walk thither, and the charming Muſick leads,
To murm'ring Waters, and enchanting Meads:
Mark by the River-ſide, along the Plain,
The dancing Shepherdeſs, and piping Swain,
Then ſee him take the Kiſs that Crowns his Pain.
There hearken where the knowing Poet ſings
Myſterious Nature, and the Seeds of Things;

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How in the teeming Earth hard Metals grow,
From what far distant Fountains Rivers flow,
What moves the Stars above, and Seas below.
Now see the charming Consort sail along,
Each tunes his Harp, and each prepares his Song:
To the *Musæum* see them all repair,
And see them all receive their Laurels there.
A learn'd and rev'rend Circle ready stands,
To Crown the Candidates with willing Hands.
Aldrich, who can the first large Portion boast,
Knows, loves and cherishes the Muses most:
Who gives ev'n Christ's-Church its peculiar Grace,
The first in Merit, as the first in Place.
O! Friend, have I not reason to complain
Of Fate, that shut me out from such a Train?
For that, who would not shift the Tragick Scene?
Tho' tir'd of restless rambling up and down,
Or a more restless Settlement in Town:
Chang'd in the rest, let this my Love commend,
Taldon, believe I never chang'd my Friend.

From London-Derry,
August 3. 1699.

ODE *on the Death of the Marquiss of* BLANDFORD.

SUCH is the Doom of unrelenting Fate,
That greatest Hopes have shortest Date:
Our Pleasures vanish, our Designs are crost,
And Gifts most justly priz'd are soonest lost:
Death has the choice of Things on Earth,
And, waiting closely from their Birth,
The Pride of Nature still delights to blast,
And, uncreated, will the World out-last.

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II.

The World, with Bleſſings ill ſupply'd before,
Is made by one Misfortune poor;
The faireſt Perſon, and beſt temper'd Mind,
And ſharpeſt Wit with ſofteſt Nature join'd,
Engaging Humour, weighty Senſe,
And Joy, the Gift of Innocence,
No more in one unrival'd Youth we find;
His Soul is gone in whom thoſe Graces ſhin'd.

III.

To Heav'n 'tis gone, ordain'd for Bliſs above;
'Twas here all Harmony and Love:
There happy live, and while you reſt ſecure
From all the Pangs your weeping Friends endure,
Oh pity thoſe that mourn below!
And hear thoſe doleful Numbers flow;
Too mean a Tribute, and too bold a Flight:
What Muſe can ſoar to your Immortal height?

IV.

See envious Grief, that ſcarce your Parents knew,
Still baniſh'd from their ſight by you,
With diſmal Force expels their Native Grace,
And takes Revenge on all their Beauteous Race:
It brings rude Horror, wild Deſpair,
And ſtrikes their Breaſts, and tears their Hair.
For you they call, for you fond Wiſhes ſend,
The beſt Relation, and the kindeſt Friend.

V.

'Tis fruitleſs all: Let Reaſon now return;
Why ſhou'd the Wiſe ſo vainly Mourn?
Why ſend Complaints where no Redreſs is found?
Our Dooms are next, whoſe Years roll ſwiftly round.
Thou fly'ſt, O Time, to ſtop our Breath,
Thou faithful Miniſter of Death,
And we, too blind our Periods to foretel,
Should dare thy Malice, but employ thee well,

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A THOUGHT *upon Human Life.*

Paraphras'd from SIMONIDES.

By Mr. TATE.

IN various Ways deſigning Mortals move;
But ſtill th' Event is in the Hands of *Jove.*
Men by the poor Retail of Minutes live,
And Fate but lends the Life it ſeems to give:
Tenants at Will we are to Heav'nly Pow'rs,
And Debtors for the Breath we think is ours.
On Life's wide Ocean diverſly launch'd out,
Our Minds alike are toſt on Waves of Doubt;
Holding no ſteddy Courſe, or conſtant Sail,
But ſhift and tack with ev'ry Veering Gale.
Bewitch'd by Fairy hopes, we tug in vain,
Some flying and inchanted Iſle to gain;
'Till pitying Chance a kind Diſaſter ſends,
And by a lucky Wreck the fruitleſs Labour ends.
Tho' Night by Night we find, to our dear coſt,
Our laſt-ſpent Day, like all the former, loſt;
'Tis yet the common Refuge of our Sorrow,
On the next Day's uncertain Stock to borrow,
'Till broke with Debts on each *Inſolvent* Morrow.
Some run o' Score for Weeks, or Months; and ſome
Anticipate for Bliſs next Year to come;
When, Darling-Fav'rites, they at Eaſe ſhall ſit
In Fortune's Lap, and ſee their Wiſhes hit,
Revel in Plenty, Pleaſure, Peace, and Mirth----
When lo! before the promis'd Seaſon's Birth
The weening Mortal dies----or has his Breath
Prolong'd by Sickneſs to a living Death:
Or (forc'd thro' Camps or diſtant Seas to roam)
Seeks Fate Abroad, or found by Fate at Home;
For Human Life (by Nature's Law aſſign'd
One Entrance) does a thouſand Out-lets find:

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But ſtill the Path to each with Care beſet,
Moleſting Griefs in ev'ry Paſſage met;
Whoſe ſtraggling Troops ſince none can always
Not to Alarm, or on the Foe to run, } ſhun;
Is all that by the Wiſeſt can be done.
And dext'rouſly our Skill ſhall be employ'd,
Adding no Griefs to thoſe we can't avoid.

The VISION.

By Mrs. SINGER.

'TWAS in the cloſe Receſſes of a Shade,
A Shade for Sacred Contemplation made;
No Beauteous Branch, no Plant, or fragrant Flow'r,
But flouriſh'd near the Fair Delicious Bow'r:
With charming State its lofty Arches riſe
Adorn'd with Bloſſoms, as with Stars the Skies:
All pure and fragrant was the Air I drew,
Which Winds thro' Myrtle Groves and Orange blew;
Clear Waves along with pleaſing Murmur ruſh,
And down the artful Falls in noble Cataracts guſh.
'Twas here, within this happy Place retir'd,
Harmonious Pleaſures all my Soul inſpir'd;
I take my Lyre, and try each tuneful String,
Now War, now Love, and Beauty's Force would ſing:
To Heav'nly Subjects now, in ſerious Lays,
I ſtrive my faint, unskilful Voice to raiſe:
But as I unreſolv'd and doubtful lay,
My Cares in eaſie Slumbers glide away;
Nor with ſuch grateful Sleep, ſuch ſoothing Reſt,
And Dreams like this I e'er before was bleſs'd;
No wild uncouth *Chimera's* intervene,
To break the perfect intellectual Scene.
The Place was all with Heav'nly Light o'er-flown,
And Glorious with Immortal Splendor ſhone;
When! lo a bright Ætherial Youth drew near,
Ineffable his Motions and his Air,

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A ſoft, beneficent, expreſsleſs Grace,
With Life's moſt florid Bloom adorn'd his Face;
His lovely Brows Immortal Lawrel bind,
And long his radiant Hair fell down behind,
His azure Robes hung free, and waving to the Wind.
Angelick his Addreſs, his tuneful Voice
Inſpir'd a thouſand elevating Joys:
When thus the wond'rous Youth his Silence broke,
And with an Accent all Celeſtial ſpoke.

To Heav'n, nor longer pauſe, devote thy Songs,
To Heav'n the Muſe's ſacred Art belongs;
Let his unbounded Glory be thy Theme,
Who fills th' Eternal Regions with his Fame;
And when Death's fatal Sleep ſhall cloſe thine Eyes,
In Triumph we'll attend thee to the Skies;
We'll Crown thee there with everlaſting Bays,
And teach thee all our celebrated Lays.
This ſpoke, the ſhining Viſion upward flies,
And darts as Lightning thro' the cleaving Skies.

Upon Young Mr. ROGERS *of* GLOCESTERSHIRE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

OF gentle Blood, his Parents only Treaſure,
Their laſting Sorrow, and their vaniſh'd Pleaſure,
Adorn'd with Features, Virtues, Wit and Grace,
A large Proviſion for ſo ſhort a Race;
More mod'rate Gifts might have prolong'd his Date,
Too early fitted for a better State;
But, knowing Heav'n his Home, to ſhun Delay,
He leap'd o'er Age, and took the ſhorteſt Way.

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The Third ODE *of* ANACREON, *Tranſlated.*

AT dead of Night, when Stars appear,
And ſtrong *Boötes* turns the Bear;
When Mortals ſleep their Cares away,
Fatigu'd with Labours of the Day;
Cupid was knocking at my Gate;
Who's there? ſaid I: Who knocks ſo late,
Diſturbs my Dream, and breaks my Reſt?
O fear not me, a harmleſs Gueſt,
He ſaid; but open, open pray;
A fooliſh Child, I loſt my Way,
And wander here this Moonleſs Night,
All Wet and Cold, and wanting Light.
With due Regard his Voice I heard,
Then roſe, a ready Lamp prepar'd,
And ſaw a naked Boy below,
With Wings, a Quiver, and a Bow:
In haſte I ran, unlock'd my Gate,
Secure, and thoughtleſs of my Fate;
I gave the Child an eaſie Chair
Againſt the Fire, and dry'd his Hair;
Brought Friendly Cups of chearful Wine,
And warm'd his little Hands with mine.
All this did I with kind Intent;
But he, on wanton Miſchief bent,
Said, Deareſt Friend, this Bow you ſee,
This pretty Bow belongs to me:
Obſerve, I pray, if all be right,
I fear the Rain has ſpoil'd it quite:
He drew it then, and ſtraight I found
Within my Breaſt a ſecret Wound.
This done, the Rogue no longer ſtaid,
But leap'd away, and laughing ſaid,
Kind Hoſt adieu, we now muſt part,
Safe is my Bow, but ſick thy Heart.

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To a Lady that design'd going to a Fortune-Teller.

YOU, Madam, may with Safety go,
Decrees of Destiny to know;
For at your Birth kind Planets reign'd,
And certain Happiness ordain'd:
Such Charms as yours are only giv'n
To chosen Favourites of Heav'n.
But such is my uncertain State,
'Tis dangerous to try my Fate:
For I wou'd only know from Art,
The future Motions of your Heart,
And what predestinated Doom
Attends my Love for Years to come;
No Secrets else that Mortals learn
My Care deserve, or Life concern;
But this will so important be,
I dread to search the dark Decree:
For while the smallest Hope remains,
Faint Joys are mingled with my Pains;
Vain distant Views my Fancy please,
And give some intermitting Ease:
But shou'd the Stars too plainly show
That you have doom'd my endless Woe,
No Human Force, nor Art, cou'd bear
The Torment of my wild Despair.
This Secret then I dare not know,
And other Truths are useless now.
What matter, if unblest'd in Love,
How long or short my Life will prove?
To gratifie what low Desire,
Shou'd I with needless Haste enquire,
How Great, how Wealthy I shall be?
O! what is Wealth or Pow'r to me?
If I am happy, or undone,
It must proceed from you alone,

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VERSES *Written for the* TOASTING-GLASSES *of the* KIT-KAT CLUB, *in the Year* 1703.

Dutchess of St. ALBANS.

By the Lord Hallifax.

THE Line of *Veere*, so long renown'd in Arms,
Concludes with Lustre in St. *Albans* Charms:
Her conqu'ring Eyes have made their Race compleat;
They rose in Valour, and in Beauty set.

Dutchess of St. ALBANS.

By L. K.

The Saints above can ask, but not bestow;
This Saint can give all Happiness below.

Lady BRIDGWATER.

By Mr. Maynwaring.

All Health to her, in whose bright Form we find
Excess of Charms with native Meekness join'd;
Whose tender Beauty safe in Virtues Care,
Springs from a Race so fruitful of the Fair,
That all Antiquity can boast no more;
For *Venus* and the Graces were but four.

Dutchess of BEAUFORT.

By the Lord Hallifax.

Offspring of a Tuneful Sire,
Blest with more than mortal Fire;
Likeness of a Mother's Face,
Blest with more than mortal Grace:
You with double Charms surprize,
With *His* Wit, and with *Her* Eyes,

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Dutchess of BEAUFORT.

Empire the Daughter and the Sire divide,
She Reigns in Beauty Sovereign, he in Wit;
Thus as in Blood, they are in Power ally'd,
To *Him* our Minds, to *Her* our Hearts submit.

Dutchess of BOLTON.

By Mr. Gr——

Love's keenest Darts are charming *Bolton*'s Care,
Which the fair Tyrant poisons with Despair.
The God of Wine the dire Effect foresees,
And sends the Juice that gives the Lover Ease.

Dutchess of BOLTON.

By Dr. E——

Flat Contradictions wage in *Bolton* War!
Yet her the Toasters as a Goddess prize;
Her Whiggish Tongue does zealously declare
For Freedom, but for Slavery her Eyes.

Mrs. BARTON.

By L. H.

[Glass

Stampt with her reigning Charms, this Standard-
Shall current through the Realms of *Bacchus* pass;
Full fraught with Beauty shall new Flames impart,
And mint her shining Image on the Heart.

Mrs. BARTON.

Beauty and Wit strove each, in vain,
To vanquish *Bacchus* and his Train;
But *Barton* with successful Charms
From both their Quivers drew her Arms;
The roving God his Sway resigns,
And awfully submits his Vines,

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Mrs. BARTON.

At *Barton*'s Feet the God of Love
His Arrows and his Quiver lays,
Forgets he has a Throne above,
And with this lovely Creature ſtays.

Not *Venus*' Beauties are more bright,
But each appear ſo like the other,
That *Cupid* has miſtook the right,
And takes the Nymph to be his Mother.

Mrs. BRUDENELL.

By Mr. C.

Look on the lovelieſt Tree that ſhades the Park,
And *Brudenell* you will find upon the Bark;
Look on the faireſt Glaſs that's fill'd the moſt,
And *Brudenell* you will find the faireſt Toaſt;
Look on her Eyes, if you their Light can bear,
And Love himſelf you'll find ſits toaſting there.

Mrs. BRUDENELL.

Imperial *Juno* gave her matchleſs Grace,
And *Hebe*'s youthful Bloom adorns her Face;
Bright as the Star that leads the Heav'nly Hoſt,
Brudenell precedes the Glory of the Toaſt.

Lady MARY CHURCHILL.

By the Lord Halliſax.

Faireſt and lateſt of the beauteous Race, [Face;
Bleſt with your Parents Wit, and her firſt blooming
Born with our Liberties in *William*'s Reign,
Your Eyes alone that Liberty reſtrain.

Mrs. CLAVERINE.

By Mr. C——

Such Beauty join'd with ſuch harmonious Skill,
Muſt doubly charm, then let us doubly fill.
If Muſick be Love's Food, as Lovers think,
When *Claverine*'s nam'd, then Toaſting is his Drink.

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Lady CARLISLE.

By Dr. G——

Carliſle's a Name can ev'ry Muſe inſpire,
To *Carliſle* fill the Glaſs and tune the Lyre.
With his lov'd Bays the God of Day ſhall crown
A Wit and Luſtre equal to his own.

Lady CARLISLE.

Behold this Northern Star's auſpicious Light,
Our fainter Beauties ſhine not half ſo bright.
Form'd to attract, yet certain to repel,
Her Charms are blazing, but ſhe guards 'em well.

Lady CARLISLE.

She o'er all Hearts and Toaſts muſt reign,
Whoſe Eyes outſparkle bright Champaign;
Or (when ſhe will vouchſafe to ſmile,)
The Brillant that now writes *Carliſle*.

Lady CARLISLE.

Great as a Goddeſs, and of Form Divine,
Our Heads we bend, and all our Hearts reſign:
Like Heav'n ſhe rules with an Imperial Sway,
And teaches to adore and to obey.

Lady CARLISLE.

By Dr. G——

At once the Sun and *Carliſle* took their way,
To warm the frozen North, and kindle Day;
The Flowers to both their glad Creation ow'd,
Their Virtues *He*, their Beauties *She* beſtow'd.

Lady CARLISLE.

Approach ye mean Coquets, and view her well,
Finiſh'd within, as ſuits the ſtately Shell;

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Smile on your Fops, and Slaves of Fools create;
But if you'll conquer Men, like her be Fair and Great.

Mrs. COLLIER.

By Mr. Maynwaring.

No Wonder *Scots* our Kingdom wou'd Invade,
Since we have ſtol'n from thence this lovely Maid;
Troy's Myſtick Tales a Propheſie appear
Of Wars Predeſtin'd to be fought for Her;
And all thoſe Charms the *Grecian* Poets give
Their fancy'd *Helen*, in this Beauty live.

Mrs. DUNCH.

By Dr. B——

O *Dunch*! if fewer with thy Charms are fir'd,
As when by *Godfrey*'s Name thou waſt admir'd,
'Tis not that Marriage makes thee ſeem leſs fair,
But then we hop'd, and now we muſt deſpair.

Mrs. DUNCH.

Fair *Dunch*'s Eyes ſuch radiant Glances dart,
As warm the coldeſt Boſom with Deſire:
Thoſe Heav'nly Orbs muſt needs attract the Heart,
Where *Churchill*'s Sweetneſs ſoftens *Godfrey*'s Fire.

Mrs. P. DASHWOOD.

Fair as the bluſhing Grape ſhe ſtands,
Excites our Hopes, and tempts our Hands;
Bloſſoms and Fruit together meet,
As Autumn ripe, and *April* ſweet.

Mrs. DIGBY.

By Mr. C——

Why laughs the Wine with which this Glaſs is crown'd?
Why leaps my Heart to hear this Health go round?
Digby warms both with Sympathetick Fires;
Her Name the Glaſs, her Form my Heart inſpires.

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Mrs. DIGBY.

No wonder Ladies that at Court appear,
And in Front-Boxes ſparkle all the Year,
Are choſen Toaſts; 'twas *Digby*'s matchleſs Frame
That, *Caſar*-like, but ſaw and overcame.

Lady ESSEX.

By Dr. G——

The braveſt Hero, and the brighteſt Dame
From *Belgia*'s happy Clime *Britannia* drew;
One pregnant Cloud we find does often frame
The awful Thunder and the gentle Dew.

Lady ESSEX.

By Dr. G——

To *Eſſex* fill the ſprightly Wine,
The Health's engaging and divine:
Let pureſt Odours ſcent the Air,
And Wreaths of Roſes bind our Hair.
In her chaſte Lips theſe bluſhing lie,
And thoſe her gentle Sighs ſupply.

Lady H. GODOLPHIN.

By Mr. Maynwaring.

Godolphin's eaſie and unpractis'd Air
Gains without Art, and governs without Care.
Her conqu'ring Race with various Fate ſurpriſe;
Who 'ſcape their Arms, are Captives to her Eyes.

Mrs. GUYBONS.

By Dr. B——

Could *Grecian* Maſters from the Shades return,
To copy *Guybons*, 'twould advance their Art;
Their's never made but one with Paſſion burn,
And this *Belle Venus* conquers ev'ry Heart.

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Lady HYDE.

By Dr. G——

The God of Wine grows jealous of his Art,
He only fires the Head, but *Hyde* the Heart.
The Queen of Love looks on, and ſmiles to ſee
A Nymph more mighty than a Deity.

On the Lady HYDE *in Child-bed.*

By Dr. G——

Hyde, tho' in Agonies, her Graces keeps,
A thouſand Charms the Nymph's Complaints a-
In Tears of Dew ſo mild *Aurora* weeps, [dorn;
But her bright Offſpring is the chearful Morn.

Lady HARPER.

In *Harper* all the Loves and Graces ſhine,
Gay as our Mirth, and ſparkling as our Wine.
Here's to the Fair-----Were Poiſon in the Cup,
Might ſhe be bleſs'd, thus would I drink it up.

Mrs. HARE.

In fair *Hare* there are Charms,
Which the coldeſt Swain warms,
And the vaineſt of Nymphs cannot bear:
Slighted Toaſts wiſh her blind,
Loving Knights wiſh her kind;
Then about with the dear Ring of *Hare*.

Mrs. HARE.

The Gods of Wit, and Wine, and Love, prepare
With chearful Bowls to celebrate the Fair;
Love is enjoyn'd to name his favourite Toaſt,
And *Hare*'s the Goddeſs that delights them moſt;
Phœbus appoints, and bids the Trumpets ſound,
And *Bacchus* in a Bumper puts it round.

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Mrs. DI. KIRK.

By Mr. C——

Fair written Name, but deeper in my Heart;
A Diamond cannot cut like *Cupid*'s Dart.
Quickly the Cordial of her Health apply;
For when I ceaſe to toaſt bright *Kirk*, I die.

Mrs. DI. KIRK.

So many Charms *Di. Kirk* ſurround,
'Tis pity ſhe's unkind;
Her conqu'ring Eyes, not ſeeing, Wound,
As Love darts home, tho' blind.

Mrs. LONGE.

By the Lord Wharton.

Fill the Glaſs; let Hautboys ſound,
Whilſt bright *Longies* Health goes round:
With eternal Beauty bleſt,
Ever blooming, ſtill the beſt;
Drink your Glaſs, and think the reſt.

Lady MANCHESTER.

By Mr. Addiſon.

While haughty *Gallia*'s Dames, that ſpread
O'er their pale Cheeks an artful Red,
Beheld this beauteous Stranger there,
In native Charms divinely fair;
Confuſion in their Looks they ſhow'd,
And with unborrow'd Bluſhes glow'd.

Mrs. NICHOLAS.

By Dr. B——

Untival'd *Nicholas*, whoſe victorious Eyes,
Love for a Place of Arms with Darts ſupply'd,
Does on the Toaſters like fair *Phœbe* riſe,
To rule their Wines, and Paſſion's mighty Tide.

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Lady ORRERY.

By Mr. Maynwaring.

Phœbus, from whom this Fair her Wit derives,
No Toaſt beholds, tho' round the World he drives,
That charms ſo much, or has ſuch Conqueſt won,
As this bright Daughter of his Darling Son.

Lady ORRERY.

Here cloſe the Liſt, here end the Female Strife;
View here the Dawn of Heav'n, and Joys of Life.
Nature, to warm the World into Deſire,
Makes *Derſet*'s Charms in her ſoft Sex conſpire,
His youthful Form, and his immortal Fire.

Lady RANNELAGH.

The *God of Love*, aided by *Cecill*'s Charms,
Upon his Rival *Bacchus* turns his Arms;
When her Idea govern'd in the Heart,
E'n Wine encreaſes, which ſhou'd cure the Smart.

Dutcheſs of RICHMOND.

By the Lord Hallifax.

Of Two fair *Richmonds* different Ages boaſt,
Theirs was the firſt, and ours the brighter Toaſt;
Th' Adorers Offerings prove who's moſt Divine,
They ſacrific'd in Water, we in Wine.

Dutcheſs of RICHMOND.

By L. Carberry.

Richmond has Charms that continue our Claim,
To lay hold of the Toaſt that belongs to the Name.

Lady SUNDERLAND.

By the Lord Hallifax.

All Nature's Charms in *Sunderland* appear,
Bright as her Eyes, and as her Reaſon clear:

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Yet ſtill their Force, to Men not ſafely known,
Seems undiſcover'd to herſelf alone.

Lady SUNDERLAND's *Picture, with theſe Words under,*

——Ab Una diſce Omnes.

Learn by this Portrait, how the Kit-cats Toaſt;
How Charming thoſe can ſuch-like Features boaſt.
From Nature's Hand this vaſt Profuſion came,
And with as bright a Soul inform'd the Frame.
She with no haughty Airs her Triumphs views,
So her great Father looks when Countries he ſubdues.

Mrs. STANHOPE.

Soon as one *Phœnix* ſought her kindred Skies,
A brighter roſe, and bleſt our wond'ring Eyes;
Then in a chearful Bowl diſſolve your Cares,
Since faſt as Heav'n deprives, the Court repairs.

Madamoſelle SPANHEIME.

By the Lord Hallifax.

Admir'd in *Germany*, ador'd in *France*,
Your Charms to brighter Glory here advance;
The ſtubborn *Britons* own your Beauty's Claim,
And with their Native Toaſts enroll your Name.

Mrs. TEMPEST.

If perfect Joys from perfect Beauty riſe,
View *Tempeſt*'s Shape, her Motions, and her Eyes:
Undoubted Queen of Love, but Honour's Slave,
Whilſt Thouſands languiſh, ſhe but One can ſave.

Mrs. TEMPEST.

Venus, contending for the Golden Ball,
Us'd *Helen*'s Charms to bribe her Judge withal:

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Had ſhe been bleſs'd with *Tempeſt*'s brighter Eyes,
Unborrow'd Beauty would have gain'd the Prize.

Mrs. VERNON.

London, no more thy Trade or Riches boaſt,
Within thy Walls there lives the brighteſt Toaſt,
Who lays no bait to pleaſe, or ſtrives to kill,
Or wanting Nature does ſupply by Skill.
Her Air, her Mein, ſuch Darts are in her Eyes,
Who looks on *Vernon*, Loves, Adores, and Dies.

Lady WHARTON.

By Dr. Garth.

When *Jove* to *Ida* did the Gods invite,
And in immortal Toaſting paſs'd the Night,
With more than *Nectar* he the Banquet bleſs'd,
For *Wharton* was the *Venus* of the Feaſt.

Lady WHARTON.

You Rakes, who Midnight Judges ſit
Of Wine, of Beauty, and of Wit,
For *Mercury* and *Cupid*'s ſake
Two Bumpers to fair *Wharton* take;
For in that graceful charming Shell
The Gods of Wit and Pleaſure dwell.

NEGATIVE LOVE.

By Mr. J. DONNE.

I Never ſtoop'd ſo low, as they
Which on an Eye, Cheek, Lip, can prey;
Seldom to them, which ſoar no higher
Than Virtue, or the Mind t' admire;
For Senſe, and Underſtanding may
Know what gives Fuell to their Fire:

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My Love, though ſilly, is more brave,
For may I miſs when e're I crave,
If I know yet what I would have.

If that be ſimply perfecteſt
Which can by no means be expreſt
But *Negatives*, my Love is ſo.
To all, which all love, I ſay no.
If any who deciphers beſt,
What we know not, (our ſelves) can know,
Let him teach me that nothing. This
As yet my Eaſe, and Comfort is,
Though I ſpeed not, I cannot miſs,

To M. M. H.

By the ſame Hand.

MAD Paper ſtay, and grudge not here to burn
With all thoſe Sons whom thy Brain did create,
At leaſt lie hid with me, till thou return
To Rags again, which is thy native State.

What though thou have enough Unworthineſs
To come unto great Place as others do,
That's much emboldneſs, pulls, thruſts, I confeſs,
But 'tis not all, thou ſhould'ſt be wicked too.

And, that thou can'ſt not learn, or not of me,
Yet thou wilt go; Go, ſince thou go'ſt to her
Who lacks but Faults to be a Prince, for ſhe,
Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares prefer.

But when thou com'ſt to that perplexing Eye
Which equally claims *Love* and *Reverence*:

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Thou wilt not long diſpute it, thou wilt die;
And having little now, have then no Senſe.

Yet when her warm Redeeming Hand, which is
A Miracle; and made ſuch to work more,
Doth touch thee (ſapleſs Leaf) thou grow'ſt by this
Her Creature; Glorify'd more than before.

Then as a Mother which Delights to hear
Her early Child miſ-ſpeak half uttered Words,
Or, becauſe Majeſty doth never fear
Ill or bold Speech, the Audience affords.

And then, cold Speechleſs Wretch thou dieſt again,
And wiſely; what Diſcourſe is left for thee?
From Speech of Ill, and her thou muſt abſtain,
And is there any good which is not ſhe?

Yet maiſt thou Praiſe her Servants, though not her,
And Wit, and Vertue, and Honour her attend,
And ſince they are but her Cloaths, thou ſhalt not err,
If thou her Shape and Beauty, and Grace commend.

Who knows thy Deſtiny? when thou haſt done,
Perchance her Cabinet may harbour thee,
Whither all Noble ambitious Wits do run,
A Neſt almoſt as full of Good as ſhe.

When thou art there, if any, whom we know
Were ſav'd before, and did that Heav'n partake,
When ſhe reſolves his Papers, mark what ſhow
Of Favour, ſhe alone, to them doth make.

Mark, if to get them, ſhe o'er-skip the reſt,
Mark if ſhe read them twice, or kiſs the Name;
Mark if ſhe do the ſame that they proteſt;
Mark if ſhe mark whither her Woman came.

Mark

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Mark if ſlight things be' objected, and o'erblown,
Mark if her Oaths againſt him be not ſtill
Reſerv'd, and that ſhe grieve ſhe's not her own,
And chides the Doctrine that denies Free-will.

I bid thee not do this to be my Spy,
Nor to make my ſelf her familiar;
But ſo much I do love her Choice, that I
Would fain love him that ſhall be lov'd of her.

A SONG.

By T. CAREW, *Eſq;*

ASK me no more where *Jove* beſtows,
When *June* is paſt, the fading Roſe:
For in your Beauty's Orient deep,
Theſe Flow'rs as in their Cauſes ſleep.

Ask me no more whither do ſtray
The Golden Atomes of the Day:
For in pure Love, Heaven did prepare
Thoſe Powders to enrich your Hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haſte
The Nightingale, when *May* is paſt:
For in your ſweet dividing Throat
She winters, and keeps warm her Note.

Ask me no more where thoſe Stars light
That downwards fall in dead of Night:
For in your Eyes they ſit, and there
Fixed become as in their Sphere.

Ask me no more if *Eaſt* or *Weſt*,
The Phœnix builds her Spicy Neſt:
For unto you at laſt ſhe flies,
And in your fragrant Boſome dies.

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COOPER's HILL, *a* POEM. *As it was Printed in the Year* 1650.

Written by JOHN DENHAM, *Esq;*

SURE we have Poets, that did never dream
Upon *Parnassus*, nor did taste the Stream
Of *Helicon*, and therefore I suppose,
Those made not Poets, but the Poets those;
And as Courts make not Kings, but Kings the Court,
So where the Muses and their Troops resort,
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
A Poet, thou *Parnassus* art to me.
Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking Wing from thy auspicious height)
Through untrac'd Ways and Airy Paths I fly,
More boundless in my Fancy than my Eye.
Exalted to this height, I first look down
On *Pauls*, as Men from thence upon the Town.
Pauls the late Theme of such a * Muse, whose flight
Hath bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height:
Now shalt thou stand, though Time, or Sword, or Fire,
Or Zeal (more fierce than they) thy fall conspire,
Secure, while thee the best of Poets sings,
Preserv'd from Ruin by the best of Kings.
As those who rais'd in Body, or in Thought
Above the Earth, or the Air's middle Vault,
Behold how Winds and Storms and Meteors grow,
How Clouds condense to Rain, congeal to Snow,
And see the Thunder form'd, before it tear
The Air, secure from danger and from fear,
So rais'd above the Tumult and the Crowd,
I see the † City in a thicker Cloud

* *Mr.* Waller. † London.

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Of Buſineſs, than of Smoak, where Men like Ants
Toyl to prevent imaginary Wants;
Yet all in vain, increaſing with their Store,
Their vaſt Deſires, but make their Wants the more.
As Food to unſound Bodies, though it pleaſe
The Appetite, feeds only the Diſeaſe;
Where with like haſte, though ſeveral ways they run,
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone:
While Luxury and Wealth, like War and Peace,
Are each the others Ruin, and Increaſe.
As Rivers loſt in Seas ſome ſecret Vein
Thence re-conveighs, there to be loſt again.
Some ſtudy Plots, and ſome thoſe Plots t'undo,
Others to make 'em, and undo 'em too:
Falſe to their Hopes, afraid to be ſecure,
Thoſe Miſchiefs only which they make, endure:
Blinded with Light, and ſick of being well,
In Tumults ſeek their Peace, their Heav'n in Hell.
Oh Happineſs of ſweet retir'd Content,
To be at once ſecure and Innocent.
Windſor the next (where *Mars* with *Venus* dwells,
Beauty with Strength) above the Valley ſwells
Into my Eye, as the late married Dame,
(Who proud, yet ſeems to make that Pride her Shame)
When Nature quickens in her pregnant Womb,
Her Wiſhes paſt, and now her Hopes to come:
With ſuch an eaſie, and unforc'd Aſcent,
Windſor her gentle Boſome doth preſent;
Where no ſtupendous Cliff, no threatning heights
Acceſs deny, no horrid Steep affrights,
But ſuch a Riſe, as doth at once invite
A Pleaſure, and a Reverence from the ſight.
Thy Maſter's Emblem, in whoſe Face I ſaw
A Friend-like Sweetneſs, and a King-like Awe,
Where Majeſty and Love ſo mixt appear,
Both gently kind, both Royally ſevere.
So *Windſor*, humble in itſelf, ſeems proud
To be the Baſe of that Majeſtick Load,

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Than which no Hill a nobler Burthen bears,
But *Atlas* only, that ſupports the Spheres.
Nature this Mount ſo fitly did advance,
We might conclude, that nothing is by Chance;
So plac'd, as if ſhe did on purpoſe raiſe
The Hill, to rob the Builder of his Praiſe.
For none commends his Judgment, that doth chuſe
That which a blind Man only could refuſe;
Such are the Towers which th' hoary Temples grace
Of * *Cybele*, when all her Heavenly Race
Do Homage to her; yet ſhe cannot boaſt,
Amongſt that numerous and Celeſtial Hoſt,
More *Heroes* than can *Windſor*, nor doth Fame's
Immortal Book record more Noble Names.
Not to look back ſo far, to whom this Iſle
Muſt owe the Glory of ſo brave a Pile,
Whether to *Caſar*, *Albanact*, or *Brute*,
The Britiſh *Arthur*, or the Daniſh *Knute*,
(Though this of old no leſs Conteſt did move,
Than when for *Homer's* Birth ſeven Cities ſtrove)
(Like him in Birth, thou ſhould'ſt be like in Fame,
As thine his Fate, if mine had been his Flame)
But whoſoe'er it was, Nature deſign'd
Firſt a brave Place, and then as brave a Mind.
Not to recount thoſe ſeveral Kings, to whom
It gave a Cradle, or to whom a Tomb,
But thee (Great † *Edward*) and thy Greater Son,
He that the Lillies wore, and he that won;
And thy ‡ *Bellona*, who deſerves her ſhare
In all thy Glories; of that || Royal Pair
Which waited on thy Triumph, ſhe brought one,
Thy Son the other brought, and ſhe that Son.
Nor of leſs Hopes could her great Offſpring prove,
A Royal Eagle cannot breed a Dove.

---

* *The Mother of the Gods.* † Edward *the Third, and the Black Prince.* ‡ *Queen* Philippa. || *The Kings of* France *and* Scotland.

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Then didſt thou found that ‡ Order: whether Love
Or Victory thy Royal Thoughts did move,
Each was a Noble Cauſe, nor was it leſs
I'th' Inſtitution, than the great Succeſs,
Whilſt every part conſpires to give it Grace,
The King, the Cauſe, the Patron, and the Place,
Which foreign Kings, and Emperors eſteem
The ſecond Honour to their Diadem.
Had thy great Deſtiny but given thee Skill,
To know as well, as Power to act her Will,
That from thoſe Kings, who then thy Captives were,
In after-times ſhould ſpring a Royal Pair,
Who ſhould poſſeſs all that thy mighty Power,
Or thy Deſires more mighty did devour;
To whom their better Fate reſerves what e'er
The Victor hopes for, or the vanquiſh'd fear.
That Blood, which thou and thy great Grandſire ſhed,
And all that ſince theſe Sifter Nations bled,
Had been unſpilt, had happy *Edward* known
That all the Blood he ſpilt, had been his own.
Thou had'ſt extended through the Conquer'd Eaſt,
Thine, and the Chriſtian Name, and made them bleſt
To ſerve thee, while that Loſs this Gain would bring,
Chriſt for their God, and *Edward* for their King;
When thou that * Saint thy Patron didſt deſign,
In whom the Martyr and the Soldier joyn;
And when thou did'ſt within the Azure round,
(Who Evil thinks may Evil him confound)
The *Engliſh* Arms encircle, thou did'ſt ſeem
But to foretel, and prophecy of him,
Who has within that Azure Round confin'd
Theſe Realms, which Nature for their bound deſign'd,
That bound which to the World's extreameſt ends,
Endleſs herſelf, her liquid Arms extends;
In whoſe Heroick Face, I ſee the Saint
Better expreſs'd than in the liveliеſt Paint,

‡ *The Garter.* * *St.* George.

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That Fortitude which made him famous here,
That Heavenly Piety, which Saints him there,
Who when this Order he forſakes, may he
Companion of that ſacred Order be.
Here could I fix my Wonder, but our Eyes,
Nice as our Taſtes, affect Varieties;
And though one pleaſe him moſt, the hungry Gueſt
Taſtes every Diſh, and runs through all the Feaſt;
So having taſted *Windſor*, caſting round
My wandering Eye, an emulous † Hill doth bound
My more contracted ſight, whoſe top of late
A Chappel crown'd, till in the common Fate
The Neighbouring * Abbey fell, (may no ſuch Storm
Fall on our Times, where Ruin muſt reform.)
Tell me (my Muſe) what monſt'rous dire Offence?
What Crime could any Chriſtian King inceníe
To ſuch a Rage? was't Luxury, or Luſt?
Was he ſo Temperate, ſo Chaſte, ſo Juſt? [more.
Were theſe their Crimes? they were his own much
But they (alas) were rich, and he was poor;
And having ſpent the Treaſures of his Crown,
Condemns their Luxury, to feed his own;
And yet this Act, to varniſh o'er the Shame
Of Sacrilege, muſt bear Devotions Name,
And he might think it juſt, the Cauſe and Time
Conſider'd well, for none commits a Crime
Appearing ſuch, but as 'tis underſtood,
A real, or at leaſt a ſeeming good.
While for the Church his learned Pen diſputes,
His much more learned Sword his Pen confutes,
Thus to the Ages paſt he makes amends,
Their Charity deſtroys, their Faith defends.
Then did Religion in a lazy Cell,
In empty, airy Contemplations dwell;
And like the Block unmoved lay, but ours
As much too Active like the Stork devours.

† *St.* Anns *Hill.* * Chertſey *Abbey.*

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Be there no temperate Region can be known,
Betwixt their Frigid, and our Torrid Zone?
Could we not wake from that Lethargick Dream,
But to be reſtleſs in a worſe Extream?
And for that Lethargy was there no Cure,
But to be caſt into a Calenture?
Can Knowledge have no bound, but muſt advance
So far, to make us wiſh for Ignorance?
And rather in the dark to grope our Way,
Than led by a falſe Guide to err by Day?
Parting from thence, 'twixt Anger, Shame, and Fear,
Thoſe for what's paſt, and this for what's too near:
My Eye deſcending from the Hill, ſurveys
Where *Thames* amongſt the wanton Vallies ſtrays,
Thames the moſt lov'd of all the Ocean's Sons
By his old Sire, to his Embraces runs,
Haſting to pay his Tribute to the Sea,
Like mortal Life to meet Eternity:
And though his clearer Sand, no golden Veins,
Like *Tagus*, and *Pactolus* Streams, contains;
His genuine, and leſs guilty Wealth t'explore,
Search not his bottom, but behold his Shore;
O'er which he kindly ſpreads his ſpacious Wing,
And hatches plenty for th'enſuing Spring,
Nor with a furious, and unruly Wave,
Like profuſe Kings, reſumes the Wealth he gave.
No unexpected Inundations ſpoil
The Mowers hopes, nor mock the Plowman's Toil;
Then like a Lover he forſakes his Shores,
Whoſe ſtay with jealous Eyes his Spouſe implores;
Till with a parting kiſs he ſaves her Tears,
And promiſing return, ſecures her fears;
As a wiſe King firſt ſettles fruitful Peace
In his own Realms, and with their rich increaſe
Seeks War abroad, and then in Triumph brings
The Spoils of Kingdoms, and the Crowns of Kings.
So *Thames* to *London* doth at firſt preſent [ſent,
Thoſe Tributes, which the Neighbouring Countries

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But at his second Visit from the East,
Spices he brings, and Treasures from the West:
Finds Wealth where 'tis, and gives it where it wants,
Cities in Desarts, Woods in Cities plants,
Rounds the whole Globe, and with his flying Towers
Brings home to us, and makes both *Indies* ours;
So that to us nothing, no Place is strange,
Whilst thy fair Bosom is the World's Exchange.
O could my Verse freely and smoothly flow,
As thy pure Flood; Heaven should no longer know
Her old *Eridanus*, thy purer Stream
Should bathe the Gods and be the Poets Theam.
* Here Nature, whether more intent to please
Us or herself with strange Varieties,
(For things of Wonder move no less Delight
To the Wise Makers, than Beholders sight.
Though these Delights from several Causes move,
For so our Children, thus our Friends we love)
Wisely she knew the Harmony of Things,
As well as that of sounds, from Discords springs:
Such was the Discord, which did first disperse
Form, Order, Beauty through the Universe;
While driness, moisture; coldness heat resists;
All that we have, and that we are subsists:
While the steep horrid roughness of the Wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the Flood.
Such huge Extreams when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence Delight.
The Stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the Self-enamour'd † Youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his Face had seen.
And such the roughness of the Hill, on which
Diana her Toils, and *Mars* his Tents might pitch,
And as our surly supercilious Lords,
Big in their Frowns, and haughty in their Words,

* *The Forrest.* † Narcissus.

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Look down on thoſe, whoſe humble fruitful Pain,
Their proud and barren Greatneſs muſt ſuſtain:
So looks the Hill upon the Stream. Between
There lies a ſpacious, and a* Fertile Green,
Where from the Woods, the *Dryades* oft meet
The *Naiades*, and with their nimble Feet
Soft Dances lead, although their Airy Shape
All but a quick Poetick ſight eſcape.
There *Faunus* and *Sylvanus* keep their Courts,
And thither all the horrid Hoſt reſorts.
(When like the *Elixir*, with his Evening Beams
The Sun has turn'd to Gold the Silver Streams)
To graze the ranker Mead, that noble Herd,
On whoſe ſublime and ſhady Fronts is rear'd
Nature's great Maſter-piece, to ſhew how ſoon
Great things are made, but ſooner much undone.
Here I have ſeen our *Charles*, when great Affairs
Give leave to ſlacken, and unbend his Cares,
Chaſing the Royal Stag, the gallant Beaſt,
Rowz'd with the Noiſe, 'twixt Hope and Fear diſtreſt,
Reſolves 'tis better to avoid, than meet
His Danger, truſting to his winged Feet:
But when he ſees the Dogs, now by the View,
Now by the Scent, his ſpeed with ſpeed purſue,
He tries his Friends, amongſt the leſſer Herd,
Where he but lately was obey'd and fear'd,
Safety he ſeeks; the Herd unkindly wiſe,
Or chaſes him from thence, or from him flies,
Like a declining States-man, left forlorn
To his Friends pity, and Purſuers ſcorn.
Wearied, forſaken, and purſu'd, at laſt
All Safety in deſpair of Safety plac'd,
Courage he thence aſſumes, reſolv'd to bear
All their Aſſaults, ſince 'tis in vain to fear.
But when he ſees the eager Chaſe renew'd,
Himſelf by Dogs, the Dogs by Men purſu'd,

* Egham *Mead*.

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When neither Speed, nor Art, nor Friends, nor Force
Could help him, towards the Stream he bends his Course,
Hoping thoſe leſſer Beaſts would not aſſay
An Element, more mercileſs than they.
But fearleſs they purſue, nor can the Flood
Quench their dire Thirſt, (alas) they thirſt for Blood.
As ſome brave *Hero*, whom his baſer Foes
In Troops ſurround, now theſe aſſails, now thoſe,
Though prodigal of Life, diſdains to Die
By vulgar Hands, but if he can deſcry
Some Nobler Foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his Fate, and then contented falls:
So the tall Stag, amidſt the leſſer Hounds
Repells their Force, and Wounds returns for Wounds,
'Till *Charles* from his unerring Hand lets flie
A mortal Shaft, then glad, and proud to Die
By ſuch a Wound, he falls; the Cryſtal Flood
Dying he Dies, and Purples with his Blood.
This a more Innocent, and happy Chaſe
Than when of Old, but in * the ſelf-ſame Place,
Fair Liberty purſu'd, and meant a Prey
To Tyranny, here turn'd, and ſtood at Bay.
When in that Remedy all Hope was plac'd,
Which was, or ſhould have been at leaſt, the laſt:
For armed Subjects can have no pretence
Againſt their Princes, but their juſt Defence;
And whether then, or no, I leave to them
To Juſtifie, who elſe themſelves Condemn:
Yet might the Fact be juſt, if we may gueſs,
The juſtneſs of an Action from Succeſs.
Here was that † Charter ſeal'd, wherein the Crown
All marks of Arbitrary Power lays down:
Tyrant and Slave, thoſe Names of hate and fear,
The happier Style of King and Subject bear:

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* Runny *Mead, where the great Charter was firſt Seal'd.* † Magna Charta.

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Happy when both to the ſame Center move,
When Kings give Liberty, and Subjects Love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter ſtood,
Wanting that Seal, it muſt be ſeal'd in Blood.
The Subjects arm'd, the more their Princes gave,
But this Advantage took, the more to crave:
Till Kings by giving, give themſelves away,
And even that Power, that ſhould deny, betray.
"Who gives conſtrain'd, but his own fear reviles;
"Not thank'd but ſcorn'd, nor are they Gifts, but [Spoils.
And they, whom no denial can withſtand,
Seem but to ask, while they indeed command.
Thus all to limit Royalty conſpire,
While each forgets to limit his Deſire;
Till Kings like Old *Antæus* by their Fall,
Being forc'd, their Courage from Deſpair recall.
When a calm River rais'd with ſudden Rains,
Or Snows diſſolv'd, o'er-flows th' adjoyning Plains,
The Husbandmen with high-rais'd Banks ſecure
Their greedy Hopes, and this he can endure;
But if with Bogs and Damms they ſtrive to force
His Channel to a new or narrow Courſe,
No longer then within his Banks he dwells,
Firſt to a Torrent, then a Deluge ſwells:
Stronger and fiercer by Reſtraint he roars,
And knows no Bound, but makes his Powers his Shores.
Thus Kings by graſping more than they can hold,
Firſt made their Subjects by Oppreſſions bold;
And popular Sway, by forcing Kings to give
More than was fit for Subjects to receive,
Ran to the ſame Extream, and one Exceſs
Made both, by ſtriving to be greater, leſs.
Nor any way, but ſeeking to have more,
Makes either loſe what each poſſeſs'd before.
Wherefore their boundleſs Power till Princes draw
Within the Channel, and the Shores of Law,
And may that Law, which teaches Kings to ſway
Their Scepters, teach their Subjects to obey.

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COOPER'S HILL.

As it was Publiſhed after the RESTORATION.

By Sir John Denham, *Knight of the* Bath.

SURE there are Poets which did never dream
Upon *Parnaſſus*, nor did taſte the Stream
Of *Helicon*; we therefore may ſuppoſe
Thoſe made not Poets, but the Poets thoſe.
And as Courts make not Kings, but Kings the Court,
So where the Muſes and their Train reſort,
Parnaſſus ſtands; if I can be to thee
A Poet, thou *Parnaſſus* art to me.
Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my Flight,
By taking Wing from thy auſpicious Height)
Through untrac'd ways, and airy Paths I fly,
More boundleſs in my Fancy than my Eye:
My Eye, which ſwift as Thought contracts the Space
That lyes between, and firſt ſalutes the place
Crown'd with that ſacred Pile, ſo vaſt, ſo high,
That whether 'tis a part of Earth, or Sky,
Uncertain ſeems, and may be thought a proud
Aſpiring Mountain, or deſcending Cloud:
Paul's, the late Theme of ſuch a * Muſe whoſe flight
Has bravely reach'd and ſoar'd above thy height;
Now ſhalt thou ſtand, though Sword, or Time, or Fire,
Or Zeal, more fierce than they, thy Fall conſpire,
Secure, whilſt thee the beſt of Poets ſings,
Preſerv'd from Ruin by the beſt of Kings.
Under his proud Survey the City lyes,
And like a Miſt beneath the Hill doth riſe;
Whoſe State and Wealth, the Buſineſs and the Crowd,
Seems at this Diſtance but a darker Cloud:

* *M. W.*

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And is to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in Effect than what it seems:
Where, with like haste, though several ways they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While Luxury and Wealth, like War and Peace,
Are each the others Ruin, and Encrease;
As Rivers lost in Seas some secret Vein
Thence re-conveys, there to be lost again.
O Happiness of sweet retir'd Content!
To be at once secure, and innocent.
Windsor the next (where *Mars* with *Venus* dwells,
Beauty with Strength) above the Valley swells
Into my Eye, and doth it self present
With such an easie and unforc'd Ascent,
That no stupendous Precipice denies
Access, no Horror turns away our Eyes:
But such a Rise as doth at once invite
A Pleasure and a Reverence from the Sight.
Thy mighty Master's Emblem, in whose Face
Sate Meekness, heighten'd with Majestick Grace;
Such seems thy gentle Height, made only proud
To be the Basis of that pompous Load,
Than which, a nobler Weight no Mountain bears,
But *Atlas* only that supports the Spheares.
When Nature's Hand this Ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser Power than Chance;
Mark'd out for such a Use, as if 'twere meant
T' invite the Builder, and his Choice prevent.
Nor can we call it Choice, when what we chuse,
Folly, or Blindness only could refuse.
A Crown of such Majestick Tow'rs doth grace
The Gods great Mother, when her heavenly Race
Do Homage to her; yet she cannot boast,
Amongst that numerous, and Celestial Host,
More *Hero's* than can *Windsor*, nor doth Fame's
Immortal Book record more noble Names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this Isle
Owes the first Glory of so brave a File,

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Whether to *Caſar*, *Albanact*, or *Brute*,
The Britiſh *Arthur*, or the Daniſh *Knute*,
(Though this of old no leſs Conteſt did move,
Than when for *Homer*'s Birth ſeven Cities ſtrove)
(Like him in Birth, thou ſhould'ſt be like in Fame,
As thine his Fate, if mine had been his Flame)
But whoſoe'er it was, Nature deſign'd
Firſt a brave Place, and then as brave a Mind.
Not to recount thoſe ſeveral Kings, to whom
It gave a Cradle, or to whom a Tomb,
But thee * (great *Edward*) and thy greater Son,
(The Lilies which his Father wore, he won)
And thy † *Bellona*, who the Conſort came
Not only to thy Bed, but to thy Fame,
She to thy Triumph led one ‡ Captive King,
And brought that Son, which did the ſecond bring.
Then didſt thou found that Order, (whether Love
Or Victory thy Royal Thoughts did move)
Each was a Noble Cauſe, and nothing leſs
Than the Deſign, has been the great Succeſs:
Which Foreign Kings and Emperors eſteem
The ſecond Honour to their Diadem,
Had thy great Deſtiny but giv'n thee Skill
To know, as well as Power to act her Will,
That from thoſe Kings, who then thy Captives were,
In after-times ſhould ſpring a Royal Pair,
Who ſhould poſſeſs all that thy mighty Power,
Or thy Deſires more mighty, did devour;
To whom their better Fate reſerves whate'er
The Victor hopes for, or the Vanquiſh'd fear;
That Blood, which thou and thy great Grandſire ſhed,
And all that ſince theſe Sifter Nations bled,
Had been unſpilt, had happy *Edward* known
That all the Blood he ſpilt had been his own.
When he that Patron choſe, in whom are joyn'd
Soldier and Martyr, and his Arms confin'd

* Edward *the Third*, *and the* Black Prince.
† *Queen* Philippa. ‡ *The Kings of* France *and* Scotland.

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Within the azure Circle, he did ſeem
But to foretell, and propheſie of him,
Who to his Realms that Azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their Bound at firſt deſign'd.
That Bound, which to the World's extreameſt Ends,
Endleſs it ſelf, it's liquid Arms extends;
Nor doth he need thoſe Emblems which we paint,
But is himſelf the Soldier and the Saint.
Here ſhould my Wonder dwell, and here my Praiſe,
But my fixt Thoughts my wandring Eye betrays,
Viewing a Neighbouring Hill, whoſe top of late
A Chappel crown'd, till in the common Fate
Th' adjoyning Abby fell: (may no ſuch Storm
Fall on our Times, where Ruin muſt reform.)
Tell me (my Muſe) what monſtrous dire Offence,
What Crime could any Chriſtian King incenſe
To ſuch a Rage? Was't Luxury, or Luſt?
Was he ſo temperate, ſo chaſt, ſo juſt? [more:
Were theſe their Crimes? they were his own much
But Wealth is Crime enough to him that's poor,
Who having ſpent the Treaſures of his Crown,
Condemns their Luxury to feed his own.
And yet this Act, to varniſh o'er the Shame
Of Sacrilege, muſt bear Devotion's Name.
No Crime ſo bold, but would be underſtood
A real, or at leaſt a ſeeming Good.
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the Name,
And free from Conſcience is a Slave to Fame.
Thus he the Church at once protects, and ſpoils:
But Princes Swords are ſharper than their Stiles.
And thus to th' Ages paſt he makes amends,
Their Charity deſtroys, their Faith defends.
Then did Religion in a lazy Cell,
In empty, airy Contemplations dwell;
And like the Block, unmoved lay: but ours,
As much too active, like the Stork devours.
Is there no temperate Region can be known,
Betwixt their Frigid, and our Torrid Zone?

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Could we not wake from that Lethargick Dream,
But to be reſtleſs in a worſe Extream?
And for that Lethargy was there no Cure,
But to be caſt into a Calenture?
Can Knowledge have no Bound, but muſt advance
So far, to make us wiſh for Ignorance?
And rather in the dark to grope our Way,
Than led by a falſe Guide to err by day?
Who ſees theſe diſmal Heaps, but would demand
What barbarous Invader ſack'd the Land?
But when he hears, no *Goth*, no *Turk* did bring
This Deſolation, but a Chriſtian King;
When nothing, but the Name of Zeal appears,
'Twixt our beſt Actions, and the worſt of theirs,
What does he think our Sacrilege would ſpare,
When ſuch th'Effects of our Devotions are?
Parting from thence, 'twixt Anger, Shame and Fear,
Thoſe for what's paſt, and this for what's too near:
My Eye deſcending from the Hill, ſurveys
Where *Thames* amongſt the wanton Vallies ſtrays.
Thames, the moſt lov'd of all the Ocean's Sons
By his old Sire, to his Embraces runs,
Haſting to pay his Tribute to the Sea,
Like mortal Life to meet Eternity.
Though with thoſe Streams he no reſemblance hold,
Whoſe Foam is Amber, and their Gravel Gold;
His Genuine, and leſs guilty Wealth t'explore,
Search not his bottom, but ſurvey his Shore;
O'er which he kindly ſpreads his ſpacious Wing,
And hatches Plenty for th'enſuing Spring:
Nor then deſtroys it with too fond a ſtay,
Like Mothers which their Infants overlay:
Nor with a ſudden and impetuous Wave,
Like profuſe Kings, reſumes the Wealth he gave:
No unexpected Inundations ſpoil
The Mowers hopes, nor mock the Plowman's toyl:
But God-like his unwearied Bounty flows;
Firſt loves to do, then loves the Good he does:

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Nor are his Bleſſings to his Banks confin'd,
But free, and common, as the Sea or Wind;
When he to boaſt or to diſperſe his Stores
Full of the Tributes of his grateful Shores,
Viſits the World, and in his flying Towers
Brings home to us, and makes both *Indies* ours;
Finds Wealth where 'tis, beſtows it where it wants,
Cities in Deſarts, Woods in Cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is ſtrange,
While his fair Boſom is the World's Exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy Streams
My Great Example, as it is my Theam!
Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without Rage, without o'er-flowing full.
Heaven her *Eridanus* no more ſhall boaſt,
Whoſe Fame in thine, like leſſer Currents loſt,
By Nobler Streams ſhall viſit *Jove*'s abodes,
To ſhine amongſt the Stars, and bathe the Gods.
† Here Nature, whether more intent to pleaſe
Us, or herſelf, with ſtrange Varieties,
(For things of Wonder give no leſs Delight
To the Wiſe Makers, than Beholders ſight.
Though theſe Delights from ſeveral Cauſes move,
For ſo our Children, thus our Friends we love)
Wiſely ſhe knew the Harmony of things,
As well as that of ſounds, from Diſcords ſpringe.
Such was the Diſcord, which did firſt diſperſe
Form, Order, Beauty, through the Univerſe;
While Drineſs Moiſture, Coldneſs Heat reſiſts,
All that we have, and that we are ſubſiſts.
While the ſteep horrid roughneſs of the Wood
Strives with the gentle calmneſs of the Flood.
Such huge Extreams when Nature doth Unite,
Wonder from thence reſults, from thence Delight.

† *The Forreſt.*

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The Stream is ſo tranſparent, pure, and clear,
That had the ſelf-enamour'd * Youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his Face, had ſeen.
But his proud Head the Airy Mountain hides
Among the Clouds; his Shoulders, and his Sides
A ſhady Mantle cloaths; his curled Brows
Frown on the gentle Stream, which calmly flows,
While Winds and Storms his lofty Forehead beat:
The common Fate of all that's High or Great.
Low at his Foot a ſpacious Plain is plac'd,
Between the Mountain and the Stream embrac'd:
Which Shade and Shelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind River Wealth and Beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all theſe appears
Variety, which all the reſt endears.
This Scene, had ſome bold *Greek*, or *Britiſh* Bard
Beheld of old, what Stories had we heard,
Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs their Dames,
Their Feaſts, their Revels, and their amorous Flames!
'Tis ſtill the fame, although their Airy Shape,
All but a quick Poetick ſight eſcape.
There *Fauns* and *Silvans* keep their Courts,
And thither all the horned Hoſt reſorts,
To graze the ranker Mead, that noble Herd
On whoſe ſublime and ſhady Fronts is rear'd
Nature's great Maſter-piece; to ſhew how ſoon
Great things are made, but ſooner are undone.
Here have I ſeen the King, when great Affairs
Gave leave to ſlacken, and unbend his Cares,
Attended to the Chaſe by all the Flower
Of Youth, whoſe Hopes a nobler Prey devour:
Pleaſure with Praiſe, and Danger, they would buy,
And wiſh a Foe that would not only flie.
The Stag now conſcious of his fatal Growth,
At once indulgent to his Fear and Sloth,

* Narciſſus.

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To ſome dark Covert his Retreat had made,
Where nor Man's Eye, nor Heaven's ſhould invade
His ſoft Repoſe; when th'unexpected ſound
Of Dogs, and Men, his wakeful Ear doth wound:
Rouz'd with the Noiſe, he ſcarce believes his Ear,
Willing to think th' illuſions of his fear
Had given this falſe Alarm, but ſtraight his View
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true:
Betray'd in all his Strengths, the Wood beſet,
All Inſtruments, all Arts of Ruin met:
He calls to mind his Strength, and then his Speed,
His winged Heels, and then his armed Head;
With theſe t'avoid, with that his Fate to meet:
But fear prevails, and bids him truſt his Feet.
So faſt he flies, that his reviewing Eye
Has loſt the Chaſers, and his Ear the Cry:
Exulting, till he finds their Nobler Senſe
Their diſproportion'd Speed does recompenſe.
Then curſes his conſpiring Feet, whoſe Scent
Betrays that ſafety, which their ſwiftneſs lent.
Then tries his Friends, among the baſer Herd,
Where he ſo lately was obey'd, and fear'd,
His ſafety ſeeks: the Herd, unkindly wiſe,
Or chaſes him from thence, or from him flies,
Like a declining States-man, left forlorn
To his Friends pity, and Purſuers ſcorn;
With ſhame remembers, while himſelf was one
Of the ſame Herd, himſelf the ſame had done.
Thence to the Coverts, and the conſcious Groves,
The Scenes of his paſt Triumphs, and his Loves;
Sadly ſurveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the Soil, and all the Herd his own;
And like a bold Knight Errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the Dame;
And taught the Woods to Eccho to the Stream
His dreadful Challenge, and his claſhing Beam:
Yet faintly now declines the fatal Strife;
So much his Love was dearer than his Life.

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Now every Leaf, and every moving Breath
Presents a Foe, and every Foe a Death.
Wearied, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
All Safety in despair of Safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their Assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now too late he wishes, for the Fight,
That Strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
But when he sees the eager Chase renew'd,
Himself by Dogs, the Dogs by Men pursu'd;
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his Courage, than his Fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And Doubt a greater Mischief than Despair.
Then to the Stream, when neither Friends nor Force,
Nor Speed, nor Art avail, he shapes his Course;
Thinks not their Rage so desperate t' assay
An Element more mercileſs than they.
But fearleſs they pursue, nor can the Flood
Quench their dire Thirst; alas, they thirst for Blood.
So towards a Ship the oar-fin'd Gallies ply,
Which wanting Sea to ride, or Wind to flie,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last Fury of extream Despair.
So fares the Stag among th' enraged Hounds,
Repels their Force, and Wounds returns for Wounds.
And as a Hero, whom his baser Foes
In Troops surround, now these assails, now those,
Though prodigal of Life, disdains to die
By common Hands; but if he can descry
Some nobler Foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his Fate, and then contented falls.
So when the King a Mortal Shaft lets flie
From his unerring Hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the Wound, to it resigns his Blood,
And stains the Crystal with a Purple Flood.
This a more innocent and happy Chase,
Than when of old, but in the self-same Place,

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* Fair Liberty purſu'd, and meant a Prey
To lawleſs Power, here turn'd, and ſtood at Bay.
When in that Remedy all Hope was plac'd,
Which was, or ſhould have been at leaſt, the laſt.
Here was that † Charter ſeal'd, wherein the Crown
All Marks of Arbitrary Power lays down:
Tyrant and Slave, thoſe Names of hate and fear,
The happier Style of King and Subject bear:
Happy, when both to the ſame Center move,
When Kings give Liberty, and Subjects Love.
Therefore not long in Force this Charter ſtood;
Wanting that Seal, it muſt be ſeal'd in Blood.
The Subjects arm'd, the more their Princes gave,
Th'advantage only took the more to crave.
Till Kings by giving, give themſelves away,
And even that Power that ſhould deny, betray.
"Who gives conſtrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
"Not thank'd, but ſcorn'd; nor are they Gifts but Spoils.
Thus Kings, by graſping more than they could hold,
Firſt made their Subjects by Oppreſſion bold:
And popular Sway, by forcing Kings to give
More than was fit for Subjects to receive,
Ran to the ſame Extreams; and one Exceſs
Made both, by ſtriving to be greater, leſs.
When a calm River rais'd with ſudden Rains,
Or Snows diſſolv'd, o'er-flows th' adjoyning Plains,
The Husbandmen with high-rais'd Banks ſecure
Their greedy Hopes, and this he can endure.
But if with Bays and Dams, they ſtrive to force
His Channel to a new or narrow Courſe,
No longer then within his Banks he dwells,
Firſt to a Torrent, then a Deluge ſwells;
Stronger and fiercer by reſtraint he roars,
And knows no Bound, but makes his Power his Shores.

* Runny-*Mead, where that Great Charter was firſt ſealed.* † Magna Charta.

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CHARITY; *a Paraphraſe on the Thirteenth Chapter of the Firſt Epiſtle to the* Corinthians.

DID ſweeter Sounds adorn my flowing Tongue,
Than ever Men pronounc'd, or Angels ſung:
Had I all Knowledge Humane and Divine,
That Thought can reach, or Science can define;
And had I Pow'r to give that Knowledge Birth,
In all the Speeches of the babling Earth:
Did *Shadrack*'s Zeal my glowing Breaſt inſpire,
To weary Tortures and rejoice in Fire:
Or had I Faith like that which *Iſrael* ſaw,
When *Moſes* gave them Miracles and Law:
Yet, Gracious *Charity*, indulgent Gueſt,
Were not thy Pow'r exerted in my Breaſt,
Thoſe Speeches would ſend up unheeded Pray'r:
That ſcorn of Life wou'd be but wild Deſpair:
A Tymbal's ſound were better than my Voice,
My Faith were Form, my Eloquence mere Noiſe.

Charity, Decent, Modeſt, Eaſie, Kind,
Softens the High, and rears the Abject Mind;
Knows with juſt Reins and gentle Hand to guide,
Betwixt vile Shame and arbitrary Pride.
Not ſoon provok'd, ſhe eaſily forgives,
And much ſhe ſuffers, as ſhe much believes.
Soft Peace ſhe brings where-ever ſhe arrives,
She builds our Quiet, as ſhe forms our Lives,
Lays the rough Paths of peeviſh Nature ev'n,
And opens in each Heart a little *Heav'n*.

Each other Gift which *God* on Man beſtows,
Its proper Bounds and due Reſtriction knows;
To one fixt Purpoſe dedicates its Pow'r,
And finiſhing its Act, exiſts no more.
Thus, in Obedience to what *Heav'n* decrees,
Knowledge ſhall fail, and Prophecy ſhall ceaſe;
But laſting *Charity*'s more ample ſway,
Nor bound by Time, nor ſubject to decay,

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In happy Triumph shall for ever live,
And endless Good diffuse, and endless Praise receive,
As thro' the Artist's intervening Glass,
Our Eye observes the distant Planets pass,
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen than Art can show;
So whilst our Mind its Knowledge wou'd improve,
(Its feeble Eye intent on things above)
High as we may we lift our Reason up,
By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope.
Yet are we able only to survey
Dawnings of Beams and Promises of Day;
Heav'n's fuller Effluence mocks our dazl'd Sight,
Too great its Swiftness, and too strong its Light.
But soon the Mediate Clouds shall be dispell'd,
The *Sun* shall soon be Face to Face beheld,
With all his Robes, with all his Glory on,
Seated Sublime on his Meridian Throne.
Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in Certainty, and one in Joy:
Whilst thou, more happy Pow'r, fair *Charity*,
Triumphant Sister, greatest of the Three,
Thy Office and thy Nature still the same,
Lasting thy Lamp, and unconsum'd thy Flame
Shalt still survive-----
Shalt stand before the Host of *Heav'n* confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

To Henry Higden, *Esq*; *On his Translation of the* 10*th Satyr of* Juvenal.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

THE *Grecian* Wits, who *Satyr* first began,
Were pleasant *Pasquins* on the Life of Man;
At mighty Villains, who the State oppress,
They durst not Rail, perhaps they lash'd at least,
And turn'd them out of Office with a Jest.

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No Fool could peep abroad, but ready ſtand
The Droſls to clap a *Bauble* in his Hand:
Wiſe Legiſlators never yet could draw
A *Fop* within the Reach of *Common Law*;
For Poſture, Dreſs, Grimace and Affectation,
Tho' *Foes* to *Senſe*, are harmleſs to the *Nation*.
Our laſt Redreſs is dint of *Verſe* to try;
And *Satyr* is our *Court* of *Chancery*.
This way took *Horace* to reform an Age
Not bad enough to need an Author's Rage:
But * yours, who liv'd in more degenerate Times,
Was forc'd to faſten deep, and worry Crimes.
Yet you, my Friend, have temper'd him ſo well,
You make him ſmile in ſpight of all his Zeal:
An Art peculiar to your ſelf alone,
To join the Virtues of two Stiles in one.
Oh! were your Author's Principle receiv'd,
Half of the lab'ring World would be reliev'd:
For not to wiſh is not to be deceiv'd.
Revenge wou'd into *Charity* be chang'd,
Becauſe it coſts too dear to be *reveng'd*:
It coſts our *Quiet* and *Content of Mind*,
And when 'tis compaſs'd leaves a Sting behind.
Suppoſe I had the better End o' th' Staff,
Why ſhould I help th' ill-natur'd World to laugh?
'Tis all alike to them who get the Day;
They love the Spight and Miſchief of the *Fray*.
No; I have cur'd my ſelf of that *Diſeaſe*;
Nor will I be provok'd, but when I pleaſe:
But let me half that *Cure* to you reſtore;
You gave the *Salve*, I laid it to the *Sore*.
Our kind Relief againſt a Rainy Day
Beyond a Tavern, or a tedious Play,
We take your Book, and laugh our Spleen away.
If all your *Tribe*, (too ſtudious of *Debate*)
Would ceaſe falſe Hopes and Titles to create,
Led by the *Rare Example* you begun,
Clients would fail, and *Lawyers* be undone.

* *Juvenal*, Adriani

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Adriani Morientis ad Animam.

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, Comesque Corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec ut soles, dabis joca.

By Monsieur Fontenelle.

Ma petite Ame, ma Mignonne,
Tu s'en vas donc, ma Fille, & Dieu sçache où tu vas;
Tu pars seulette, nüe & tremblotante, helas!
Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne?
Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats?

TRANSLATED.

POOR little, pretty, flutt'ring thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou prune thy doubtful Wing,
To take thy Flight thou know'st not whither?

Thy hum'rous Vein, thy pleasing Folly,
Lyes interrupted and forgot;
And pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

To a Child of Quality of Five Years old, the Author ſuppos'd Forty.

By the ſame Hand.

LOrds, Knights, and Squires, the num'rous Band
That wear the Fair Miſs *Mary*'s Fetters,
Were ſummon'd by her high Command,
To ſhow their Paſſion by their Letters.

My Pen amongſt the reſt I took,
Leaſt thoſe bright Eyes that cannot read,
Shou'd dart their kindling Fires, and look
The Pow'r they have to be obey'd.

Nor Quality, nor Reputation,
Forbid me yet my Flame to teſt,
Dear Five Years old befriends my Paſſion,
And I may Write 'till ſhe can Spell.

For while ſhe makes her Silk-worms Beds,
With all the tender things I ſwear,
Whilſt all the Houſe my Paſſion reads,
In Papers round her Baby's Hair:

She may receive and own my Flame.
For tho' the ſtricteſt *Prudes* ſhou'd know it,
She'll paſs for a moſt virtuous Dame,
And I for an unhappy Poet.

Then too, alas, when ſhe ſhall tear
The Lines ſome younger Rival ſends,
She'll give me leave to Write, I fear,
And we ſhall ſtill continue Friends.

For as our diff'rent Ages move,
'Tis ſo ordain'd, wou'd Fate but mend it,
That I ſhall be paſt making Love,
When ſhe begins to comprehend it.

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The LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS,
In Imitation of a Greek IDYLLIUM.

By the same Hand.

Celia and I the other Day
Walk'd o'er the Sand-hills to the Sea:
The setting Sun adorn'd the Coast,
His Beams entire, his Fierceness lost;
And on the Surface of the Deep,
The Winds lay only not asleep:
The Prospect and the Nymph were gay,
With silent Joy I heard her say,
That we shou'd walk there ev'ry Day.
But oh! the Change! the Winds grew high,
Impending Tempests charge the Sky;
The Light'ning flies, the Thunder roars,
And big Waves lash the frigh'ned Shoars.
Struck with the Horror of the Sight,
She turns her Head and wings her Flight,
And trembling, vows she ne'er again
Will press the Shoar or see the Main.
Look back at least once more, said I,
Thy self in that great Glass descry;
When thou art in good Humour dress,
When gentle Reason rules thy Breast,
The Sun upon the calmest Sea
Appears not half so bright as Thee:
'Tis then that with Delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of Love;
I bless my Chain, I hand my Oar,
Nor think on all I left on Shoar.
But when vain Doubts and groundless Fear,
Do that dear foolish Bosom tear,
When the big Lip and watry Eye
Tell me the rising Storm is nigh;

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'Tis then thou art yon angry Main,
Deform'd by Winds, and dash'd by Rain;
And the poor Sailor that must try
Its Fury, labours less than I.
Shipwreck'd, in vain to Land I make,
While Love and Fate still drive me back;
Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first and then obey,
Wretched when from thee, vext when nigh,
I with thee or without thee die.

To a BOY *playing with his* CAT.

By the same Hand.

THE am'rous Youth, whose tender Breast
Was by his darling Cat possest,
Obtain'd of *Venus* his Desire,
(Howe'er irregular his Fire.)
Nature the Pow'r of Love obey'd,
The Cat became a blushing Maid,
And potent of his Vows and Joys,
He thank'd the Gods, and blest his Choice.
Ah! beauteous Boy, take care least thou
Renew the fondness of his Vow,
Take care to think the Queen of Love
Will e'er thy Fav'rites Charms improve;
Shoud'st thou prefer so rash a Pray'r,
The Queen of Love wou'd never hear.
Ah! rather from her Altars run,
Least thou be griev'd and she undone.
The Queen of Love will quickly see
Her own *Adonis* live in thee;
And glances thrown upon a Beast,
Which well might make a Goddess blest,
Will lightly her first Love deplore,
Will easily forgive the Boar.

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And on her Tabby Rival's Face,
Enrag'd will mark her new Disgrace.

A SONG.

By the same Hand.

IN vain you tell your parting Lover,
You wish fair Winds may waft him over.
Alas, what Winds can happy prove,
That beat me far from what I love?
Alas, what Dangers on the Main
Can equal those that I sustain,
From slighted Vows and cold Disdain?

Be gentle, and in pity chuse
To wish the wildest Tempests loose;
That thrown again upon the Coast,
Where first my Shipwreck'd Heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my Pain,
Once more in dying Notes complain
Of slighted Vows and cold Disdain.

Monsieur De la Fontaine's HANS CARVEL *Imitated.*

HANS Carvel, Impotent and Old,
Married a Lass of *London* Mould;
Handsome enough, extreamly gay,
Lov'd Musick, Company and Play;
High Flights she had, and Wit at Will,
And so her Tongue lay seldom still;
For in all Visits who but She,
To Argue or to Repartee?
She made it plain that Human Passion
Was order'd by Predestination;

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That if weak Women went astray,
Their Stars were more in Fault than they;
Whole Tragedies she had by Heart,
Enter'd into *Roxana's* part;
To spill a hated Rival's Blood,
The Action certainly was good;
How like a Vine young *Ammon* curl'd!
Oh that dear Conqueror of the World!
She pity'd *Betterton* in Age,
That ridicul'd the Godlike Rage.
She first of all the Town was told,
Where newest *India* things were sold;
So in a Morning without Bodice,
Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. *Thody's*,
To cheapen Tea, to buy a Screen,
What else, in God's Name, cou'd she mean?
For to prevent the least Reproach,
Betty went with her in the Coach.
But when no very great Affair
Excited her peculiar Care,
She without fail was wak'd at Ten,
Drank Chocolate, then slept again;
At Twelve She rose, with much ado
Her Cloaths were huddl'd on by Two;
Then, Does my Lady Dine at home?
Yes sure,---but is the Colonel come?
Next, how to spend the Afternoon,
And not come Home again too soon;
The Change, the City, or the Play,
As each was proper for the Day;
A Turn, in Summer, to *Hyde-Park*,
When it grew tolerably dark.
Wives Pleasure causes Husbands Pain,
Strange Fancies come in *Han.*'s Brain;
He thought of what he did not name,
And wou'd reform, but durst not blame;
At first he therefore Preach'd his Wife
The Comforts of a pious Life:

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Told her how Tranſient Beauty was,
That all muſt die, and Fleſh was Graſs:
He bought her Sermons, Pſalms and Graces,
And doubled down the Uſeful Places.
But ſtill the Weight of Worldly Cares
Allow'd her little time for Pray'rs.
And *Cleopatra* was read o'er,
Whilſt *Scot*, and *Wake*, and Twenty more,
That teach one to deny ones ſelf,
Lay unmoleſted on the Shelf:
An untouch'd Bible grac'd her Toilet,
No fear that Thumb of hers ſhould ſpoil it.
In ſhort, the Trade was ſtill the ſame,
The Dame went out, the Colonel came.
What's to be done? poor *Carvel* cry'd,
Another Batt'ry muſt be try'd:
What if to Spells I had recourſe?
'Tis but to hinder ſomething worſe.
The End muſt juſtifie the Means,
He only Sins who Ill intends:
Since therefore 'tis to Combat Evil,
'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.
Forthwith the Devil did appear,
(For Name him and he's always near)
Not in the Shape in which he plies
At Miſſes Elbow when ſhe lies,
Or ſtands before the Nurs'ry Doors
To take the naughty Boy that roars,
But without Sawcer Eye or Claw,
Like a grave Barriſter at Law.
Hans Carvel, lay aſide your Grief,
The Devil ſays, I bring Relief:
Relief, ſays *Hans*, pray let me crave
Your Name Sir,---*Satan*,---Sir, your Slave;
I did not look upon your Feet,
You'll pardon me;---Ay, now I ſee't:
And pray, Sir, when came you from Hell;
Our Friends there, did you leave them well?

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All well; but prithee honeſt *Hans*,
Says *Satan*, leave your Complaiſance.
The Truth is this, I cannot ſtay
Flaring in Sunſhine all the Day,
For *entre Nous*, we helliſh Sprites
Love more the Freſco of the Nights,
And oftner our Receipts convey
In Dreams, than any other way.
I tell you therefore as a Friend,
E'er Morning dawns, your Fears ſhall end;
Go then this Ev'ning, Maſter *Carvel*,
Lay down your Fowls, and broach your Barrel;
Let Friends and Wine diſſolve your Care,
Whilſt I the great Receipt prepare;
To Night I'll bring it, by my Faith;
Believe, for once, what *Satan* ſaith.

Away went *Hans*, glad not a little,
Obey'd the Devil to a Tittle;
Invited Friends ſome half a Dozen,
The Colonel, and my Lady's Cozen.
The Meat was ſerv'd, the Bowls were crown'd;
Catches were Sung, and Healths went round:
Modiſh *Ratafia* for the Cloſe,
'Till *Hans* had fairly got his Doſe:
The Colonel Toaſted to the beſt,
The Dame mov'd off to be undreſt:
The Chimes went Twelve, the Gueſts withdrew,
But when or how, *Hans* hardly knew.

Some Modern Anecdotes aver,
He nodded in his Elbow Chair:
From thence was carried off to Bed;
John held his Heels, and *Nan* his Head.
My Lady was diſturb'd, new Sorrow;
Which *Hans* muſt anſwer for to Morrow.

In Bed then view the happy Pair,
And think how *Hymen* Triumph'd there.
Hans, faſt aſleep as ſoon as laid,
The Duty of the Night unpaid:

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The waking Dame, with Thoughts oppreſt,
That made her hate both him and Reſt,
By ſuch a Husband, ſuch a Wife!
'Twas *Acme*'s and *Septimius*' Life.
The Lady ſigh'd, the Lover ſnor'd;
The punctual Devil kept his Word,
Appear'd to honeſt *Hans* again,
(But not at all by Madam ſeen)
And giving him a Magick Ring,
Fit for the Finger of a King:
Dear *Hans*, ſaid he, this Jewel take,
And wear it long for *Satan*'s ſake;
'Twill do your Buſineſs to a Hair;
For long as you this Ring ſhall wear,
As ſure as I look over *Lincoln*,
That ne'er ſhall happen which you think on.
Hans took the Ring with Joy extream,
(All this was only in a Dream)
And thruſting it beyond his Joint,
'Tis done, he cry'd, I've gain'd my Point.---
What Point, ſaid ſhe, you ugly Beaſt?
You neither give me Joy nor Reſt:
'Tis done,---what's done, you drunken Bear,
You've thruſt your Finger G---d knows where.

The DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

A PASTORAL.

By the ſame Hand.

Lexis ſhun'd his Fellow Swains,
Their rural Sports, and ſprightly Strains,
(Heav'n guard us all from *Cupid*'s Bow!)
He loſt his Crook, he left his Flocks,
And wand'ring through the lonely Rocks,
He nouriſh'd endleſs Woe.

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The Nymphs and Shepherds round him came
His Grief some pity, others blame;
The fatal Cause all kindly seek;
He mingled his Concern with theirs,
He gave 'em back their friendly Tears,
He sigh'd but wou'd not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest,
She too a kind Concern expreſt,
And ask'd the Reaſon of his Woe;
She ask'd, but with an Air and Mein
That made it eaſily foreſeen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head,
And will you pardon me, he ſaid,
Whilſt I the cruel Truth reveal?
Which nothing from my Breaſt ſhou'd tear,
Which never ſhou'd offend your Ear,
But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the Plain,
You are the Cauſe of all my Care;
Your Eyes ten thouſand Dangers dart,
Ten thouſand Torments vex my Heart,
I love, and I deſpair.

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard,
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd,
But yet I pardon you, ſhe cry'd,
Provided you will ne'er again
Declare your Vows, or ſpeak your Pain:
He bow'd, they'd, and dy'd.

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To sum up all the Rage of Fate
In the Two Things I dread and hate,
May'st thou be False, and I be Great.
Thus, on his *Chloe's* panting Breast,
Fond *Celadon* his Soul expreſt;
While with Delight the lovely Maid
Receiv'd the Vows he thus repaid.
Hope of my Age, Joy of my Youth,
Bleſt Miracle of Love and Truth!
All that cou'd e'er be counted mine,
My Love and Life, long ſince are thine;
A real Joy I never knew,
'Till I believ'd thy Paſſion true;
A real Grief I ne'er can find,
'Till thou prov'ſt Perjur'd or Unkind.
Contempt, and Poverty, and Care,
All we abhor, and all we fear,
Bleſt with thy Preſence, I can bear;
Can ſuffer Racks, and run thro' Flame,
Still contented, ſtill the ſame;
Then trace me ſome unheard of Way,
Thy conſtant Ardour to repay,
For I my Senſe of it wou'd ſhow
In more than Woman e'er cou'd do.
Had I a Wiſh that did not bear
The Stamp and Image of my Dear,
I'd pierce my Heart thro' ev'ry Vein,
And die to let it out again.
No: *Venus* ſhall my Witneſs be,
(If *Venus* ever lov'd like me)
That for one Hour I wou'd not quit
My Shepherd's Arms, and this Retreat,
To be the *Perſian* Monarch's Bride,
Part'ner of all his Pow'r and Pride;
Or rule in Regal State above,
Mother of Gods, and Wife of *Jove*.
Happy theſe of Human Race:
But oh! how ſoon our Pleaſures paſs!

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He thank'd her on his bended Knee,
Then drank a Quart of Milk and Tea;
And leaving her ador'd Embrace,
Haſten'd to Court to beg a Place.
While ſhe, his Abſence to bemoan,
As ſoon as ever he was gone,
Call'd *Thyrſis* from beneath the Bed,
Where all this time he had been hid.

MORAL.

Whilſt Men have theſe Ambitious Fancies,
And wanton Wenches read Romances,
Our Sex will be inur'd to lye,
And theirs inſtructed to Reply.
The Moral of the Tale I ſing,
(*A Poſy for a Wedding Ring*)
In this ſhort Verſe will be confin'd,
Love is a Jeſt, and Vows are Wind.

The WEDDING NIGHT.

WHen *Jove* lay bleſt in his *Alcmena*'s Charms,
Three Nights in one he preſt her in his Arms;
The Sun lay ſet, and conſcious Nature ſtrove
To ſhade her God, and to prolong his Love.
From that auſpicious Night *Alcides* came,
What leſs could riſe from *Jove*, and ſuch a Dame?
May this auſpicious Night with that compare,
Nor leſs the Joys, nor leſs the riſing Heir,
He ſtrong as *Jove*, ſhe like *Alcmena* Fair.

CLEORA.

By the Honourable Mr. GEORGE GRANVILL.

Cleora has her Wiſh, ſhe Weds a Peer,
Her weighty Train, two Pages ſcarce can bear;

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Perſia, and both the *Indies*, muſt provide
To grace her Pomp, and gratifie her Pride;
Of rich Brocard, a ſhining Robe ſhe wears,
And Gems ſurround her lovely Neck like Stars:
In Coach and Six the Goddeſs flaunts abroad,
And Crowds of Liv'ry Beaus her Chariot load.
Who ſees her thus, O happy as a Queen!
He cries.-----But ſhift the gawdy treacherous Scene;
View her at Home, in her Domeſtick Light,
For thither ſhe muſt come, at leaſt at Night:
What has ſhe there? A ſurly brutal Lord,
Who chides, and ſnaps her up at ev'ry Word;
A beaſtly Sot, who while ſhe holds his Head,
With drunken Filth bedawbs the Nuptial Bed;
Sick to the Heart, ſhe breathes the nauſeous Fume
Of odious Steams, that poiſon all the Room;
Weeping all Night the trembling Creature lyes,
And counts the tedious Hours when ſhe may riſe;
But moſt ſhe fears leſt waking ſhe ſhould find,
To make amends, the Monſter wou'd be kind;
Thoſe matchleſs Beauties, worthy of a God,
Muſt bear, tho' much averſe, the loathſome Load.
What then will be the Chance that next enſues?
Some vile Diſeaſe, freſh reeking from the Stews:
The ſecret Venom, circling in her Veins,
Works thro' her Skin, and burſts in bloating Stains;
Her Eyes grow dim, and her infected Breath,
Tainting her Gums, diſcolours all her Teeth,
Her Cheeks their Freſhneſs loſe, and wonted Grace,
And an unuſual Paleneſs ſpreads her Face,
Of ſharp Nocturnal Anguiſh ſhe complains,
And guiltleſs of the Cauſe, relates her Pains.
The conſcious Husband, whom like Symptoms ſeize,
Charges on her the Guilt of their Diſeaſe;
Affecting Fury, acts a Mad-man's Part,
He'll rip the Fatal Secret from her Heart;
Bids her confeſs, calls her Ten thouſand Whores:
In vain ſhe kneels, ſhe weeps, proteſts, implores;

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Scarce with her Life she 'scapes, expos'd to Shame,
In Body torture'd, murder'd in her Fame,
Rots with a vile Adulteress's Name;
Abandon'd to the World, without Defence,
And happy only in her Innocence.

Such is the Vengeance, that the Gods provide,
For those who barter Liberty for Pride,
Who impiously invoke the Pow'rs above,
To witness to false Vows, of mutual Love.
Thousands of poor *Cleora's* may be found,
Such Husbands, and such wretched Wives abound.

Ye Guardian Pow'rs, the Arbiters of Bliss,
Preserve *Clarinda* from a Fate like this;
You form'd her Fair, not any Grace deny'd,
But gave, alas! a Spark too much of Pride;
Reform that Failing, and protect her still,
Ah! save her from the Curse of chusing ill.
Deem it not Envy, or a jealous Care,
That forms these Wishes, or provokes this Pray'r;
Tho' more than Death, I fear to see those Charms
Allotted to some happier Mortal's Arms;
Tormenting Thought! yet cou'd I bear that Pain,
Or any Ill, but hearing her complain:
Intent on her, my Love forgets its own,
Nor frames one Wish, but for her sake alone.
Whom-e'er the Gods have destin'd to prefer,
They cannot make me wretched, blessing her.

An APOLOGY *for an unseasonable Surprise.*

By the same Hand.

FAirest *Zelinda*, cease to chide or grieve,
Nor blush at Joys, that only you can give.
Who with bold Eyes, survey'd those matchless Charms,
Is punish'd, seeing in another's Arms:

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With greedy Looks, he views each naked Part,
Joy feeds his Eyes, but Envy tears his Heart.
So caught was *Mars*, and *Mercury* aloud
Proclaim'd his Grief, that he was not the Gods
So to be caught was ev'ry God's Deſire,
Nor leſs than *Venus* can *Belinda* Fire.
Forgive him then, thou more than Heav'nly Fair,
Pardon the Crime, reveng'd by the Deſpair.
All that we know, that wretched Mortals feel
In thoſe ſad Regions, where the tortur'd dwell,
Is that they ſee the Raptures of the Bleſt,
And view the Joys, that they muſt never taſte.

To MYRA.

By the ſame Hand.

IN lonely Shades, diſtracted with Deſpair,
Shunning Mankind, and torn with killing Care;
My Eyes o'er-flowing, and my frantick Mind
Rack'd with wild Thoughts, ſwelling with Sighs the Wind;
Thro' Paths untrodden, Day and Night I move,
Mourning the Fate of my ſucceſsleſs Love.
Who moſt deſire to live, untimely fall;
But when we beg to die, Death flies our Call:
Adonis dies, and torn is the lov'd Breaſt
In midſt of Joy, where *Venus* wont to reſt;
That Fate, which cruel ſeem'd to him, wou'd be
Pity, Relief, and Happineſs to me.
As melted Gold preſerves its Weight the ſame,
So burns my Love, nor waſtes within the Flame:
When will my Sorrows end? In vain, in vain
I call to Heav'n, and tell the Gods my Pain;
The Gods averſe, like *Myra*, to my Pray'r,
Conſent to doom whom ſhe denies to ſpare.
Why do I ſeek for Foreign Aids, when I
Bear ready by my Side the Power to die?

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Be keen my Sword, and ſerve thy Maſter well;
Heal Wounds with Wounds, and Love with Death re-
Strait up I roſe, and to my aking Breaſt, [pel.
My Boſom bare, the pointed Blade I preſt;
When lo! aſtoniſh'd! * an unuſual Light
Pierc'd the thick Shade, and all around grew bright;
My dazzl'd Eyes a radiant Form behold,
Splendid with Light, like Beams of burning Gold,
Eternal Rays his ſhining Temples grace,
Eternal Youth ſat blooming on his Face:
Trembling I liſten, proſtrate on the Ground,
His Breath perfumes the Grove, and Muſick's in the
Sound.

Ceaſe Lover, ceaſe, thy tender Heart to vex
In fruitleſs Plaints, of an ungrateful Sex;
In Fates Eternal Volumes it is writ,
That Women ever ſhall be Foes to Wit;
With proper Arts their fickly Minds command,
And pleaſe 'em with the things they underſtand:
With noiſie Fopperies their Hearts aſſail,
Renounce all Senſe; how ſhould thy Songs prevail,
When I, the God of Wit, ſo oft cou'd fail?
Remember me, and in my Story find,
How vainly Merit pleads to Womankind;
I, by whom all things ſhine, who tune the Spheres,
Who guide the Day, and gild the Night with Stars,
Whoſe Youth and Beauty from all Ages paſt,
Sprang with the World, and with the World ſhall laſt;
How oft with fruitleſs Tears have I implor'd
Ungrateful Nymphs, and tho' a God, ador'd?
When cou'd my Wit, my Beauty, or my Youth,
Move one hard Heart, or mov'd, ſecure its Truth?

Here a proud Nymph with painful Steps I chace,
The Winds out-flying in our nimble Race;
Stay *Daphne*, ſtay,——in vain, in vain I try
To ſtop her ſpeed, redoubling at my Cry;

* *Apollo.*

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O'er craggy Rocks, and rugged Hills she climbs,
And tears on pointed Flints her tender Limbs;
But caught at length, just as my Arms I fold,
Turn'd to a Tree, she yet escapes my hold.
In my next Love a diff'rent Fate I find,
Ah! which is worse, the False, or the Unkind?
Forgetting *Daphne*, I *Cerèmis* chose,
A kinder Nymph——too kind for my Repose:
The Joys I give, but more inflame her Breast,
She keeps a private Drudge to quench the rest;
* How, and with whom, the very Birds proclaim
Her black Pollution, and reveal my Shame.
Hard lot of Beauty, fatally bestow'd,
Or given to the False, or to the Proud!
By diff'ring Ways, they bring us equal Pain,
The False betray us, and the Proud disdain.
Scorn'd and abus'd from Mortal Loves I fly,
To seek more Truth in my own Native Sky:
Venus, the faireſt of Immortal Loves,
Bright as my Beams, and gentle as her Doves,
With glowing Eyes, confeſſing warm Deſires,
She ſummons Heav'n and Earth to quench her Fires;
Me ſhe excludes, and I in vain adore,
Who neither God nor Man refus'd before;
Vulcan, the very Monſter of the Skies,
Vulcan ſhe takes, the God of Wit denies.
Then ceaſe to murmur at thy *Myra*'s Pride,
Whimſie, not Reaſon, is the Female Guide;
The Fate of which their Maſter does complain,
Is of bad Omen to th' inſpired Train.
What Vows were loſt! Hark how *Catullus* mourns,
How *Ovid* weeps, and ſlighted *Gallus* burns;
In melting Strains ſoft gentle *Waller* bleed,
Unmov'd ſhe hears, what none unmov'd can read;
And thou who oft with ſuch ambitious Choice,
Haſt rais'd to *Myra* thy aſpiring Voice;

* *Diſcover'd by a Lygx.*

What Profit thy neglected Zeal repays,
Ah! what Return ungrateful to thy Praise?
Change, change thy Stile, with mortal Rage return
Unjust Disdain, and Pride oppose to Scorn;
Search all the Secrets of the Fair and Young,
And then Proclaim; soon shall they bribe thy Tongue:
The sharp Lampooner with Success assails,
Sure to be civil to the Man that Rails;
Women, like Cowards, tame to the severe,
Are only fierce when they discover Fear.
Thus spoke the God, and upward mounts in Air,
In just Resentment of his past Despair.
Provok'd to Vengeance, to my Aid I call
The Furies round, and dip my Pens in Gall;
Not one shall 'scape of all the Coz'ning Sex,
Vex'd shall they be, who so delight to vex.
In vain I try, in vain to Vengeance move
My gentle Muse, so us'd to tender Love;
Such Magick rules my Heart, what-e'er I write
Turns all to soft Complaint, and am'rous Flight.
Begone fond Thoughts, begone; Be bold, said I,
Satyr's thy Theam---in vain again I try:
So charming *Myra* to my Sense appears,
My Soul adores, my Rage dissolves in Tears.
So the gaul'd Lion, smarting with his Wound,
Threatens his Foes, and makes the Forrest sound;
With his strong Teeth he bites the bloody Dart,
And tears his Side with more provoking Smart,
'Till having spent his Voice in fruitless Cries,
He lays him down, breaks his proud Heart, and dies.

A SONG.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

FAIR, sweet and young, receive a Prize
Reserv'd for your Victorious Eyes:

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From Crowds, whom at your Feet you see,
O pity, and distinguish me;
As I from thousand Beauties more
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

II.

Your Face for Conquest was design'd;
Your ev'ry Motion charms my Mind;
Angels, when you your Silence break,
Forget their Hymns to hear you speak;
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loath to mount, and long to stay with you.

III.

No Graces can your Form improve,
But all are lost unless you love;
While that sweet Passion you disdain,
Your Veil and Beauty are in vain.
In pity then prevent my Fate,
For after dying all Reprieves too late.

A SONG.

By the same Hand.

HIGH State and Honours to others impart,
But give me your Heart.
That Treasure, that Treasure alone
I beg for my own.
So gentle a Love so fervent a Fire
My Soul does inspire.
That Treasure, that Treasure alone
I beg for my own.

Your Love let me crave,
Give me in Possessing
So matchless a Blessing,
That Empire is all I wou'd have.

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Love's my Petition,
All my Ambition;
If e'er you discover
So faithful a Lover,
So real a Flame,
I'll die, I'll die,
So give up my Game.

The Prisoner in the TOWER *to the* LADY *M. C.*

WHILST *Europe* is allarm'd with Wars,
And *Rome* foments the Christian Jars;
Whilst guilty *Britain* fears her Fate,
And wou'd repent her Crime too late,
Here safe in my confin'd Retreat,
I see the Waves about me beat,
And envy none that dare be great.

A quiet Conscience, and a Friend,
Help me my happy Hours to spend;
Let *Celia* to my Cell resort,
She turns my Prison to a Court;
Instead of Guards by Day and Night,
Let *Celia* still be in my sight,
And then they need not fear my Flight.

Cou'd Sense of Servile Fear prevail,
Or cou'd my Native Honour fail,
Her sight wou'd all my Doubts control,
And give her back my peaceful Soul:
Such charming Truths her Words contain:
Or if her Angel Voice refrain,
Her Eyes can never plead in vain.

To

To Sir THOMAS *St.* SERFE: *On the Printing his* PLAY, *call'd* TARUGO's WILES.

By my Lord BUCKHURST.

Tarugo gave us Wonder and Delight,
When he oblig'd the World by Candle-light.
But now he's ventur'd on the Face of Day,
T' oblige and ſerve his Friends a nobler way;
Make all our old Men Wits, States-men the young,
And teach ev'n *Engliſh* Men the *Engliſh* Tongue.
James, on whoſe Reign all peaceful Stars did ſmile,
Did but attempt th' uniting of our Iſle.
What Kings, and Nature, only cou'd deſign,
Shall be accompliſht by this Work of thine.
For who is ſuch a Cockney in his Heart,
Proud of the Plenty of the Southern Part,
To ſcorn that Union by which he may
Boaſt 'twas his Country-man that writ this Play?
Phœbus himſelf, indulgent to thy Muſe,
Has to thy Country ſent this kind Excuſe:
Fair Northern Laſs, it is not through Neglect
I Court thee at a diſtance, but Reſpect.
I cannot act, my Paſſion is ſo great,
But I'll make up in Light what wants in Heat.
On thee I will beſtow my longeſt Days,
And Crown thy Sons with everlaſting Bays.
My Beams that reach thee ſhall employ their Pow'rs
To ripen Souls of Men, not Fruits or Flow'rs.
Let warmer Climes my fading Favours boaſt,
Poets and Stars ſhine brighteſt in thy Froſt.

EPILOGUE *to* TARTUFF.

By the ſame Hand.

MANY have been the vain Attempts of Wit
Againſt the ſtill-prevailing Hypocrite;

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Once, and but once, a Poet got the Day,
And vanquish'd *Bufie* in a Puppet-Play;
But *Bufie* rallying, arm'd with Zeal, and Rage,
Poſſeſt the Pulpit, and pull'd down the Stage.
To laugh at *Engliſh* Knaves is dang'rous then,
While *Engliſh* Fools will think them honeſt Men:
But ſure no zealous Brother can deny us
Free leave with this our Monſieur *Ananias*.
A Man may ſay, without being call'd an Atheiſt,
There are ſuch Rogues among the *French* and *Papiſts*,
That fix Salvation to ſhort Band and Hair,
That belch and ſnuffle to prolong a Pray'r;
That uſe (*enjoy the Creature*) to expreſs
Plain Whoring, Gluttony, and Drunkenneſs;
And, in a decent way, perform them too
As well, nay better far, perhaps, than you:
Whoſe fleſhly Failings are but Fornication,
We Godly phraſe it, Goſpel-Propagation,
Juſt as Rebellion was call'd Reformation.
Zeal ſtands but Cent'ry at the Gate of Sin,
Whilſt all that have the Word paſs freely in.
Silent, and in the dark, for fear of Spies,
We march, and take Damnation by ſurprize.
There's not a roaring Blade in all this Town
Can go ſo far tow'rds Hell for half a Crown,
As I for Six-pence, for I know the way;
For want of Guides Men are too apt to ſtray:
Therefore give Ear to what I ſhall adviſe,
Let ev'ry marry'd Man, that's Grave and Wiſe,
Take a *Tartuffe*, of known Ability,
To teach and to encreaſe his Family,
Who ſhall ſo ſettle laſting Reformation,
Firſt get his Son, then give him Education.

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EPILOGUE upon the Reviving of BEN. JOHNSON'S Play, call'd, Every Man in his Humour.

By the same Hand.

INtreaty shall not serve, nor Violence,
To make me speak in such a Play's defence.
A Play, where Wit and Humour do agree
To break all practis'd Laws of *Comedy*:
The Scene (what more absurd) in *England* lyes,
No Gods descend, nor dancing Devils rise;
No Captive Prince from unknown Country brought,
No Battle, nay there's scarce a Duel fought;
And something yet more sharply might be said;
But I consider the poor Author's dead;
Let that be his Excuse----Now for our own,
Why,-----Faith, in my Opinion, we need none.
The Parts were fitted well; but some will say,
Pox on 'em Rogues, what made 'em chuse this Play?
I do not doubt but you will credit me,
It was not Choice, but meer Necessity;
To all our writing Friends, in Town, we sent,
But not a Wit durst venture out in *Lent*;
Have patience but 'till *Easter* Term, and then
You shall have Jigg, and Hobby-horse agen.
Here's Mr. *Matthew*, our Domestick Wit,
Does promise one of the ten Plays h'as writ;
But since great Bribes weigh nothing with the Just,
Know, we have Merits, and to them we trust:
When any Fasts, or Holy-days, defer
The publick Labours of the *Theatre*,
We ride not forth, although the Day be fair,
On ambling Tit to take the Suburb Air,
But with our Authors meet, and spend that time
To make up Quarrels between Sense and Rhyme.
Wednesdays and *Fridays* constantly we sate,
'Till, after many a long and free Debate,

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For divers weighty Reaſons 'twas thought fit,
Unruly Senſe ſhou'd ſtill to Rhyme ſubmit.
This the moſt wholeſome Law we ever made,
So ſtrictly in this *Epilogue* obey'd,
Sure no Man here will ever dare to break.

Enter Johnſon's *Ghoſt.*

Hold, and give way, for I my ſelf will ſpeak;
Can you encourage ſo much Inſolence,
And add new Faults ſtill to the great Offence
Your Anceſtors ſo rashly did commit
Againſt the mighty Pow'rs of Art and Wit?
When they condemn'd thoſe noble Works of mine,
Sejanus, and my beſt lov'd *Catiline*:
Repent, or on your guilty Heads ſhall fall
The Curſe of many a rhyming Paſtoral:
The three bold *Beauchamps* ſhall revive again,
And with the *London*-Prentice Conquer *Spain*.
All the dull Follies of the former Age
Shall find Applauſe on this corrupted *Stage*.
But if you pay the great Arrears of Praiſe,
So long ſince due to my much-injur'd Plays,
From all paſt Crimes I firſt will ſet you free,
And then inſpire ſome one to Write like me.

KNOTTING.

By the ſame Hand.

AT Noon, in a Sunſhiny Day,
The brighter Lady of the *May*,
Young *Chloris* innocent and gay,
Sate Knotting in a Shade:

Each ſlender Finger play'd its part,
With ſuch Activity and Art,
As wou'd inflame a youthful Heart,
And warm the moſt decay'd.

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Her Fav'rite Swain by chance came by,
He saw no Anger in her Eye;
Yet when the bashful Boy drew nigh,
She wou'd have seem'd afraid.

She let her Ivory Needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twisted Ball:
But straight gave *Strephon* such a Call,
As wou'd have rais'd the dead.

Dear gentle Youth, is't none but thee?
With Innocence I dare be free;
By so much Truth and Modesty
No Nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come lean thy Head upon my Lap;
While thy smooth Cheeks I stroke and clap,
Thou may'st securely take a Nap.
Which he, poor Fool, obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,
And found him fast asleep all o're.
She sigh'd and cou'd endure no more,
But starting up she said,

Such Virtue shall rewarded be:
For this thy dull Fidelity,
I'll trust thee with my Flocks, not me,
Pursue thy grazing Trade;

Go milk thy Goats, and shear thy Sheep,
And watch all Night thy Flocks to keep;
Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep
By me mistaken Maid.

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A SONG *to* CHLORIS *from the* BLIND ARCHER.

By the ſame Hand.

AH *Chloris*, 'tis time to diſarm your bright Eyes,
And lay by thoſe terrible Glances;
We live in an Age that's more civil and wiſe,
Than to follow the Rules of Romances.

II.

When once your round Bubbies begin but to pout,
They'll allow you no long time of Courting,
And you'll find it a very hard Task to hold out,
For all Maidens are mortal at Fourteen.

A SONG.

Written ſome Time ſince.

METhinks the poor Town has been troubled too long
With *Phyllis* and *Chloris* in every Song;
By Fools, who, at once, can both love and deſpair,
And will never leave calling them Cruel and Fair.
Which juſtly provokes me, in Rhyme, to expreſs
The Truth that I know of bonny Black *Beſs*.

II.

This *Beſs* of my Heart, this *Beſs* of my Soul,
Has a Skin white as Milk, and Hair black as a Coal,
She's plump, yet, with eaſe, you may ſpan her round Waſte,
But her round ſwelling Thighs can ſcarce be embrac'd.
Her Belly is ſoft, not a Word of the reſt,
But I know what I think when I drink to the Beſt.

III.

The Plowman and 'Squire, the erranter Clown,
At home ſhe ſubdu'd in her *Paragon* Gown;
But now ſhe adorns the Boxes and Pit,
And the proudeſt Town Gallants are forc'd to ſubmit;

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All Hearts fall a leaping wherever she comes,
And beat day and night, like my Lord *Craven*'s Drums.

IV.

I dare not permit her to come to *Whitehall*,
For she'd out-shine the Ladies, Paint, Jewels, and all;
If a Lord should but whisper his Love in the Croud,
She'd sell him a Bargain, and laugh out aloud;
Then the Queen over-hearing what *Betty* did say,
Would send Mr. *Roper* to take her away.

V.

But to these that have had my dear *Best* in their Arms
She's gentle, and knows how to soften her Charms;
And to every Beauty can add a new Grace,
Having learn'd how to lisp, and to trip in her Pace;
And with Head on one side, and a languishing Eye,
To kill Us by Looking, as if she wou'd die.

SONG.

PHyllis, the Fairest of Love's Foes;
Though fiercer than a Dragon,
Phyllis, that scorn'd the powder'd Beaus,
What has she now to brag on?
So long she kept her Legs so close,
'Till they have scarce a Rag on.

Compell'd through Want, this wretched Maid
Did sad Complaints begin;
Which surly *Strephon* hearing, said,
It was both Shame and Sin,
To pity such a lazy Jade,
As will neither Play nor Spin.

On TYBURN.

OH *Tyburn*! could'st thou Reason and Dispute;
Could'st thou but Judge as well as Execute;

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How often woud'ſt thou change the Felon's Doom,
And truſs ſome ſtern Chief-Juſtice in his room?
Then ſhould thy ſturdy Poſts ſupport the Laws,
No Promiſe, Frown, nor popular Applauſe,
Shou'd ſway the Bench to favour a bad Cauſe.
Nor Scarlet Gown, ſwell'd with Poetick Fury,
Scare a falſe Verdict from a trembling Jury.
Juſtice, with ſteady Hand and even Scales,
Should ſtand upright, as if ſuſtain'd by *Halts*.
Yet ſtill, in Matters doubtful to decide,
A little bearing tow'rds the milder ſide.

EPILOGUE.

Written by a Perſon of Honour.

OUR Poet, ſomething doubtful of his Fate,
Made choice of me to be his Advocate;
Relying on my Knowledge in the Laws:
And I as boldly undertook the Cauſe.
I left my Client yonder in a Rant
Againſt the Envious and the Ignorant,
Who are, he ſays, his only Enemies:
But he contemns their Malice, and defies
The ſharpeſt of his Cenſurers to ſay
Where there is one groſs Fault in all his Play.
The Language is ſo fitted to each Part,
The Plot according to the Rules of Art:
And twenty other things he bid me tell you:
But I cry'd, E'en go do't your ſelf for *Nelly*.
Reaſon with Judges, urg'd in the Defence
Of thoſe they would condemn, is Inſolence.
I therefore wave the Merits of his Play,
And think it fit to plead this ſafer way.
If, when too many in the Purchaſe ſhare,
Robbing's not worth the Danger nor the Care;
The Men of Buſineſs muſt, in Policy,
Cheriſh a little harmleſs Poetry,
All Wit would elſe grow up to Knavery.

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Wit is a Bird of Muſick, or of Prey;
Mounting, ſhe ſtrikes at all things in her Way;
But if this Bird-lime once but touch her Wings,
On the next Buſh ſhe ſits her down and Sings.
I have but one Word more: Tell me, I pray,
What you will get by damning of our Play?
A whipp'd Phanatick, who does not recant,
Is by his Brethren call'd a ſuff'ring Saint:
And by your Hands thou'd this poor Poet die,
Before he does renounce his Poetry,
His Death muſt needs confirm the Party more,
Than all his Scribbling Life could do before.
Where ſo much Zeal does in a Sect appear,
'Tis to no purpoſe, 'faith, to be ſevere.
But t'other Day, I heard this rhyming Fop
Say Criticks were the Whips, and he the Top:
For as a Top ſpins beſt the more you baſte her,
So, ev'ry Laſh you give, he writes the faſter.

An EPITAPH.

HERE lyes little---------- a Yard deep and more,
That never lay ſilent or quiet before.
Her Head always working, her Tongue always prating,
And the Pulſe of her Heart continually beating,
To the utmoſt Extreams of Loving and Hating.
Her Reaſon and Humour were always at Strife;
And yet ſhe perform'd all the Duties of Life:
An excellent Friend, and a pretty good Wife.
So indulgent a Lover, that no Man cou'd ſay
Whether *Patty* or *Minta* did Rule or Obey;
For the Government chang'd ſometen times a day.
At the Hour of her Birth, ſome lucky Star gave her
Wit and Beauty enough to have laſted for ever;
But Fortune, ſtill froward when Nature is kind,
A narrow Eſtate maliciouſly join'd,
To a vaſt Genius, and a noble Mind.

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Her Body was built of that ſuperfine Clay,
That is apt to grow brittle for want of Allay:
And, when, without ſhew, it was apt to decay,
It began by degrees to moulder away.
Her Soul, then, too buſie on ſome Foreign Affair,
Of its own pretty Dwelling took ſo little Care,
That the Tenement fell for want of Repair.

Far be from hence the Fool, or the Knave,
But let all that pretend to be Witty or Brave,
Whether generous Friend, or amorous Slave,
Contribute ſome Tears to water her Grave.

To PHYLLIS: *A* SONG.

THough, *Phyllis*, your prevailing Charms
Have forc'd me from my *Celia's* Arms,
That kind Defence againſt all Pow'rs,
But thoſe reſiſtleſs Eyes of yours;
Think not your Conqueſt to maintain
By Rigour, and unjuſt Diſdain.
In vain, Fair Nymph, in vain you ſtrive,
For Love does ſeldom Hope ſurvive;
My Heart may languiſh for a time,
Whilſt all your Glories, in their Prime,
Can juſtifie ſuch Cruelty,
By the ſame Force that conquer'd me.
When Age ſhall come, at whoſe Command,
Thoſe Troops of Beauties muſt Diſband;
A Tyrant's Strength once took away,
What Slave ſo dull as to obey?

A PROLOGUE, *ſpoken at the Opening of the Duke's New Play-Houſe in* DORSET-GARDEN.

'TIS not in this as in the former Age,
When Wit alone ſuffic'd t'adorn the Stage;
When things well ſaid an Audience could invite,
Without the Hope of ſuch a gaudy Sight:
What with your Fathers took, would take with you,
If Wit had ſtill the Charm of being New:
Had not Enjoyment dull'd your Appetite,
She in her homely Dreſs would yet delight;
Such ſtately Theatres we need not raiſe,
Our Old Houſe would put off our dulleſt Plays.
You, Gallants, know a freſh Wench of Sixteen,
May drive the Trade in honeſt Bombarines,
And never want good Cuſtom, ſhould ſhe lye
In a Back-room, two or three Stories high:
But ſuch a Beauty as has long been known,
Though not decay'd, but to Perfection grown,
Muſt, if ſhe think to thrive in this lewd Town,
Wear Points, lac'd Petticoats, and a rich Gown;
Her Lodgings too muſt with her Dreſs agree,
Be hung with Damask, or with Tapeſtry;
Have China, Cabinets, and a great Glaſs,
To ſtrike Reſpect into an am'rous Aſs.
Without the help of Stratagems and Arts,
An old Acquaintance cannot touch your Hearts.
Methinks 'tis hard our Authors ſhould ſubmit
So tamely to their Predeceſſors Wit,
Since I am ſure, among you, there are few
Would grant your Grand-fathers had more than you.
But hold! I in this Buſineſs may proceed too far,
And raiſe a Storm againſt our Theatres.
And then what would the wiſe Adventurers ſay,
Who are in a much greater Fright to Day,
Than ever Poet was about his Play?

Our Apprehenſions none can juſtly blame,
Mony is dearer much to us than Fame:
This thought on, let our Poets juſtifie
The Reputation of their Poetry;
We are reſolv'd we will not have to do
With what's between thoſe Gentlemen and you.
Be kind, and let our Houſe have but your Praiſe,
You're welcome ev'ry Day to damn their Plays.

A SONG.

AS he lay in the Plain, his Arm under his Head,
And his Flock feeding by, the fond *Celadon* ſaid,
If Love's a ſweet Paſſion, why does it torment?
If a bitter (ſaid he) whence are Lovers content?
Since I ſuffer with Pleaſure, why ſhould I complain?
Or grieve at my Fate, when I know 'tis in vain?
Yet ſo pleaſing the Pain is, ſo ſoft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart:
To my ſelf I ſigh often without knowing why;
And when abſent from *Phyllis*, methinks I could die:
But oh! what a Pleaſure ſtill follows my Pain;
When kind Fortune does help me to ſee her again.
In her Eyes, the bright Stars that foretel what's to come,
By ſoft ſtealth now and then I examine my Doom.
I preſs her Hand gently, look languiſhing down,
And by paſſionate Silence I make my Love known.
But oh! how I'm bleſt when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing Miſtake to diſcover her Love;
When in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her Flame,
And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

A SONG.

D*Amon*, if you will believe me,
'Tis not ſighing round the Plain,

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Song nor Sonnet can relieve ye;
Faint Attempts in Love are vain.

II.

Urge but home the fair Occaſion,
And be Maſter of the Field;
To a pow'rful kind Invaſion
'Twere a Madneſs not to yield.

III.

Tho' ſhe vows ſhe'll ne'er permit ye,
Cries you're rude, and much to blame;
And with Tears implores your Pity;
Be not merciful for ſhame.

IV.

When the fierce Aſſault is over,
Chloris time enough will find
This her cruel furious Lover,
Much more gentle, not ſo kind.

EPILOGUE.

GAllants, by all good Signs it does appear,
That Sixty ſeven's a very damning Year,
For Knaves abroad, and for ill Poets here.

Among the Muſes there's a gen'ral Rot,
The Rhyming *Monſieur*, and the *Spaniſh* Plot;
Deſie, or Court, all's one, they go to Pot.

The Ghoſts of Poets walk within this Place,
And haunt us Actors whereſoe'er we paſs,
In Viſions bloodier than King *Richard*'s was.

For this poor Wretch, he has not much to ſay,
But quietly brings in his Part o' th' Play,
And begs the Favour to be damn'd to Day.

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He ſends me only like a Sh'riff's Man here,
To let you know the Malefactor's near,
And that he means to die, *en Cavalier.*

For if you ſhou'd be gracious to his Bear,
Th' Example will prove ill to other Men,
And you'll be troubled with 'em all again.

Upon Four New Phyſicians Repairing to TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Written ſeveral Years ſince.

YOU Maidens and Wives and young Widows rejoice;
Declare your Thankſgiving with Heart and with Voice;
Since Waters were Waters, I boldly dare ſay,
There ne'er was ſuch cauſe for a Thankſgiving Day.

For from *London* Town
Are lately come down,
Four able Phyſicians that never wore Gown;
Their Phyſick is pleaſant, their Doſe it is large,
And you may be cur'd without Danger or Charge.

II.

No *Bolus*, no Vomit, no Potion or Pill,
Which ſometimes do Cure, but oftner do Kill,
Your Taſte or your Stomach need ever diſpleaſe,
If you'll be adviſed but by one of theſe;
For they have a new Drug
Which is call'd the cloſe Hug, [lock ſmug.
Which will mend your Complexion and make you
A Sovereign Balſom, which once well apply'd,
Though griev'd at the Heart, the Patient ne'er dy'd.

III.

In the Morning you need not be robb'd of your Reſt,
For in your warm Bed your Phyſick works beſt;
And though in the Taking ſome Stirring's requir'd,
The Motion's ſo pleaſant you need not be tir'd;

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On your Back you muſt lye,
And raiſe your ſelf high.
And one of theſe Doctors muſt always be by,
Who ſtill will be ready to cover you warm;
For if you take cold all Phyſick does harm.

IV.

Before they do venture to give their Direction,
They always conſider the Patient's Complexion;
If ſhe have a moiſt Palm or a red Head of Hair,
She requires more Phyſick than one Man can ſpare.
If ſhe have a long Noſe,
Scarce any one knows
How many large Handfulls muſt go to her Doſe;
You Ladies that have ſuch ill Symptoms as theſe,
In Reaſon and Conſcience ſhould pay double Fees.

V.

But that we may give theſe Doctors due Praiſe,
Who to all ſorts of People their Favour conveys,
To the Ugly for Pity's ſake Skill ſhall be ſhewn,
And as for the Handſom they're cur'd for their own.
On your Silver or Gold
They never lay hold,
For what comes ſo freely they ſcorn ſhould be ſold:
Then join with theſe Doctors and heartily pray,
That their Power of Healing may never decay.

A Cruel MISTRESS.

By T. CAREW, *Eſq;*

WE read of Kings, and Gods, that kindly took
A Pitcher fill'd with Water from the Brook:
But I have daily tendred without thanks
Rivers of Tears that overflow their Banks.
A ſlaughter'd Bull will appeaſe angry *Jove*;
A Horſe the Sun; a Lamb the God of Love:
But ſhe diſdains the ſpotleſs Sacrifice
Of a pure Heart, that at her Altar lies,

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Vesta is not displeas'd, if her chaft Urn
Do with repaired Fuel ever burn;
But my Saint frowns, though to her honour'd Name
I consecrate a never-dying Flame.
Th' *Assyrian* King did none i' th' Furnace throw,
But those that to his Image did not bow;
With bended Knees I daily worship her,
Yet she consumes her own Idolater.
Of such a Goddess no times leave record,
That burnt the Temple, where she was ador'd.

Ingrateful Beauty threatned.

By the same Hand.

KNow *Celia*, (since thou art so proud,)
'Twas I that gave thee thy Renown:
Thou had'st, in the forgotten Crowd
Of common Beauties, liv'd unknown,
Had not my Verse exhal'd thy Name,
And with it impt the Wings of Fame.

That killing Power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy Voice and Eyes:
Thy Sweets, thy Graces, all are mine;
Thou art my Star, shin'st in my Skies;
Then dart not, from thy borrow'd Sphere,
Lightning on him that fixt thee there.

Tempt me with such Affrights no more,
Lest what I made, I uncreate:
Let Fools thy mystick Forms adore,
I'll know thee in thy mortal State.
Wise Poets that wrap'd Truth in Tales,
Knew her themselves through all her Vails.

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SONG.

AT the ſight of my *Phyllis*, from every Part,
A Spring-Tide of Joy does flow up to my Heart;
Which quickens each Pulſe, and ſwells ev'ry Vein:
But all my Delights are ſtill mingled with Pain.

II.

So ſtrange a Diſtemper ſure Love cannot bring;
To my Knowledge, Love was a much quieter Thing;
So gentle and tame, that he never was known,
So much as to wake me, when I lay alone.

III.

But the Boy is much grown, and ſo alter'd of late,
He's become a more furious Paſſion than Hate;
Since, by *Phyllis*, reſtor'd to the Empire of Hearts,
He has new ſtrung his Bow, and ſharpen'd his Darts:
And ſtrictly the Rights of his Crown to maintain,
He breaks ev'ry Heart, and turns ev'ry Brain.

IV.

My Madneſs, alas! I too plainly diſcover;
For he is (at leaſt) as much Madman as Lover,
Who, for one cruel Beauty, is ready to quit
All the Nymphs of the Stage, and thoſe of the Pit,
The Joys of *Hide-Park*, and the *Mall*'s dear Delight;
To live ſober all Day, and chaſte all the Night.

A SONG.

COME, *Celia*, let's agree, at laſt,
To love, and live in Quiet;
Let's tie the Knot ſo very faſt,
That Time ſhall ne'er untie it.
Love's deareſt Joys they never prove,
Who free from Quarrels live;
'Tis ſure the tender'ſt Part of Love
Each other to forgive.

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When leaſt I ſeem'd concern'd, I took
No Pleaſure, nor no Reſt;
And when I feign'd an angry Look
Alas! I lov'd you beſt.
Say but the ſame to me, you'll find
How bleſs'd will be our Fate.
Ah! to be grateful, to be kind,
Sure never is too late.

A Receipt to make an Oat-meal Pudding.

OF Oats decorticated take two Pound,
And of new Milk enough the ſame to drownd;
Of Raiſons of the Sun, ſton'd, Ounces eight;
Of Currants, cleanly pick'd, an equal Weight;
Of Sewet, finely ſlic'd, an Ounce, at leaſt;
And ſix Eggs, newly taken from the Neſt:
Seaſon this Mixture well, with Salt and Spice;
'Twill make a Pudding far exceeding Rice;
And you may ſafely feed on it like Farmers,
For the Receipt is Learned Dr. *Harmer's*.

A Receipt to make a Sack-Poſſet.

FROM far *Barbadoes*, on the Weſtern Main,
Fetch Sugar, half a Pound; fetch Sack from *Spain*,
A Pint; then fetch, from *India*'s fertile Coaſt,
Nutmeg, the Glory of the *Britiſh* Toaſt.

Upon a Giant's Angling.

HIS Angle-rod made of a ſturdy Oak,
His Line a Cable which in Storms ne'er broke,
His Hook he baited with a Dragon's Tail,
And ſate upon a Rock and Bobb'd for Whale.

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SONG.

OF all the Torments, all the Cares,
With which our Lives are curst;
Of all the Plagues a Lover bears,
Sure Rivals are the worst!
By Partners, in each other kind,
Afflictions easier grow;
In Love alone we hate to find
Companions of our Woe.

Sylvia, for all the Pangs you see,
Are lab'ring in my Breast;
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but slight the rest!
How great soe'er your Rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope;
I can endure my own Despair,
But not another's Hope.

To *STREPHON*.

Strephon, at last th' unhappy Veil's remov'd;
Sylvia, that *Sylvia* whom your *Damon* lov'd,
Whom he prefer'd to all the World beside,
And for whose sake he had with Glory dy'd:
Sylvia, in whom the Dotard thought to find
Beauty and Wit, with Saint-like Virtue join'd,
Does all the Treasure of her Charms expose
To *Temple*-Wits, and *Covent-Garden* Beaux!
Looks coy, and shuns Mankind in open Light,
While her Back-door admits them all at Night.

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LYCON. ECLOGUE.

Strephon and *Damon*'s Flocks together fed,
Two charming Swains as e'er *Arcadia* bred;
Both fam'd for Wit, and fam'd for Beauty both;
Both in the Luſtre of their blooming Youth:
No ſullen Cares their tender Thoughts remove,
No Paſſions diſcompoſe their Souls, but Love.
Once, and but once alone, as Story goes,
Between the Youths a fierce Diſpute aroſe;
Not for the Merit of their tuneful Lays,
(Tho' both deſerv'd, yet both deſpis'd that Praiſe;)
But for a Cauſe of greater Moment far,
That merited a Lover's utmoſt Care.
Each Swain the Prize of Beauty ſtrove to gain,
For the bright Shepherdeſs that caus'd his Pain.
Lycon they choſe the Diff'rence to decide,
Lycon, for Prudence and ſage Counſel try'd;
Who Love's myſterious Arts had ſtudy'd long,
And taught, when Old, what he had practis'd Young.
For the Diſpute alternate Verſe they chuſe,
Alternate Verſe delights the Rural Muſe.

Strep. To *Flavia*, Love, thou juſtly ow'ſt the Prize,
She owns thy Pow'r, nor does thy Laws reprove.
Dam. Tho' *Sylvia* for herſelf Love's Pow'r deſies;
What crowds of Vaſſals has ſhe made to Love?
Strep. When *Flavia* comes attir'd for Rural Games,
Each Curl, each Flow'r ſhe wears, a Charm expreſs.
Dam. Sylvia, without a Foreign Aid, enflames;
Charm'd with her Eyes, we never mind her Dreſs.
Strep. Have you ſeen *Flavia* with her Flaxen Hair?
She ſeems an Image of the Queen of Love!
Dam. Sylvia's dark Hair like *Leda*'s Locks appear,
And yet, like her, has Charms to conquer *Jove*.
Strep. Flavia by Crowds of Lovers is admir'd;
Happy that Youth who ſhall the Fair enjoy!
Dam. Sylvia neglects her Lovers, lives retir'd;
Happy, that could her lonely Thoughts employ!

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Strep. *Flavia*, where-e'er ſhe comes, the Swains ſubdues,
And ev'ry Smile ſhe gives conveys a Dart.
Dam. *Sylvia* the Swains with native Coldneſs views,
And yet what Shepherd can defend his Heart?
Strep. *Flavia*'s bright Beauties in an inſtant ſtrike;
Gazers, before they think of it, adore.
Dam. *Sylvia*'s ſoft Charms, as ſoon as ſeen, we like;
But ſtill the more we think, we love the more.
Strep. Who is ſo ſtupid that has *Flavia* ſeen,
As not to view the Nymph with vaſt Delight?
Dam. Who has ſeen *Sylvia*, and ſo ſtupid been,
As to remember any other Sight?
Strep. What Thoughts has *Flavia*, when with Care ſhe views
Her charming Graces in the Cryſtal Lakes?
Dam. To ſee hers *Sylvia* need no Mirrors uſe:
She ſees them by the Conqueſts that ſhe makes.
Strep. With what Aſſurance *Flavia* walks the Plains?
She knows the Nymphs muſt all their Lovers yield.
Dam. *Sylvia* with Bluſhes wounds the gazing Swains,
And while ſhe ſtrives to fly, ſhe wins the Field.
Strep. *Flavia* at firſt young *Meliboeus* lov'd;
For me ſhe did that charming Youth forſake.
Dam. *Sylvia*'s relentleſs Heart was never mov'd;
Gods! that I might the firſt Impreſſion make!
Strep. Shou'd *Flavia* hear that *Sylvia* vy'd with her,
What Indignation would the Charmer ſhow?
Dam. *Sylvia* wou'd *Flavia* to herſelf prefer:
There we alone her Judgment diſallow.
Strep. If *Sylvia*'s Charms with *Flavia*'s can compare,
Why is This crouded ſtill, and That alone?
Dam. Becauſe their ways of Life ſo different are;
Flavia gives all Men Hopes, and *Sylvia* none.

Lycon. Shepherds enough; now ceaſe your am'rous War;
Or too much Heat may carry both too far:
I well attended the Diſpute, and find
Both Nymphs have Charms, but each in diff'rent Kind.
Flavia deſerves more Pains than ſhe will coſt;
As eaſily got, were ſhe not eaſily loſt.

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Sylvia is much more difficult to gain;
But, once poſſeſs'd, will well reward the Pain.
We wiſh them *Flavia's* all, when firſt we burn;
But, once poſſeſs'd, wiſh they would *Sylvia's* turn.
And, by the diff'rent Charms in each expreſt,
One we ſhou'd ſooneſt love, the other beſt.

The DESPAIRING LOVER.

DIſtracted with Care,
For *Phyllis* the Fair;
Since nothing cou'd move her,
Poor *Damon*, her Lover,
Reſolves in Deſpair
No longer to languiſh,
Nor bear ſo much Anguiſh;
But, mad with his Love,
To a Precipice goes;
Where, a Leap from above
Wou'd ſoon finiſh his Woes.

When in Rage he came there,
Beholding how ſteep
The Sides did appear,
And the Bottom how deep;
His Torments projecting,
And ſadly reflecting,
That a Lover forſaken
A new Love may get;
But a Neck, when once broken,
Can never be ſet:
And, that he cou'd die
Whenever he wou'd;
But, that he cou'd live
But as long as he cou'd:
How grievous ſoever
The Torment might grow,

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He ſcorn'd to endeavour
To finiſh it ſo.
But Bold, Unconcern'd
At thoughts of the Pain,
He calmly return'd
To his Cottage again.

Upon the TRAGEDY *of the* FAIR PENITENT.

SEE here the various Scenes of Human Lives;
Uncommon Husbands true, but common Wives.
One, Charming, Faithleſs, Haughty when reprov'd,
Lov'd by her Husband, her Gallant ſhe lov'd;
One, an Indulgent, Faithful, Conſtant Bride,
Fond of her Spouſe, neglects the World beſide.
That Husband, tho' with Friends and Fortune bleſt,
Finds a Domeſtick Ill that racks his Breaſt:
While this, tho' Fortune frown, tho' Friends deſert,
Finds one to lull his Cares, and charm his Heart.
Wou'd Women rather, from the Throng retir'd,
Be lov'd by one, than be by Crowds admir'd:
Wou'd Men, before their Hearts were quite reſign'd,
Forget the Faces, and inſpect the Mind:
Such Objects, thou'd they fainter Charms poſſeſs,
Wou'd pleaſe 'em longer, tho' they pleas'd 'em leſs.
For Beauty's Blaze, tho' fierce, is quickly paſt;
While Love, good Senſe, and Virtue, always laſt.

SONG.

CUpid! Inſtruct an am'rous Swain,
Some Way to tell the Nymph his Pain,
To common Youths unknown:
To talk of Sighs, of Flames, of Darts;
Of bleeding Wounds, and burning Hearts;
Are Methods vulgar grown.

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What need'ſt thou tell? (the God reply'd)
That Love the Shepherd cannot hide
The Nymph will quickly find:
When *Phœbus* does his Beams diſplay,
To tell Men gravely that 'tis Day,
Is to ſuppoſe 'em blind.

SONG.

AS the Snow in Vallies lying,
Phœbus his warm Beams applying,
Soon diſſolves and runs away;
So the Beauties, ſo the Graces,
Of the moſt bewitching Faces,
At approaching Age decay.

As a Tyrant, when degraded,
Is deſpis'd, and is upbraided,
By the Slaves he once control'd;
So the Nymph, if none cou'd move her,
Is contemn'd by ev'ry Lover,
When her Charms are growing old.

Melancholick Looks, and Whining,
Grieving, Quarelling, and Pining,
Are th' Effects your Rigours move;
Soft Careſſes, am'rous Glances,
Melting Sighs, tranſporting Trances,
Are the bleſs'd Effects of Love.

Fair ones! while your Beauty's blooming,
Uſe your Time, leſt Age reſuming
What your Youth profuſely lends;
You are robb'd of all your Glories,
And condemn'd to tell old Stories,
To your unbelieving Friends.

To

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To a LADY, *ſent her with Mr.* GRANVILL'S *Play, call'd* HEROICK LOVE.

THE noble *Granvill* here has nicely ſhown
Heroick Love, a Copy of his own;
No Flight of Fancy, but his Heart Indites
Theſe moving Scenes, and what he feels, he writes.
With Love like his, tho' in unequal Lays,
Too charming Maid, I offer at thy Praiſe.
Look on *Chryſeis*, ſhe each Feature drew
In Nature's Pride, and ſure ſhe ſate for you.
Obſerve her ſad Farewel, ſhe beſt can give
The dire Account, what 'tis to Part and Live.
You've all her Charms, her Beauty, and her Youth,
But want, I fear, her Kindneſs, and her Truth.
Well had it been for *Priam* and his Race,
Had Fate ſet me in *Agamemnon*'s place,
And you *Chryſeis*: Glory ſhou'd have ſtrove
But faintly then againſt the force of Love.
Deaf to Renown, and ſcorning to be Great,
I'd left the Camp for ſome obſcure Retreat.
There gazing on thoſe lovely Eyes, prefer
One Smile of yours to all the Pomp of War;
And, ev'ry Mark of Royalty laid down,
Had languiſh'd at your Feet, and ſav'd the TOWN.

EPITAPH, *on a Young Gentleman, who dy'd for Love of a Married Lady.*

By the ſame Hand.

HERE lyes a Youth, who fell a Sacrifice
In his firſt Bloom, to Fair *Aurelia*'s Eyes.

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Whom ſhall we blame? Her Duty was her Guard;
And his Injuſtice was its own Reward.
(If he's unjuſt, whoſe Reaſon cannot prove
Of force enough againſt Imperious Love)
Th'aſpiring Youth, who ſcorn'd to ſtoop ſo low,
To take what Pity only cou'd beſtow;
Still wiſh'd for more, 'till in the fatal Strife
He ſunk beneath the Virtue of a Wife;
Reſign'd his Blood to quench his guilty Flame,
But Crimes of Love deſerve a gentle Name:
And I muſt neither praiſe him, nor condemn,
For I wou'd die to be bewail'd like him:
Since ſhe, whoſe Piety deny'd to ſave,
Now pours her fruitleſs Tears upon his Grave.

TASSO's JERUSALEM. *Book the Fourth.*

Engliſh'd by Mrs. ELIZ. SINGER.

BUT while to bring about their great Intent,
The Chriſtian Army all their Vigour bent;
The potent Enemy of Human-kind,
Revolv'd their happy Progreſs in his Mind.
His baleful Eyes with helliſh Envy glare,
Half ſtifl'd Murmurs ſhow his inward Care,
And hollow Groans betray his deep Deſpair:
With ſuch a heavy, hoarſe, and bellowing Sound,
Wild Bulls, when ſtung with Grief, they trace the Ground,
Fill all the Groves, and all the Vallies round.
Collecting all the Rage within his Breaſt,
For Means the active Chriſtians to moleſt.
Fool! to believe with any Force or Skill,
T' oppoſe the Methods of th' Eternal Will;
And thoſe avenging Thunders to awake,
That plung'd him headlong down the flaming Lake;

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Regardleſs of that memorable Day,
He ſummons now the States of Hell away.
Thro' all the Climes of endleſs Darkneſs round,
The jarring Calls of the hoarſe Trumpet ſound;
Trembled the wide infernal Caves again,
And long the murm'ring Air retain'd the ſullen Strain.
Not half ſo dreadful in a ſtormy Wreck,
From low'ring Clouds the noiſie Thunders break;
Nor Vapors cloſe impriſon'd in the Earth,
With ſuch wild Rumour give themſelves a Birth.
In various Troops, the gloomy Deities
Together came, that ſhare the vaſt Abyſs:
Unnumber'd Forms, and monſtrous all appear,
And deadly Terror in their Looks they wear;
With horrid ſnaky Treſſes ſome were Crown'd;
Some ſtamp'd with brutal Hoofs the burning Ground;
Others more curſt a Human Viſage find,
But ſcaly Serpents end below, and wind
In circling Folds prodigious lengths behind:
And many a lewd deteſted Harpy there,
Centaurs, and *Sphinx's* hideous Forms appear:
Hydra, and *Python*, hiſſing thro' the Gloom,
With *Gorgon* here, and barking *Scylla*, come:
Gyants and ghaſtly Shapes that want a Name,
And fierce *Chimæra* ſpitting angry Flame;
Many and many a frightful Monſter more,
With wild Confuſion crowd the lofty Door.
Great *Lucifer* the regal Seat commands,
Shaking a ruſty Scepter in his Hands:
Nor *Alpine* Hill, nor ſome exalted Rock,
That proudly ſtands the raging Ocean's Shock,
Nor half ſo tall th' *Atlantick* Mount appears,
So vaſt his Bulk, ſo high his tow'ring Front he rears.
A horrid Majeſty ſurrounds his Face,
Its Terror, Pride, and growing Rage increaſe.
His redning Eyes like fatal Comets glare,
And ſhoot malignant Vehom thro' the Air;

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Beneath his Breaſt deſcends a loathſome Beard,
His Mouth a deep polluted Gulf appear'd;
Whence iſſue Sulphur, Smoak, and pois'nous Steams,
With mutt'ring Thunder, and deſtructive Flames:
He ſpake; all Hell aſtoniſh'd at the Noiſe
Stood mute, grim *Cerberus* reſtrains his Voice;
Cocytus ſtops, the Snakes to Hiſs forbear, [we hear.
While thro' the ſounding Deep theſe dreadful Words
Infernal Gods, worthy the Thrones of Light,
And Monarchies of Heav'n, your native Right,
Whom from the Realms of Bliſs, your ancient Lot,
The juſt, the glorious Cauſe for which we fought,
With me to this opprobrious Dungeon brought.
Other Succeſs, ev'n he that rules the Skies,
Excepted from our Noble Enterprize:
But unmoleſted now he Reigns above,
And us from thence as conquer'd Rebels drove;
From a ſerene, and everlaſting Day,
From Stars, and from the Sun's delightſome Ray,
To Shades, and everlaſting Night retire,
Nor dare again to thoſe gay Climes aſpire.
But I th' Effects of all his Wrath diſdain,
'Till one curſt Thought exaſperates my Pain,
That racking Thought I never can ſuſtain:
I could with Joy in Heav'n reſign my Place,
But rage to ſee it fill'd with Man's degen'rate Race;
To ſee vile Duſt exalted to ſupply
Our once Illuſtrious Stations in the Sky;
And what diſtracts me more------
As all too little to our mighty Foe
Appear'd, that he for worthleſs Man could do;
The ruin'd Wretches Forfeiture to pay,
He gave to Death his Darling Son a Prey;
Victorious o'er the meagre King, in State
He proudly enters the infernal Gate;
Within my gloomy Confines dar'd to tread,
And here in Scorn his ſhining Banners ſpread,
Millions of Captive Souls, our deſtin'd Prey,
He led triumphant from the Shades away:

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And, what my Diſcontent and Pain renews,
The ancient Enterprize he ſtill purſues;
And while we idly here conſume the Day,
To him the *Aſian* Empire drops away,
And falſe *Judaa* ſhortly owns his Sway:
Loud Hymns in ev'ry Language to his Name
They ſing, and ſpread around the World his Fame.
Inſcrib'd in Braſs, and laſting Marble, they
His Glory down to future Times convey.
To him alone devoted Flames ariſe,
And Vows, and Od'rous Incenſe mount the Skies.
No blazing Fire upon our Altar ſhines,
Neglected ſtand our Temples, and our Shrines:
No more with Gifts they crowd our rich Abodes,
Nor fall before us as aſſiſting Gods.
Empty of Human Souls our Regions grow,
While all the Roads of Hell unpeopl'd ſhow;
And can we tamely ſuffer this?——And reſts
No Spark of ancient Vigour in your Breaſts?
Have you forgot when in bright Arms we ſhone,
Engag'd with Heav'n, and ſhook his lofty Throne?
Our native Vigour, our immortal Flame,
And ardent Thirſt of Glory, is the ſame.
But why, you dear Companions of my Woe,
In pleaſing Miſchief are you grown ſo ſlow?
Loſt here in Sloth and Darkneſs we remain,
While new Allies the proſp'rous Chriſtians gain:
Haſte then, with all the Rage of Hell aſſail
Our dreaded Foes, by Arts or Force prevail;
In all their Solemn Councils raiſe Diſſent,
Ungrounded Jealouſies, and Diſcontent:
Let ſome the Slaves of ſhameful Paſſions prove,
Plung'd in the ſoft licentious Joys of Love;
And others treach'rouſly the Cauſe decline,
Confound their Army, ſink the curſt Deſign.

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To a LADY *more Cruel than Fair.*

By Mr. VANBROOK.

WHY d'ye with ſuch Diſdain refuſe
An humble Lover's Plea?
Since Heav'n denies you Pow'r to chuſe,
You ought to value me.

II.

Ungrateful Miſtreſs of a Heart,
Which I ſo freely gave;
Tho' weak your Bow, tho' blunt your Dart,
I ſoon reſign'd your Slave.

III.

Nor was I weary of your Reign,
'Till you a Tyrant grew,
And ſeem'd regardleſs of my Pain,
As Nature ſeem'd of you.

IV.

When thouſands with unerring Eyes
Your Beauty wou'd decry,
What Graces did my Love deviſe,
To give their Truths the Lie?

V.

To ev'ry Grove I told your Charms,
In you my Heav'n I plac'd,
Propoſing Pleaſures in your Arms,
Which none but I cou'd taſte.

VI.

For me t'admire, at ſuch a rate,
So damn'd a Face, will prove
You have as little Cauſe to hate,
As I had Cauſe to love.

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A FABLE *of a Council held by the* RATS.

ONE *Rhodilard* by Name,
A Cat of wond'rous Fame,
So many Rats had ſlain,
Few only did remain:
Thoſe few were lean, and ſtarv'd,
And did but ſeldom eat;
They durſt not ſeek for Meat,
For fear of *Rhodilard*:
Who paſs'd with ev'ry ſober Rat,
More for a Devil, than a Cat.

Now *Rhodilard* being in Love,
One Day he chanc'd to rove,
To ſeek his Lady Fair,
On the Houſe Top, or in the Air;
In ſhort, ſo far he did remove
About that grand Affair,
That the few Rats he left alive,
Would not th' occaſion loſe,
But ſate in Council cloſe,
To think how they once more might thrive.

--Their Reverend Dean, both Grave and Wiſe,
Did very prudently adviſe
On the Cat's Neck to tye a Bell;
All do agree he counſell'd well;
But the main Point is ſtill behind;
The Difficulty was, to find
The means to tie it on:
One frankly own'd he was afraid;
D'ye think me mad? another ſaid.
They riſe, and nothing's done.

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How many Councils have I seen
Aptly with this compar'd?
Councils of other Note I mean,
Than about Rhodilard;
Where all, while 'tis but to Dispute,
Can bravely stand their Ground;
But when it comes to execute,
Not one is to be found.

From *ANACREON.*

THAT *Niobé* to Stone was chang'd,
And *Progné* like a Swallow rang'd
About the Fields, old Poets tell;
Why might not I transform as well?
Oh! that I might become the Glass,
In which you use to see your Face;
Or if I cou'd be chang'd, my Fair,
Into the Garment that you wear,
The Bath in which your Body swims,
The Essence that anoints your Limbs,
The Pearls with which your Neck is dress,
The Steenkirk ty'd upon your Breast:
Nay, I wou'd be your very Shooe,
Still to be trod upon by you.

From *OVID.*

IN Summer, and the Heat of all the Day,
At my full Ease in a large Bed I lay,
One Window shut, t'other half open stood,
Casting a gloomy Light, as thro' a Wood;
Such as we use to see when the Sun sets,
Or as the Dawning of the Day begets;
Such we shou'd still afford a blushing Maid,
Whose Bashfulness of greatest is afraid.

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Corinna enters with her Neck all bare,
But where 'twas cover'd by looſe dangling Hair;
Such did of old *Semiramis* appear,
Or *Lais* to ſo many Lovers dear.
About her Shoulders careleſly was thrown,
A Veil ſo thin that all was thro' it ſhown.
I ſtrove to pluck it off; ſhe to retain,
But ſo, as if ſhe meant to ſtrive in vain.
When ſhe quite naked ſtood, my wond'ring Eye
Could not one Fault in her whole Body ſpy.
What Arms, what Shoulders had ſhe! what a Breaſt!
How firm, and how inviting to be preſt!
How ſmooth and even did her Belly lye!
What luſty Sides! And what a youthful Thigh!
There needs no more, but all was moſt Divine.
I drew her naked Body cloſe to mine;
The reſt you gueſs: We were both tir'd too ſoon.
May ev'ry Day of mine have ſuch a Noon.

A Hue and Cry after FAIR AMORET.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

FAIR *Amoret* is gone aſtray;
Purſue and ſeek her, ev'ry Lover;
I'll tell the Signs, by which you may
The wand'ring Shepherdeſs diſcover.

II.

Coquet and Coy at once her Air,
Both ſtudy'd, tho' both ſeem neglected;
Careleſs ſhe is with artful Care,
Affecting to ſeem unaffected.

III.

With Skill her Eyes dart ev'ry Glance,
Yet change ſo ſoon you'd ne'er ſuſpect 'em;
For ſhe'd perſuade they wound by chance,
Tho' certain Aim and Art direct 'em.

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IV.

She likes herſelf, yet others hates
For that which in herſelf ſhe prizes;
And while ſhe Laughs at them, forgets
She is the Thing that ſhe deſpiſes.

A SONG.

By the ſame Hand.

I.

I Look'd, and I ſigh'd, and I wiſh'd I cou'd ſpeak,
For I very fain wou'd have been at her;
But when I ſtrove moſt my Paſſion to break,
Still then I ſaid leaſt of the Matter.

II.

I ſwore to my ſelf, and reſolv'd I wou'd try
Some way my poor Heart to recover;
But that was all vain, for I ſooner cou'd die,
Than live with forbearing to love her.

III.

Dear *Celia* be kind then; and ſince your own Eyes
By Looks can command Adoration,
Give mine leave to talk too, and do not deſpiſe
Thoſe Oglings that tell you my Paſſion.

IV.

We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither ſhou'd ſpeak,
The Pleaſure we'll ſtill be purſuing;
And ſo, without Words, I don't doubt we may make
A very good end of this Wooing.

A SONG.

By the ſame Hand.

AH! what Pains, what racking Thoughts he proves,
Who lives remov'd from her he deareſt loves.

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In cruel Abſence doom'd paſt Joys to mourn,
And think on Hours that will no more return.
Oh! let me ne'er the Pangs of Abſence try;
Save me from Abſence, Love, or let me die,

Song in Dialogue, for two Women.

By the ſame Hand.

I.

I Love, and am belov'd again,
Strephon no more ſhall ſigh in vain:
I've try'd his Faith, and found him true,
And all my Coyneſs bid adeu.

II.

I love, and am belov'd again,
Yet ſtill my *Thyrſis* ſhall complain;
I'm ſure he's mine, while I refuſe him,
But ſhou'd I yield, I fear to loſe him.

1. Men will grow faint with tedious Faſting,
2. And will both tire with often Taſting,
When they find the Bliſs not laſting.
1. Love is compleat in kind Poſſeſſing.
2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the Bleſſing.

Chorus of both.

Then let us beware how far we conſent,
Too ſoon when we yield, too late we repent;
'Tis Ignorance makes Men admire,
And granting Deſire,
We feed not the Fire,
But make it more quickly expire.

A SONG.

By the ſame Hand

GRant me, gentle Love, ſaid I,
One dear Bleſſing ere I die;

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Long I've born Exceſs of Pain,
Let me now ſome Bliſs obtain.
Thus to Almighty Love I cry'd,
When angry, thus the God reply'd.
Bleſſings greater none can have,
Art thou not *Amynta*'s Slave?
Ceaſe, fond Mortal, to implore,
For Love, Love himſelf's no more.

SONG.

By the ſame Hand.

CRuel *Amynta*, can you ſee
A Heart thus torn which you betray'd?
Love of himſelf ne'er vanquiſh'd me,
But thro' your Eyes the Conqueſt made.

In Ambuſh there the Traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithleſs Smiles.
No Wretches are ſo loſt as they,
Who much Security beguiles.

SONG.

By the ſame Hand.

SEE, ſee ſhe wakes, *Sabina* wakes!
And now the Sun begins to riſe;
Leſs glorious is the Morn that breaks
From his bright Beams, than her fair Eyes.

With Light united, Day they give,
But diff'rent Fates e'er Night fulfil:
How many by his Warmth will live!
How many will her Coldneſs kill!

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SONG.

By the ſame Hand.

PIous *Selinda* goes to Pray'rs;
If I but ask the Favour;
And yet the tender Fool's in Tears,
When ſhe believes I'll leave her.

Wou'd I were free from this Reſtraint,
Or elſe had hopes to win her;
Wou'd ſhe cou'd make of me a Saint,
Or I of her a Sinner.

LESBIA.

By the ſame Hand.

WHEN *Lesbia* firſt I ſaw ſo heav'nly Fair,
With Eyes ſo bright, and with that awful Air,
I thought my Heart, which durſt ſo high aſpire,
As bold as his who ſnatch'd Cœleſtial Fire.
But ſoon as e'er the beauteous Idlot ſpoke,
Forth from her Coral Lips ſuch Folly broke,
Like Balm the trickling Nonſenſe heal'd my Wound,
And what her Eyes enthral'd, her Tongue unbound.

PROLOGUE *to the* PRINCESS,

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

By the ſame Hand.

IF what we feel of Joy cou'd be expreſs'd,
It were unworthy of our Royal Gueſt:

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Great Bleſſings, when beſtow'd above Deſert,
Suppreſs the Speech, tho' they inſpire the Heart.
Thus, tho' the Muſe her grateful Homage pays,
She dares not ſtrive her trembling Voice to raiſe,
And pay unequal Thanks, or diſproportion'd Praiſe.
Such Awe there is in all ſublime Delight;
And ſo ſevere is Joy when Exquiſite.

Our ſickly Clime, which has for ten Years paſt,
With one continu'd Winter been o'er-caſt:
Has this new Age with wonted Health begun,
Reviv'd and chear'd by the relenting Sun.
Again, the Spring does early Bloſſoms yield,
And Nature laughs in ev'ry living Field.
The Stage alone remains a frozen Soil,
And fruitleſs mocks the weary Lab'rers Toil;
But this bright Preſence darts enliv'ning Fires,
And ev'ry Muſe with Genial Warmth inſpires:
Health to the World, the Sun's kind Heat aſſures;
That lives by his, but we ſurvive by yours.

VERSES *Sacred to the Memory of* GRACE *Lady* GETHIN. *Occaſioned by reading her Book, intitled,* Reliquiæ Gethinianæ.

By the ſame Hand.

AFter a painful Life in Study ſpent,
The learn'd themſelves their Ignorance lament;
And aged Men, whoſe Lives exceed the Space,
Which ſeems the Bound preſcrib'd to mortal Race,
With hoary Heads, their ſhort Experience grieve,
As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live.
So hard it is true Knowledge to attain,
So frail is Life, and fruitleſs Human Pain!
Who-e'er on this reflects, and then beholds,
With ſtrict Attention, what this Book unfolds,

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With Admiration ſtruck, ſhall queſtion Who
So very long cou'd live, ſo much to know?
For ſo compleat the finiſh'd Piece appears,
That Learning ſeems combin'd with length of Years;
And both improv'd by pureſt Wit, to reach
At all that Study, or that Time can teach.
But to what height muſt his Amazement riſe!
When having read the Work, he turns his Eyes
Again to view the foremoſt op'ning Page,
And there the Beauty, Sex, and tender Age
Of Her beholds, in whoſe pure Mind aroſe
Th' Æthetial Source from whence this Current flows!
When Prodigies appear, our Reaſon fails,
And Superſtition o'er Philoſophy prevails.
Some heav'nly Miniſter we ſtrait conclude,
Some Angel-Maid with Female Form indu'd,
To make a ſhort Abode on Earth, was ſent,
(Where no Perfection can be permanent)
And having left her bright Example here,
Was quick recall'd, and bid to diſappear.
Whether around the Throne, Eternal Hymns
She Sings, amid the Choir of Seraphims;
Or ſome refulgent Star informs, and guides,
Where ſhe, the bleſt Intelligence, preſides;
Is not for us to know who here remain;
For 'twere as Impious to enquire, as Vain:
And all we ought, or can, in this dark State,
Is, what we have admir'd, to imitate.

EPITAPH *upon* ROBERT HUNTINGTON, *of* Stanton Harcourt, *Eſq*; *and* ROBERT *his Son.*

By the ſame Hand.

THIS peaceful Tomb does now contain,
Father and Son, together laid;

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Whoſe living Virtues ſhall remain,
When they, and this are quite decay'd.

What Man thou'd be, to Ripeneſs grown,
And finiſh'd Worth thou'd do, or ſhun,
At full was in the Father ſhown;
What Youth cou'd promiſe, in the Son.

But Death obdurate, both deſtroy'd
The perfect Fruit, and op'ning Bud:
Firſt ſeiz'd thoſe Sweets we had enjoy'd,
Then robb'd us of the coming Good.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA: *A Poem on the* PRINCE, *Born on the* 10*th of* June, 1688.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

OUR Vows are heard betimes! and Heav'n takes care
To grant, before we can conclude the Pray'r:
Preventing Angels met it half the way,
And ſent us back to Praiſe, who came to Pray.
Juſt on the Day, when the high-mounted Sun
Did fartheſt in his Northern Progreſs run,
He bended forward and ev'n ſtretch'd the Sphere
Beyond the Limits of the lengthen'd Year;
To view a brighter Sun in *Britain* born;
That was the Bus'neſs of his longeſt Morn;
The glorious Object ſeen, 'twas time to turn.
Departing Spring cou'd only ſtay to ſhed
Her bloomy Beauties on the genial Bed,
But left the Manly Summer in her ſtead,
With timely Fruit the longing Land to chear,
And to fulfill the Promiſe of the Year.

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Betwixt two Seasons comes th' Auspicious Heir,
This Age to blossom and the next to bear.
  * Last solemn Sabbath saw the Church attend,
The Paraclete in fiery Pomp descend;
But when his wond'rous † Octave roll'd again,
He brought a Royal Infant in his Train.
So great a Blessing to so good a King
None but th' Eternal Comforter cou'd bring.
  Or did the mighty Trinity Conspire,
As once, in Council to Create our Sire?
It seems as if they sent the new-born Guest
To wait on the Procession of their Feast;
And on their Sacred Anniverse decree'd
To stamp their Image on the promis'd Seed.
Three Realms united, and on One bestow'd,
An Emblem of their Mystick Union show'd:
The mighty Trine the triple Empire shar'd,
As every Person wou'd have one to guard.
  Hail Son of Pray'rs! by Holy Violence
Drawn down from Heav'n; but long be banish'd thence;
And late to thy Paternal Skies retire:
To mend our Crimes whole Ages wou'd requir;
To change th' inveterate habit of our Sins,
And finish what thy Godlike Sire begins.
Kind Heaven, to make us *English-men* again,
No less can give us than a Patriarch's Reign.
  The Sacred Cradle to your Charge receive
Ye Seraphs, and by turns the Guard relieve;
Thy Father's Angel and thy Father join
To keep Possession, and secure the Line;
But long defer the Honours of thy Fate.
Great may they be like his, like his be late,
That *James* his running Century may view,
And give this Son an Auspice to the New.

---

* *Whit-Sunday.* † *Trinity-Sunday.*

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Our Wants exact at leaſt that moderate ſtay:
For ſee the * Dragon winged on his way,
To watch the † Travail, and devour the Prey.
Or, if Alluſions may not riſe ſo high,
Thus, when *Alcides* rais'd his Infant Cry,
The Snakes beſieg'd his Young Divinity:
But vainly with their forked Tongues they threat;
For Oppoſition makes a Heroe Great.
To needful Succour all the Good will run;
And *Jove* aſſert the Godhead of his Son.

O ſtill repining at your preſent State,
Grudging your ſelves the Benefits of Fate,
Look up, and read in Characters of Light
A Bleſſing ſent you in your own Deſpight.
The Manna falls, yet that Cœleſtial Bread
Like *Jews* you munch, and murmur while you feed;
May not your Fortune be like theirs, Exil'd,
Yet Forty Years to wander in the Wild:
Or if it be, may *Moſes* live at leaſt
To lead you to the Verge of promis'd Reſt.

Tho' Poets are not Prophets, to foreknow
What Plants will take the Blaſt, and what will grow;
By tracing Heav'n his Footſteps may be found:
Behold! how awfully he walks the round!
God is abroad, and wondrous in his ways,
The Riſe of Empires, and their Fall ſurveys;
More (might I ſay) than with an uſual Eye,
He ſees his bleeding Church in Ruin lye.
And hears the Souls of Saints beneath his Altar cry.
Already has he lifted high, the ‡ Sign
Which Crown'd the Conquering Arms of *Conſtantine*;
The || Moon grows pale at that preſaging ſight,
And half her Train of Stars have loſt their Light.

---

* *Alluding only to the Common-wealth Party here and in other Places of the Poem.* † Rev. 12. v. 4.
‡ *The Croſs.* || *The Creſcent, which the Turks bear for their Arms.*

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Behold another * *Sylvester*, to bless
The Sacred Standard, and secure Success;
Large of his Treasures, of a Soul so great,
As fills and crowds his Universal Seat.
Now view at home a † second *Constantine*;
(The former too, was of the *British* Line)
Has not his healing Balm your Breaches clos'd,
Whose Exile many sought, and few oppos'd?
Or, did not Heav'n by its Eternal Doom
Permit those Evils, that this Good might come?
So manifest, that even the Moon-Ey'd Sects
See *Whom* and *What* this Providence protects.
Methinks, had we within our Minds no more
Than that oneShipwrack one the Fatal ‡ Ore,
That only thought may make us think again,
What Wonders God reserves for such a Reign.
To dream that Chance his Preservation wrought,
Were to think *Noah* was preserv'd for nought;
Or the Surviving Eight were not design'd
To People Earth, and to restore their Kind.
When humbly on the Royal Babe we gaze,
The Manly Lines of a Majestick Face
Give awful Joy: 'Tis Paradise to look
On the fair Frontispiece of Nature's Book;
If the first opening Page so charms the sight,
Think how th' unfolded Volume will delight!
See how the Venerable Infant lies
In early Pomp; how through the Mother's Eyes
The Father's Soul, with an undaunted view
Looks out, and takes our Homage as his due.
See on his future Subjects how he smiles,
Nor meanly flatters, nor with Craft beguiles;
But with an open Face, as on this Throne,
Assures our Birthrights, and assumes his own.

* *The Pope in the time of* Constantine *the Great, alluding to the present Pope.* † *K.* James *the Second.* ‡ *The Lemmon Ore.*

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Born in broad Day-light, that th' ungrateful Rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt:
Truth, which it ſelf is Light, does Darkneſs ſhun,
And the true Eaglet ſafely dares the Sun.

* Fain wou'd the Fiends have made a dubious Birth,
Loth to confeſs the Godhead cloath'd in Earth.
But ſicken'd after all their baffled Lies,
To find an Heir apparent of the Skies:
Abandon'd to Deſpair, ſtill may they grudge,
And owning not the Saviour, prove the Judge.

Not great † *Æneas* ſtood in plainer Day,
When, the dark mantling Miſt diſſolv'd away,
He to the *Tyrians* ſhew'd his ſudden Face,
Shining with all his Goddeſs Mother's Grace:
For ſhe her ſelf had made his Count'nance bright,
Breath'd Honour on his Eyes, and her own PurpleLight.

If our Victorious ‡ *Edward*, as they ſay,
Gave *Wales* a Prince on that Propitious Day,
Why may not Years revolving with his Fate
Produce his Like, but with a longer Date?
One who may carry to a diſtant Shoar
The Terrour that his Fam'd Forefather bore.
But why ſhou'd *James* or his young Heroe ſtay
For ſlight Preſages of a Name or Day?
We need no *Edward*'s Fortune to Adorn
That happy Moment when our Prince was born:
Our Prince Adorns his Day, and Ages hence
Shall wiſh his Birth-day for ſome future Prince.

|| Great *Michael*, Prince of all th' Ætherial Hoſts,
And whate'er Inn-born Saints our *Britain* boaſts;
And thou, th' adopted ** Patron of our Iſle,
With chearful Aſpects on this Infant ſmile:
The Pledge of Heav'n, which dropping from above,
Secures our Bliſs, and reconciles his Love.

---

* *Alluding to the Temptations in the Wilderneſs.*
† Virg. *Æneid.* 1. ‡ Edward *the black Prince, born on* Trinity-Sunday. || *The Motto of the Poem explain'd.*
** *St.* George.

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Enough of Ills our dire Rebellion wrought,
When, to the Dregs, we drank the bitter Draught;
Then Airy Atoms did in Plagues conſpire,
Nor did th' Avenging Angel yet retire,
But purg'd our ſtill encreaſing Crimes with Fire.
Then perjur'd Plots, the ſtill impending Teſt,
And worſe; but Charity conceals the reſt:
Here ſtop the Current of the ſanguine Flood,
Require not, gracious God, thy Martyr's Blood;
But let their dying Pangs, their living Toil,
Spread a rich Harveſt through their Native Soil:
A Harveſt ripening for another Reign,
Of which this Royal Babe may reap the Grain.

Enough of Early Saints one Womb has giv'n;
Enough encreas'd the Family of Heav'n:
Let them for his, and our Attonement go;
And Reigning bleſt above, leave him to Rule below.

Enough already has the Year foreflow'd
His wonted Courſe, the Seas have overflow'd
The Meads were floated with a weeping Spring,
And frighten'd Birds in Woods forgot to ſing;
The ſtrong-limb'd Steed beneath his Harneſs faints,
And the ſame ſhiv'ring Sweat his Lord attaints.
When will the Miniſter of Wrath give o'er?
Behold him; at * *Araunah's* threſhing-floor.
He ſtops, and ſeems to ſheath his flaming Brand;
Pleas'd with burnt Incenſe, from our *David's* Hand.
David has bought the *Jebuſite's* Abode,
And rais'd an Altar to the Living God.

Heav'n to reward him, make his Joys ſincere;
No future Ills, nor Accidents appear
To ſully and pollute the Sacred Infant's Year.
Five Months to Diſcord and Debate were giv'n:
He ſanctifies the yet remaining Seven.
Sabbath of Months! henceforth in him be bleſt,
And prelude to the Realms perpetual Reſt!

* *Alluding to the Paſſage in the 1ſt Book of* Kings, Ch. 24. v. 20.

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Let his Baptiſmal Drops for us attone;
Luſtrations for * Offences not his own.
Let Conſcience, which is Int'reſt ill diſguis'd,
In the ſame Font be cleans'd, and all the Land Baptiz'd.
† Un-nam'd as yet: at leaſt unknown to Fame:
Is there a ſtrife in Heaven about his Name?
Where every famous Predeceſſor vies,
And makes a Faction for it in the Skies?
Or muſt it be reſerv'd to Thought alone?
Such was the Sacred ‡ *Tetragrammaton.*
Things worthy Silence muſt not be reveal'd:
Thus the true Name of || *Rome* was kept conceal'd,
To ſhun the Spells, and Sorceries of thoſe
Who durſt her Infant Majeſty oppoſe.
But when his tender Strength in time ſhall riſe
To dare ill Tongues, and faſcinating Eyes;
This Iſle, which hides the little Thunderer's Fame,
Shall be too narrow to contain his Name:
Th' Artillery of Heav'n ſhall make him known;
** *Crete* cou'd not hold the God, when *Jove* was grown.
As *Jove*'s †† Increaſe, who from his Brain was born,
Whom Arms and Arts did equally adorn,
Free of the Breaſt was bred, whoſe milky Taſte
Minerva's Name to *Venus* had debas'd;
So this Imperial Babe rejects the Food
That mixes Monarchs with *Plebeian* Blood:
Food that his inborn Courage might controul,
Extinguiſh all the Father in his Soul,
And, for his *Eſtian* Race, and *Saxon* Strain,
Might re-produce ſome ſecond *Richard*'s Reign.

---

* *Original Sin.* † *The Prince Chriſten'd but not nam'd.* ‡ Jehovah, *or the name of God, unlawful to be pronounc'd by the* Jews. || *Some Authors ſay, That the true name of* Rome *was kept a ſecret*; ne hoſtes incantamentis Deos eliceremt. ** Candie *where* Jupiter *was born and bred ſecretly.* †† Pallas, *or* Minerva; *ſaid by the Poets, to have been bred up by Hand.*

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Mildneſs he ſhares from both his Parents Blood,
But Kings too tame are deſpicably good:
Be this the Mixture of this Regal Child,
By Nature Manly, but by Virtue Mild.
Thus far the Furious Tranſport of the News,
Had to Prophetick Madneſs fir'd the Muſe;
Madneſs ungovernable, uninſpir'd,
Swift to foretell whatever ſhe deſir'd;
Was it for me the dark Abyſs to tread,
And read the Book which Angels cannot read?
How was I puniſh'd when the * ſudden Blaſt,
The Face of Heav'n, and our young Sun o'er-caſt!
Fame, the ſwift Ill, encreaſing as ſhe rowl'd,
Diſeaſe, Deſpair, and Death, at three reprieves told:
At three inſulting Strides ſhe ſtalk'd the Town,
And, like Contagion, ſtruck the Loyal down.
Down fell the winnow'd Wheat; but mounted high,
The Whirl-wind bore the Chaff, and hid the Sky.
Here black Rebellion ſhooting from below
(As Earths † Gigantick Brood by Moments grow)
And here the Sons of God are petrify'd with Woe:
An *Apoplex* of Grief! ſo low were driv'n
The Saints, as hardly to defend their Heav'n.
As, when pent Vapours run their hollow round,
Earth-quakes, which are Convulſions of the Ground,
Break bellowing forth, and no Confinement brook,
Till the Third ſettles, what the former ſhook;
Such heavings had our Souls; till ſlow and late,
Our Life with his return'd, and Faith prevail'd on Fate;
By Prayers the mighty *Bleſſing* was implor'd,
To Pray'rs was granted, and by Pray'rs reſtor'd.
So ere the ‡ *Shunamite* a Son conceiv'd,
The Prophet promis'd, and the Wife believ'd,
A Son was ſent, the Son ſo much deſir'd,
But ſoon upon the Mother's Knees expir'd.

---

* *The ſudden falſe Report of the Prince's Death.*
† *Theſe Gyants are feign'd to have grown 14 Ells every day.* ‡ *In the ſecond Book of* Kings, *Chap.* 4.

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The troubled Seer approach'd the mournful Door,
Ran, pray'd, and ſent his Paſt'ral Staff before,
Then ſtretch'd his Limbs upon the Child, and mourn'd,
Till Warmth, and Breath, and a new Soul return'd.
Thus Mercy ſtretches out her Hand, and ſaves
Deſponding *Peter* ſinking in the Waves.
As when a ſudden Storm of Hail and Rain
Beats to the Ground the yet unbearded Grain,
Think not the Hopes of Harveſt are deſtroy'd
On the flat Field, and on the naked void;
The light, unloaded Stem, from Tempeſt freed,
Will raiſe the youthful Honours of his Head;
And, ſoon reſtor'd by native Vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous Year.
Nor yet conclude all fiery *Trials* paſt,
For Heav'n will exerciſe us to the laſt;
Sometimes will check us in our full Career,
With doubtful Bleſſings, and with mingled fear;
That, ſtill depending on his daily Grace,
His every Mercy for an Alms may paſs,
With ſparing Hands will Dyet us to good;
Preventing Surfeits of our pamper'd Blood.
So feeds the Mother-bird her craving Young,
With little Morſels, and delays 'em long.
True, this laſt Bleſſing was a Royal Feaſt,
But, where's the Wedding-Garment on the Gueſt?
Our Manners, as Religion were a Dream,
Are ſuch as teach the Nations to *Blaſpheme*.
In Luſts we wallow, and with Pride we ſwell,
And Injuries, with Injuries repell;
Prompt to Revenge, not daring to forgive,
Our Lives unteach the Doctrine we believe;
Thus *Iſrael* ſin'd, impenitently hard,
And vainly thought the * preſent Ark their Guard;
But when the haughty *Philiſtines* appear,
They fled, abandon'd to their Foes and Fear;
Their God was abſent, though his Ark was there.

* 1 Sam. 4. 10.

Ah!

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Ah! leſt our Crimes ſhou'd ſnatch this Pledge away,
And make our Joys the Bleſſings of a Day?
For we have ſin'd him hence, and that he lives,
God to his promiſe, not our Practice gives.
Our Crimes wou'd ſoon weigh down the guilty Scale,
But *James*, and *Mary*, and the Church prevail.
Nor † *Amaleck* can rout the *Choſen Bands*,
While *Hur* and *Aaron* hold up *Moſes* Hands.
By living well, let us ſecure his Days,
Mod'rate in Hopes, and humble in our Ways.
No force the Free-born Spirit can conſtrain,
But Charity, and great Examples gain.
Forgiveneſs is our Thanks for ſuch a Day;
'Tis God-like, God in his own Coyn to pay.
But you, Propitious Queen, tranſlated here,
From your mild Heav'n, to Rule our rugged Sphere,
Beyond the Sunny Walks, and circling Year:
You, who your Native Climate have bereft
Of all the Virtues, and the Vices left;
Whom Piety, and Beauty make their Boaſt,
Though Beautiful is well in Pious loſt;
So loſt as Star-light is diſſolv'd away,
And melts into the brightneſs of the Day;
Or Gold about the Regal Diadem,
Loſt to improve the Luſtre of the Gem.
What can we add to your Triumphant Day?
Let the Great Gift the Beauteous Giver pay.
For ſhou'd our Thanks awake the Riſing-Sun,
And lengthen, as his lateſt ſhadows run,
That, tho' the longeſt Day, wou'd ſoon, too ſoon be done.
Let Angels Voices, with their Harps conſpire,
But keep th'Auſpicious Infant from the Quire;
Late let him ſing above, and let us know
No ſweeter Muſick, than his Cries below.
Nor can I wiſh to you, Great Monarch, more
Than ſuch an Annual Income to your Store;

† Exod. 17. v. 8.

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The Day, which gave this *Unit*, did not ſhine
For a leſs Omen, than to fill the *Trine*.
After a *Prince*, an *Admiral* beget,
The Royal Sov'reign wants an Anchor yet.
Our Iſle has younger Titles ſtill in ſtore,
And when th' exhauſted Land can yield no more,
Your Line can force them from a foreign Shore.

The Name of Great, your Martial Mind will ſuit,
But Juſtice is your Darling Attribute:
Of all the *Greeks*, 'twas but * one *Hero*'s due,
And, in him, *Plutarch* Prophecy'd of you.
A Prince's Favours but on few can fall,
But Juſtice is a Virtue ſhar'd by all.

Some Kings the name of Conqu'rors have aſſum'd,
Some to be Great, ſome to be Gods preſum'd;
But boundleſs Pow'r, and Arbitrary Luſt
Made Tyrants ſtill abhor the Name of Juſt;
They ſhun'd the Praiſe this God-like Virtue gives,
And fear'd a Title, that reproach'd their Lives.

The Pow'r from which all Kings derive their State,
Whom they pretend, at leaſt, to imitate,
Is equal both to puniſh and reward;
For few wou'd love their God, unleſs they fear'd.

Reſiſtleſs Force and Immortality
Make but a Lame, Imperfect Deity:
Tempeſts have force unbounded to deſtroy,
And Deathleſs Being ev'n the Damn'd enjoy,
And yet Heavens Attributes, both laſt and firſt,
One without Life, and one with Life accurſt;
But Juſtice is Heaven's Self, ſo ſtrictly He,
That cou'd it fail, the God-head cou'd not be.
This Virtue is your own; but Life and State
Are one to Fortune ſubject, One to Fate:
Equal to all, you juſtly frown or ſmile,
Nor Hopes, nor Fears your ſteady Hand beguile;
Your ſelf our Ballance hold, the World's our Iſle.

* Ariſtides, *ſee his Life in* Plutarch.

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On the CREATION.

By Mrs. ELIZ. SINGER.

NOR yet the crude Materials of the Earth
Were form'd; nor Time, nor Motion yet had Birth:
Nor yet one ſolitary ſpark of Light
Glar'd thro' the dusky Shades of antient Night;
Nor on the barren Waſtes of endleſs Space,
As yet were circumſcrib'd the Bounds of Place:
When at th'Almighty's Word, from nothing ſprings
The firſt confus'd Original of Things.
Whatever now the Heav'ns wide Arms embrace,
Together then lay blended in a Maſs;
The Dull, the Active, the Refin'd, and Baſe,
The Cold, the Hot, the Temp'rate, Moiſt, and Dry,
All mingled in profound Diſorder lye;
In one prodigious undiſtinguiſh'd Heap,
Th'extreameſt Contraries of Nature ſleep:
Nor yet the ſprightly Seeds of Fire aſcend,
Nor downwards yet the pond'rous Atoms tend.
A monſtrous Face the new Creation wears,
And void of Order, Form, and Light, appears;
'Till the Almighty *Fiat*, once again
Pronounc'd, did Motion to each Part ordain,
Awoke the tender Principles of Life,
And urg'd the growing Elemental Strife.
And now Confuſions infinite ariſe,
From Nature's moſt remote Antipathies:
But while againſt their furious Oppoſites,
Each Hoſtile Atom all its Force unites,
Their own lov'd Species, thro' the formleſs Maſs,
With am'rous Zeal officiouſly they trace,
And join, and mingle in a ſtrict Embrace.
The lively ſhining Particles of Light,
On dazzling Wings attempt their nimble Flight.
The fine tranſparent Air, with mighty Force,
Thro' Fix'd and Fluid, upward takes its Courſe.

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The groſſer Seeds with heavy Motion preſs,
And meeting in the midſt, the Central Parts poſſeſs;
While the united Waves, without Control,
About the ſlimy Surface proudly roll,
'Till an Imperial Word their Force divides,
And lo! the Deep by ſmooth Degrees ſubſides;
And lo! the riſing, ſtately Mountains leave
Their oozy Beds: and lo! the Vallies cleave,
The congregated Waters to receive;
And down the ſinking Billows calmly go,
Part to the Subterranean Caves below,
And part around the Hills in circling Currents flow.
And now the ſlimy, ſoft fermented Earth,
Prepar'd to give her various Species Birth,
Obedient to the Voice, produces all
Her boundleſs Stores at her Creator's Call.
A ſudden Spring at his Command aroſe,
And various Plants their verdant Tops diſcloſe;
The teeming Ground to riſing Groves gives way,
Which Leaves and Bloſſoms inſtantly diſplay,
And ev'ry Branch with tempting Fruit looks gay.
When he again, whoſe active Word fulfill'd
Exactly all the mighty Things he will'd,
Commands, and ſtraight the Heav'nly Arches riſe,
And kindling Glories brighten all the Skies.
A ſudden Day with gaudy Luſtre gilds
Th' expanded Air, the new-made Streams, and Fields;
Ten thouſand ſprightly dazzling Lights advance,
And trembling Rays in the wide *Æther* dance;
The Sun, beyond them all immenſe and gay,
Aſſumes the bright Dominion of the Day;
And whirling up the Skies with rapid force,
Along the radiant *Zone* begins his deſtin'd Courſe.
And now another Efficacious Word,
The Air, and Earth, and wat'ry Region ſtor'd:
The num'rous Vehicles for Breath prepar'd,
The mighty Summons of their Maker heard;

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And from the Bosom of their native Clay
Sprung into Life, and caught the vital Ray.
Millions of footed Creatures range the Woods,
Millions with Fins divide the Crystal Floods;
Millions besides, with wanton Liberty,
On painted Wings rise singing to the Sky.
But last of all, two of a nobler Kind,
After the brightest Model in his Mind,
With Care the Great Artificer design'd:
Beyond his other Works, compleat and fair,
He form'd with ev'ry Grace the lovely Pair,
Adorn'd with Beauty, crown'd with Dignity,
Immortal, Godlike, Rational, and Free:
Serene Impressions of a Stamp Divine,
Upon their matchless Faces clearly shine:
In deep suspence, and at themselves amaz'd,
With curious Eyes they on each other gaz'd;
Themselves, and all the fair Creation round,
Survey, and still fresh Cause of Wonder found.
For now, in their Primæval Lustre gay,
The Earth and Heav'ns their utmost Pride display.
The blazing Sun from his Meridian height,
Thro' an unclouded Sky darts round his flaming Light.
The Fields, the Floods, and all th' enlighten'd Air,
In open Day look ravishingly Fair.
The bright Carnation, and the fragrant Rose,
Their Beauties fresh with heav'nly Dew disclose.
The noble *Amaranths* shew their purple Dye,
Splendid, as that which paints the Morning Sky.
Ten thousand od'rous Flow'rs of various Hue,
In ev'ry Shade and Plain, spontaneous grew.
And down the smooth Descent of Verdant Hills,
From Marble Fountains gush a thousand Rills;
Thro' many a pleasant Shade they murm'ring go,
And mingle with the larger Streams below,
Which thro' the flow'ry Vallies softly flow;
And all along their lovely, spacious Banks,
Immortal Trees are plac'd in equal Ranks,

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Whose charming Shades might God himself delight,
And Angels from their Heav'nly Bow'rs invite.
Here gentle Breezes, from their fragrant Wings,
Shed all the Odours of a thousand Springs:
Harmonious Birds among the Branches sing,
And all the Groves with cheerful Echoes ring.
Hail mighty Maker of the Universe!
My Song shall still thy glorious Deeds rehearse:
Thy Praise, whatever Subject others chuse,
Shall be the lofty Theam of my aspiring Muse.

A PASTORAL, *inscrib'd to the Ho-nourable, Mrs.*——

By the same Hand.

AMARYLLIS.

WHile swiftly down the Skies the Day descends,
And rising Night the Ev'ning Shade extends;
While pearly Dews o'er-spread the fruitful Field,
And closing Flow'rs refreshing Odours yield,
Let us beneath these gentle Shades recite
What Love, and what the Rural Muse indites;
Nor need we, in this close Retirement, fear
Lest list'ning Swains our Am'rous Secrets hear.

SILVIA.

To ev'ry Shepherd I wou'd mine proclaim,
Since Fair *Corinna* is my softest Theam;
A Stranger to the looser Joys of Love,
My Thoughts alone the Warmth of Friendship prove;
And, while its pure and sacred Force I sing,
Chast Goddess of the Groves, thy Succour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

Propitious God of Love, my Breast inspire
With all thy Charms, with all thy pleasing Fire:
Propitious God of Love, thy Succour bring,
While I thy Darling, thy *Alexis* sing;

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Alexis, as the op'ning Blossoms, Fair,
Lovely as Light, soft as the yielding Air;
For him each Virgin sighs, and on the Plains
The matchless Youth without a Rival reigns;
With such an Air, with such a graceful Mien,
No Shepherd dances on the flow'ry Green:
Nor to the ecchoing Groves, and whisp'ring Springs,
In sweeter Strains the tuneful *Co*--------*ve* sings.

SILVIA.

Corinna's lovely as the breaking Day,
And such a chearful Light her Eyes display:
Where-e'er she comes, all sullen Care retires;
And sprightly Joys, and Love, and gay Desires,
In ev'ry Breast the beauteous Nymph inspires.
But oh! methinks when she no more appears,
The Plain a dark and gloomy Prospect wears;
In vain the Streams roll on, the Eastern Breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling Trees:
In vain the Birds begin their Ev'ning Song,
And to the silent Night their Notes prolong.
The Groves, the Crystal Streams, and verdant Field,
Corinna absent, no Diversions yield.

AMARYLLIS.

Alexis absent, all the pensive Day
In some obscure Retreat I sigh away;
All Day to the repeating Caves complain
In mournful Accents, and a dying Strain;
Dear, lovely Youth, I cry; and all around
The flatt'ring Vales restore the tender Sound.

SILVIA.

On flow'ry Banks, to ev'ry murm'ring Stream,
Corinna is my Muse's constant Theam;
'Tis she that does my artless Thoughts refine,
And with her Name my noblest Verse shall shine.

AMARYLLIS.

I'll twine fresh Garlands for *Alexis* Brows,
And Consecrate to him my softest Vows:

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The charming Youth ſhall my *Apollo* prove,
Adorn my Songs, and tune my Voice to Love.

In Praiſe of MEMORY; *inſcrib'd to the Honourable the Lady* WORSELY.

By the ſame Hand.

BEſt Gift that Heav'ns Indulgence con'd beſtow!
To thee our ſureſt Happineſs we owe;
Thou all the flying Pleaſures doſt reſtore,
Which, but for thee, bleſt *Mem'ry*, were no more:
For we no ſooner graſp ſome frail Delight,
But, ready for its everlaſting Flight,
Ere we can call the haſty Bliſs our own,
If not retain'd by thee, it is for ever gone.

Thou to the fond ſucceſsful Lover's Heart,
A thouſand melting Raptures doſt impart;
When, yet more lovely than herſelf, and kind,
Thou bring'ſt his fancy'd Miſtreſs to his Mind;
The flatt'ring Image wears a livelier Grace,
A ſofter Mien, and more inticing Face.

Thou from the flying Minutes doſt retrieve
The Joys, *Chlorinda*'s Wit and Humour give,
Thoſe Joys that I had once poſſeſs'd in vain,
Did not the dear Remembrance ſtill remain:
She ſpeaks, methinks, and all my Soul inſpires,
Brightens each Thought, and gives my Muſe new Fires;
'Tis ſhe that lends my daring Fancy Wings,
Softens my Lyre, and tunes its warbling Strings.

Thou only to the Guilty art ſevere,
Who the Review of their paſt Actions fear;
But to the Innocent and Virtuous Mind,
Art ſtill propitious, ſmiling ſtill, and kind.
To thee we all thoſe charming Pleaſures owe,
The Pleaſures that from gen'rous Actions flow,
And they are ſtill the nobleſt we poſſeſs below.

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An Imitation of a Paſtoral of Mrs. KILLIGREW's.

By the ſame Hand.

MYRTILLA.

LET fragrant Eaſtern Breezes round thee play,
And op'ning Bloſſoms ſtill adorn thy Way;
Let bubbling Fountains murmur to thy Sleep,
And *Pan* himſelf the while protect thy Sheep;
Thy wanton Herds thro' verdant Paſtures ſtray,
Paſtures like thee, all flouriſhing and gay.
And when with guiltleſs Sports, the Rival Swains,
For rural Glory ſtrive upon the Plains,
Still, brave *Alexis*, let the Prize be thine,
And on thy Brows the faireſt Garland ſhine.

ALEXIS.

Unfading Wreaths may'ſt thou, *Myrtilla*, gain,
And deathleſs Honours by thy Verſe obtain;
May ſuch ſmooth Numbers warble from thy Tongue,
As late the skilful *Meliboeus* ſung.

MYRTILLA.

No ſuch ambitious Aim my Mind purſues,
'Tis Love, ah charming Youth! inſpires my Muſe:
Could I but pleaſe thee with my artleſs Lays,
I proudly ſhou'd neglect all other Praiſe;
Would'ſt thou be grateful, ev'ry Grove, and Stream,
And ſounding Vale, ſhou'd echo with thy Name;
Each Rock, each winding Cavern and Retreat,
The ſoft inchanting Accents ſhou'd repeat:
And if my Muſe Immortal Fame cou'd give,
Thy Name in deathleſs Numbers ſhou'd ſurvive.

ALEXIS.

Secure from Fate, he needs no further rove,
Who ſuch a laſting Monument may have:
But oh! his Glory ne'er can be improv'd,
Who by the bright *Lycoris* has been lov'd.

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MYRTILLA.

Fond Youth, in yonder solitary Shade,
I saw *Narcissus* with the perjur'd Maid;
A thousand tender things she look'd, and said,
Her ravish'd Eyes upon his Beauty fed;
With Flow'rs his graceful flowing Hair she dreſt,
And all her Smiles tumultuous Joys expreſs'd.

ALEXIS.

What paſs'd before I saw my lovely Fair,
Deſerves not now my Jealouſie or Care:
Had I at first the gentle Charmer known,
She had been constant then, and all my own.

The CONVERT.

Written by the Right Honourable the EARL *of* MULGRAVE.

DEjected as true Converts die,
But yet with fervent Thoughts inflam'd;
So, Faireſt, at your Feet I lye,
Of all my Sex's Faults aſham'd.

Too long, alas, have I defy'd
The force of Love's almighty Flame;
And often did aloud deride
His Godhead, as an empty Name.

But, ſince ſo freely I confeſs
A Crime, which may your Scorn produce,
Allow me now to make it leſs,
By my juſt, and fair Excuſe.

I then did vulgar Joys purſue;
Variety was all my Bliſs,
But ignorant of Love, and you,
How could I chuſe but do amiſs?

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If ever now my wand'ring Eyes
Search out Temptations, as before;
If once I look, but to despise
Their Charms, and value yours the more:

May sad Remorse, and guilty Shame,
Revenge your Wrongs on faithless me;
And, what I tremble ev'n to Name,
May I lose all, in losing Thee.

The RECOVERY.

By the same Hand.

SIghing and languishing I lay,
A Stranger grown to all Delight;
Passing in tedious Thoughts the Day,
And with unquiet Dreams the Night.

For your dear sake, my only Care
Was how my constant Love to hide;
And ever drooping with Despair,
Neglected all the World beside.

'Till, like some Angel from Above,
Your Mercy came to my Relief;
And then I found the Joys of Love,
Can make Amends for all the Grief.

Those pleasing Hopes I now pursue,
Might fail, if you cou'd prove unjust;
But Promises from Heav'n, and you,
Who is so impious to mistrust?

Here all my Doubts, and Troubles end;
That tender Sigh my Soul assures;
Nor am I vain, since I depend,
Not on my own Desert, but yours.

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The RELAPSE.

By the same Hand.

LIKE Children in a Starry Night,
When I beheld those Eyes before,
I gaz'd with Wonder, and Delight,
Insensible of all their Pow'r.

I play'd about the Flame so long,
At length I felt the scorching Fire;
My Hopes grew weak, my Passion strong,
And I lay dying with Desire.

By all the help of Human Art,
I just recover'd so much Sense,
As to avoid, with heavy Heart,
The Fair, but Fatal Influence.

But, since you shine away Despair,
And now my Sighs no longer stun,
No *Persian* in his zealous Pray'r,
So much adores the Rising Sun.

If once again my Vows displease,
There never was so lost a Lover;
In Love, that languishing Disease,
A sad Relapse we ne'er recover.

An ODE *on Mr.* HERNY PURCELL'*s Death.*

GOOD Angels snatch'd him eagerly on high;
Joyful they flew, singing, and soaring through the Sky,
Teaching his New-fledg'd Soul to fly,
While we, alas, did plung'd in Sorrow lye.

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He went musing all along,
And new compos'd their Heav'nly Song.
A while his skilful Notes loud Hallelujahs drown'd;
But soon they ceas'd their own, to catch his pleasing Sound;
Then, with Divine Transport, eccho'd it all around;
And *David*'s tuneful Lyre improv'd the Harmony;
David, in Sacred Story so Renown'd,
No less for Musick, than for Poetry.
Oh Genius most sublime in either Art!
Crown'd with Applause surpassing all Desert!
A Man just after God's own Heart!
If Human Cares are lawful to the Blest,
Already settl'd in Eternal Rest,
Needs must thou wish, that *Purcell* only might
Have liv'd to Set whatever thou didst Write.
For, sure, the noble Thirst of Fame
In our frail Body never dies,
But with the Soul ascends the Skies,
From whence at first it came.
'Tis not the slightest Proof we have,
That part of us survives the Grave,
And in our Fame below still bears a share:
Why is the Future else so much our Care,
Ev'n in our lateſt Moment of Despair?
And Death itself despis'd by all the Wise, and Brave!
Oh, all ye Blest Harmonious Quire!
Whose only happy Bus'ness is to Love, and to Admire:
Look down with Pity from your peaceful Bower,
On wretched Men perplex'd,
And ever, ever vex'd
With anxious Care of Trifles, Wealth, and Pow'r.
In our rough Minds due Reverence infuse
For sweet melodious Sounds, and ev'ry artful Muse;
Musick improves our Nature, and inspires
Nothing but elevated Thoughts, and gentle soft Desires.

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SONG.

By the same Hand.

OH how I languish! What a strange,
Untruly, fierce Desire!
My Spirits feel some wond'rous change,
My Heart is all on Fire.

Now all my wiser Thoughts, away;
In vain your Tale ye tell
Of patient Hopes, and dull Delay;
Love's Foppish part, farewel.

Suppose one Week's Delay wou'd give
All that my Wishes move;
Oh! who so long a time can live,
Stretch'd on the Rack, on Love?

Her Soul, perhaps, is too sublime
To like such slavish Fear;
Discretion, Prudence, all is Crime,
If once condemn'd by her.

When Honour does the Soldier call,
To some unequal Fight,
Resolv'd to Conquer, or to Fall
Before his General's Sight;

Advanc'd the happy Heroe lives:
Or if Ill Fate denies,
The noble Rashness Heav'n forgives,
And gloriously he dies.

To a COQUET BEAUTY.

By the same Hand.

FRom Wars, and Plagues, come no such Harms,
As from a Nymph so full of Charms;

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So much Beauty in her Face,
In her Motions such a Grace;
In her kind inviting Eyes,
Such a soft Inchantment lyes,
That we please our selves too soon,
And are with vain Hopes undone.
After all her Softness, we
Are but Slaves, while she is free,
Free, alas, from all Desire,
Unless to set the World on Fire.
Thou, Fair Dissembler, dost but thus
Deceive the World, as well as us:
Like some ancient Heroe, thou
Wou'dst rather force Mankind to bow,
And venture round the World to roam,
Than govern with Content at home:
But trust me, *Celia*, trust me when
The Muse her self inspires my Pen;
A Minute spent in Love, out-weighs
Whole Years of Universal Praise;
And one Adorer kindly us'd,
Gives truer Joys than Crouds refus'd.
For what does Youth and Beauty serve?
Why more than all your Sex deserve?
Why such soft alluring Arts
To catch our Eyes, and charm our Hearts?
By our Loss you nothing gain:
Unless you Love, you Please in vain.

B R U T U S.

By Mr. COWLEY.

EXcellent *Brutus*, of all Human Race
The best, 'till *Nature* was improv'd by *Grace*,
'Till Men above *themselves Faith* raised more
Than *Reason* above *Beasts* before;

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Virtue was thy *Life*'s *Center*, and from thence
Did *silently* and *constantly* Dispence
The gentle vigorous *Influence*
To all the wide and fair *Circumference*:
And all the *Parts* upon it lean'd so easily,
Obey'd the mighty *Force* so *willingly*,
That none cou'd Discord or Disorder see
In all their *Contrariety*.
Each had his Motion natural and free, [cou'd be.
And the *Whole* no more *mov'd*, than the *Whole World*

II.

From thy strict Rule some think that thou didst swerve;
(*Mistaken Honest Man*) in *Cæsar*'s Blood;
What *Mercy* cou'd the *Tyrant*'s *Life* deserve,
From him who kill'd *Himself*, rather than *serve*?
Th' *Heroick Exaltations* of *Good*
Are so far from *Understood*,
We count them *Vice*: Alas, our *Sight*'s so ill,
That things which swiftest *Move*, seem to *stand still*.
We look not upon *Virtue* in her height,
On her Supream *Idea* brave and bright,
In the *Original Light*:
But as her *Beams* reflected pass
Through our own *Nature*, or ill *Custom*'s *Glass*.
And 'tis no wonder so,
If with dejected Eye
In standing *Pools* we seek the *Sky*,
That *Stars* so high *above* should seem to us *below*.

III.

Can we stand by and see
Our *Mother* Robb'd, and Bound, and Ravish'd be,
Yet not to her Assistance stir,
Pleas'd with the *Strength* and *Beauty* of the *Ravisher*?
Or shall we fear to kill him, if before,
The *Cancell'd Name* of *Friend* he bore?
Ingrateful Brutus do they call?
Ingrateful Cæsar, who cou'd *Rome* enthral!
An Act more barbarous and unnatural.

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(In th' exact Ballance of true *Virtue* try'd)
Than his *Succeſſor Nero's Parricide?*
There's none but *Brutus* cou'd deſerve
That all Men elſe ſhou'd *wiſh* to *ſerve*,
And *Cæſar's* uſurp'd Place to him ſhou'd proffer;
None can deſerve't but he who wou'd *refuſe* the *Offer*.

IV.

Ill Fate aſſum'd a *Body* thee t' affright,
And wrap'd it ſelf i' th' Terrors of the *Night*,
I'll meet thee at Philippi, ſaid the *Spright*;
I'll meet thee there, ſaidſt *Thou*,
With ſuch a *Voice*, and ſuch a *Brow*,
As put the trembling *Ghoſt* to ſudden Flight;
It vaniſh'd as a *Taper's* Light
Goes out when *Spirits* appear in ſight.
One wou'd have thought t'had heard the *Morning Crow*,
Or ſeen her well-appointed *Star*
Come marching up the *Eaſtern-Hill* afar.
Nor durſt it in *Philippi's* Field appear,
But *unſeen* attack'd thee there.
Had it preſum'd in any Shape thee to oppoſe,
Thou wou'dſt have forc'd it back upon thy Foes:
Or ſlain't like *Cæſar*, though it be
A *Conqueror* and a *Monarch* mightier far than *He*.

V.

What Joy can *Human things* to us afford,
When we ſee periſh thus, by odd Events,
Ill Men, and wretched *Accidents*,
The beſt *Cauſe* and beſt *Man* that ever drew a *Sword*?
When we ſee
The falſe *Octavius*, and wild *Antonie*,
God-like *Brutus*, Conquer *Thee*;
What can we ſay, but thine own *Tragick Word*,
That *Virtue*, which had worſhipp'd been by thee.
As the moſt ſolid *Good*, and greateſt *Deity*,
By this fatal Proof became
An *Idol* only, and a *Name*?
Hold, Noble *Brutus*, and reſtrain
The bold Voice of thy generous *Diſdain*:

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These mighty *Gulphs* are yet
Too deep for all thy *Judgment* and thy *Wit*.
The *Time*'s set forth already which shall quell
Stiff *Reason* when it offers to *Rebel*:
Which these great *Secrets* shall unseal,
And new *Philosophers* reveal.
A few Years more, so soon hadst thou not dy'd,
Would have confounded *Human Virtue*'s Pride,
And shew'd thee a *God Crucify'd*.

An ODE *on* BRUTUS.

——Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.

'TIS said, that Favourite, Mankind,
Was made the Lord of all below;
But yet the doubtful are concern'd to find,
'Tis only one Man tells another so.
And for this vast Dominion here,
Which over other Beasts we claim,
Reason, our best Credential does appear,
By which indeed we Domineer;
But how absurdly, we may see with Shame.
Reason, that solemn Trifle! light as Air!
Mov'd with each blast of Censure, or Applause!
By partial Love, away 'tis blown;
Or the least Prejudice can weigh it down;
Thus our high Privilege becomes our Snare.
In any nice, and weighty Cause,
How wav'ring are the Wisest! yet the Grave
Impose on that small Judgment which we have.

II.

In Works of Fame, whose Names have spread so wide,
And ev'n the force of Time defy'd,
Some Failings yet may be descry'd,

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Among the reſt, with Wonder be it told,
That *Brutus* is ador'd for *Caſar*'s Death;
By which he ſtill ſurvives in Fame's Immortal Breath:
Brutus! ev'n He, of all the reſt,
In whom we ſhou'd that Deed the moſt deteſt,
Is of Mankind eſteem'd the beſt!
As Snow deſcending from ſome lofty Hill,
Is by its rolling Courſe augmenting ſtill;
So from Illuſtrious Authors down has roll'd
'Till now, that Rev'rence he receiv'd of old;
Still ev'ry Age adds a profound Eſteem,
And gild their Eloquence with Praiſe of him.
But Truth unvail'd, like a bright Sun appears,
To ſhine away this heap of ſev'nteen hundred Years.

III.

In vain 'tis urg'd by an Illuſtrious Wit, *
(To whom I otherwiſe ſubmit)
That Caſar's Life no Pity can'd deſerve
From one who kill'd himſelf, rather than ſerve.
Had *Brutus* choſe rather himſelf to ſlay,
Than any Maſter to obey,
Happy for *Rome* had been that noble Pride; [dy'd:
The World had then remain'd in Peace, and only *Brutus*
For he, whoſe Virtue wou'd diſdain to own
Subjection to a Tyrant's Frown,
And his own Life had rather end, [his Friend.
Wou'd ſure, much rather kill himſelf, than only hurt
To his own Sword in the *Philippian* Field,
Brutus indeed at laſt did yield;
But in thoſe Times ſuch Actions were not rare,
And then proceeded only from Deſpair:
Elſe, he perhaps had choſe to live,
In hopes another *Caſar* would forgive;
That ſo he might for Publick Good, once more,
Conſpire againſt a Life which had ſpar'd his before.

* Mr. *Cowley*.

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IV.

Our Countrey claims, indeed, our chiefeſt Care;
And in our Thoughts deſerves the tend'reſt ſhare;
Her to a thouſand Friends we ſhou'd prefer,
But not betray 'em, tho' it be for her.
Hard is his Heart whom no Deſert can move,
A Wife, a Miſtreſs, or a Friend to Love,
Above what e'er he does beſides enjoy;
But may he for their Sakes his Sire, or Sons deſtroy?
Sacred be all the Tyes of publick Good;
We to our Country owe our deareſt Blood;
To ſuffer in her Service, were a Bliſs,
And ev'n to fall, the nobleſt Fate that is;
So brave a Death, tho' in Youth's early Bloom,
Is above all the longeſt Life to come;
But 'tis not, ſurely, of ſo great Renown,
To take another's, as to loſe our own:
Of all that's ours we cannot give too much,
But what belongs to Friendſhip, Oh! 'tis Sacrilege to touch.

V.

Can we ſtand by unmov'd, and ſee
Our Mother robb'd, and raviſh'd? Can we be
Excus'd, if in her Cauſe we never ſtir,
Pleas'd with the Strength and Beauty of the Raviſher?

Thus Sings our * Bard with almoſt Heat Divine;
'Tis pity that his Thought was not as ſtrong, as fine;
Wou'd it more juſtly did the Caſe expreſs,
Or that its Beauty, and its Grace were leſs.
(Thus a looſe Nymph ſometimes we ſee,
Who ſo charming ſeems to be,
That, jealous of a ſoft Surprize,
We ſcarce dare truſt our eager Eyes.)
So dangerous an Ambuſh to eſcape,
We ſhall not plead a willing Rape;
A Valiant Son wou'd be provok'd the more;
A Force we therefore muſt confeſs, but acted long before.

* Mr. *Cowley*.

A Marriage ſince did intervene,
With all the ſolemn, and the ſacred Scene;
Loud was the *Hymenean* Song,
The violated * Dame walk'd ſmilingly along,
And in the midſt of the moſt ſacred Dance,
As if enamour'd of his Sight,
Often ſhe caſt a kind admiring Glance
On the bold Struggler for Delight;
Who afterwards appear'd ſo moderate and cool,
As if for Publick good alone he ſo aſpir'd to Rule.

VI.

But, oh! that this were all the Muſe can urge
Againſt a *Roman* of ſo great a Soul!
And that fair Truth permitted us to purge
His Fact of what appears ſo foul!
Friendſhip, that ſacred and ſublimeſt Thing!
The nobleſt Quality, and chiefeſt Good!
(In this baſe Age ſcarce underſtood)
Inſpires us with unuſual Warmth its injur'd Rites to ſing.
Aſſiſt, ye Angels, whoſe Immortal Bliſs,
Tho' more refin'd, chiefly conſiſts in this!
How plainly your bright Thoughts to one another ſhine!
Oh! how ye all agree in Harmony Divine!
The Courſe of mutual Love with equal Zeal ye run,
A Courſe as far from any End, as when at firſt begun.
You ſaw, and ſmil'd on this moſt worthy Pair,
Who did betwixt them both ſo many Virtues ſhare;
Some which belong to Peace, and ſome to Strife,
Thoſe of a calm, and of an active Life,
That all the Excellence of Human Kind,
Concurr'd to make of both but one united Mind;
Which Friendſhip did ſo faſt and cloſely bind,
Not the leaſt Cement cou'd appear, by which their Souls were join'd.
That Tie which holds our Mortal Frame,
Which poor unknowing We a Soul and Body name,

* Rome.

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Seems not a Compoſition more Divine,
Or more abſtruſe than all that does in Friendſhip ſhine.

VII.

From mighty *Caſar*'s boundleſs Grace,
Brutus indeed his Life receiv'd;
But Obligations, tho' ſo great believ'd,
We count but ſlight in ſuch a Caſe,
Where Friendſhip ſo poſſeſſes all the Place,
There is no room for Gratitude; ſince he
Who ſo obliges, is more pleas'd, than his ſav'd Friend
Juſt in the midſt of all this noble Heat,
While their great Hearts did both ſo kindly beat,
That it amaz'd the Lookers on,
And forc'd them to ſuſpect a * Father and a Son;
(Yet here ev'n Nature's ſelf did ſeem to be outdone)
From ſuch a Friendſhip unprovok'd to fall,
Is Crime enough; but oh, that ſuch a Crime were all
Which does, with too much Cauſe, ungrateful *Brutus* call!

VIII.

He calmly laid a long Deſign
Againſt his beſt and deareſt Friend;
Did all his Care and Credit bend
To Spirit others up, to work his barb'rous end;
Himſelf the Center where they all did join.
Caſar, mean time, fearleſs, and fond of him,
Was as induſtrious all the while
To give ſuch ample Marks of his Eſteem,
As made the Graveſt *Romans* ſmile
To ſee with how much eaſe Love can the Wiſe beguile.
For he, whom *Brutus* doom'd to bleed,
Did, ſetting his own Race aſide,
No leſs a thing for him provide,
Than to the World's great Empire to ſucceed:
Which we are bound in Juſtice to allow,
Is All-ſufficient Proof to ſhew
That *Brutus* did not ſtrike for his own ſake;
And if, alas, he fail'd, 'twas only by miſtake.

* Cæſar *was ſuſpected to have begotten* Brutus.

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An EPITAPH on the Lady WHITMORE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

FAIR, Kind, and True, a Treasure each alone;
A Wife, a Mistress, and a Friend in one;
Rest in this Tomb, rais'd at thy Husband's cost,
Here sadly summing, what he had, and lost.
Come Virgins, ere in equal Bands you join,
Come first and offer at her sacred Shrine;
Pray but for half the Virtues of this Wife,
Compound for all the rest, with longer Life.
And wish your Vows like hers may be return'd,
So Lov'd when Living, and when Dead so Mourn'd.

An EPITAPH on Sir PALMES FAIRBONE's Tomb in Westminster-Abby.

Sacred to the Immortal Memory of Sir Palmes Fairbone *Knight, Governor of* Tangier; *in Execution of which Command, he was mortally wounded by a Shot from the* Moors, *then Besieging the Town in the Forty Sixth Year of his Age.* October 24, 1680.

By the same Hand.

YE Sacred Relicks which your Marble keep,
Here undisturb'd by Wars in quiet sleep:
Discharge the Trust which when it was below
Fairbone's undaunted Soul did undergo,
And be the Town's *Palladium* from the Foe.
Alive and dead these Walls he will defend,
Great Actions great Examples must attend.
The *Candian* Siege his early Valour knew,
Where *Turkish* Blood did his young Hands imbrew.
From thence returning with deserv'd Applause,
Against the *Moors* his well-fleshed Sword he draws;
The same the Courage, and the same the Cause.

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His Youth and Age, his Life and Death combine,
As in ſome great and regular Deſign,
All of a Piece throughout, and all Divine.
Still nearer Heaven his Virtues ſhone more bright,
Like riſing Flames expanding in their height,
The *Martyr*'s Glory Crown'd the Soldier's Fight.
More bravely *Britiſh* General never fell,
Nor General's Death was e'er reveng'd ſo well,
Which his pleas'd Eyes beheld before their cloſe,
Follow'd by thouſand Victims of his Foes.
To his lamented loſs for time to come,
His pious Widow Conſecrates this Tomb.

Good Counſel to a young Maid.

By T. CAREW, *Eſq;*

WHen you the Sun-burnt Pilgrim ſee,
Fainting with Thirſt, haſte to the Springs;
Mark how at firſt with bended Knee
He courts the cryſtal Nymphs, and flings
His Body to the Earth; where he
Proſtrate adores the flowing Deity.

But when his ſweaty Face is drencht
In her cool Waves, when from her ſweet
Boſom his burning Thirſt is quench'd;
Then mark how with diſdainful Feet
He kicks her Banks, and from the place
That thus refreſh'd him, moves with ſullen pace.

So ſhalt thou be deſpis'd, fair Maid,
When by the ſated Lover taſted;
What firſt he did with Tears invade,
Shall afterwards with Scorn be waſted;
When all the Virgin-ſprings grow dry,
When no Streams ſhall be left, but in thine Eye.

ELEO-

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ELEONORA:

A PANEGYRICAL

POEM,

Dedicated to the

MEMORY

Of the Late

COUNTESS

OF

ABINGDON.

By Mr. *J. DRYDEN.*

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

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To the Right Honourable the

Earl of *Abingdon*, &c.

My LORD,

THE *Commands, with which You honour'd me ſome Months ago, are now perform'd: They had been ſooner; but betwixt ill Health, ſome Buſineſs, and many Troubles, I was forc'd to deferr them till this time.* Ovid, *going to his Baniſhment, and Writing from on Shipboard to his Friends, excus'd the Faults of his Poetry by his Misfortunes; and told them, that good Verſes never flow, but from a ſerene and compos'd Spirit. Wit, which is a kind of* Mercury, *with Wings faſten'd to his Head and Heels, can fly but ſlowly, in a damp Air. I therefore choſe rather to Obey You late than ill: if at leaſt I am capable of Writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy Your Peruſal and Your Patronage. I cannot ſay that I have eſcap'd from a Shipwreck; but have only gain'd a Rock by hard Swimming; where I may pant a while and gather breath: For the Doctors give me a ſad Aſſurance, that my Diſeaſe never took its leave of any Man, but with a purpoſe to return. However, my Lord, I have laid hold on the Interval, and manag'd*

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the small Stock which Age has left me to the best advantage, in performing this inconsiderable service to my Lady's Memory We, who are Priests of Apollo, have not the Inspiration when we please; but must wait till the God comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury, which we are not able to resist: which gives us double Strength while the Fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent, at its departure. Let me not seem to boast, my Lord; for I have really felt it on this Occasion; and prophecy'd beyond my natural Power. Let me add, and hope to be believ'd that the Excellency of the Subject contributed much to the Happiness of the Execution: And that the weight of thirty Years was taken off me, while I was writing. I swom with the Tyde, and the Water under me was buoyant. The Reader will easily observe, that I was transported by the multitude and variety of my Similitudes; which are generally the product of a luxuriant Fancy; and the wantonness of Wit. Had I call'd in my Judgment to my assistance, I had certainly retrench'd many of them. But I defend them not; let them pass for beautiful faults amongst the better sort of Critiques: For the whole Poem, though written in that which they call Heroique Verse, is of the Pindarique nature, as well in the Thoughts as the Expression; and as such, requires the same grains of allowance for it. It was intended as Your Lordship sees in the Title not for an Elegie, but a Panegyrique. A kind of Apotheosis, indeed; if a Heathen Word may be applied to a Christian use. And on all Occasions of Praise, if we take the Ancients for our Patterns we are bound by Prescription to employ the magnificence of Words and the force of Figures, to adorn the sublimity of Thoughts. Isocrates amongst the Grecian Orators, and Cicero, and the

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younger Pliny, *amongſt the* Romans, *have left us their Precedents for our ſecurity: For I think I need not mention the inimitable* Pindar, *who ſtretches on theſe Pinnions out of ſight and is carried upward, as it were, into another World*

This at leaſt, my Lord, I may juſtly plead, that if I have not perform'd ſo well as I think I have, yet I have us'd my beſt endeavours to excel my ſelf. One Diſadvantage I have had, which is, never to have known or ſeen my Lady: And to draw the Lineaments of her Mind, from the Deſcription which I have receiv'd from others, is for a Painter to ſee himſelf at work without the living Original before him. Which the more beautiful it is will be ſo much the more difficult for him to conceive; when he has only a Relation given him of ſuch and ſuch Features by an Acquaintance or a Friend; without the Nice Touches which give the beſt Reſemblance and make the Graces of the Picture. Every Artiſt is apt enough to flatter himſelf (and I amongſt the reſt) that their own ocular Obſervations, would have diſcover'd more Perfections, at leaſt others, than have been deliver'd to them: Though I have receiv'd mine from the beſt Hands, that is from Perſons who neither want a juſt Underſtanding of my Lady's Worth, nor a due Veneration for her Memory.

Doctor Donne, *the greateſt Wit though not the greateſt Poet of our Nation, acknowledges, that he had never ſeen Mrs.* Drury, *whom he has made Immortal in his admirable Anniverſaries. I have had the ſame Fortune; though I have not ſucceeded to the ſame Genius. However, I have follow'd his Footſteps in the Deſign of his Panegyrick; which was to raiſe an Emulation in the Living, to Copy out the Example of the Dead. And therefore it was, that I once*

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intended to have call'd this Poem the Pattern: *And though on a ſecond Conſideration, I chang'd the Title into the Name of that Illuſtrious Perſon, yet the Deſign continues, and* Eleonora *is ſtill the Pattern of Charity, Devotion, and Humility; of the beſt Wife, the beſt Mother, and the beſt of Friends.*

And now, my Lord, though I have endeavour'd to anſwer Your Commands, yet I cou'd not anſwer it to the World, not to my Conſcience, if I gave not Your Lordſhip my Teſtimony of being the beſt Husband now living: I ſay my Teſtimony only: For the Praiſe of it, is given You by Your ſelf. They who deſpiſe the Rules of Virtue both in their Practice and their Morals, will think this a very trivial Commendation. But I think it the peculiar Happineſs of the Countеſs of Abingdon, *to have been ſo truly lov'd by you, while ſhe was living, and ſo gratefully honour'd, after ſhe was dead. Few there are who have either had or cou'd have ſuch a loſs; and yet fewer who carried their Love and Conſtancy beyond the Grave. The exteriours of Mourning, a decent Funeral, and black Habits, are the uſual ſtints of Common Husbands: and perhaps their Wives deſerve no better than to be mourn'd with Hypocriſie, and forgot with eaſe. But you have diſtinguiſh'd your ſelf from ordinary Lovers by a real and laſting Grief for the Deceas'd: And by endeavouring to raiſe for her, the moſt durable Monument, which is that of Verſe. And ſo it would have prov'd, if the Workman had been equal to the Work; and your Choice of the Artificer, as happy as your Deſign. Yet, as* Phidias *when he had made the Statue of* Minerva, *cou'd not forbear to ingrave his own Name, as Author of the Piece: ſo give me leave to hope, that by Subſcribing mine to this Poem, I may live by the Goddeſs, and tranſmit*

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my name to Poſterity by the Memory of Hers. 'Tis no flattery, to aſſure your Lordſhip, that ſhe is remember'd in the preſent Age, by all who have had the Honour of her Converſation and Acquaintance: And that I have never been in any Company ſince the News of her Death was firſt brought me, where they have not extoll'd her Virtues; and even ſpoken the ſame things of her in Proſe, which I have done in Verſe.

I therefore think my ſelf oblig'd to thank Your Lordſhip for the Commiſſion which you have given me: How I have acquitted my ſelf of it, muſt be left to the Opinion of the World, in ſpight of any Proteſtation, which I can enter againſt the preſent Age, as Incompetent, or corrupt Judges. For my Comfort they are but Engliſhmen, and as ſuch, if they Think ill of me to Day, they are inconſtant enough to Think well of me to Morrow. And, after all, I have not much to thank my Fortune that I was born amongſt them. The good of both Sexes are ſo few, in England, *that they ſtand like Exceptions againſt General Rules: And though one of them has deſerv'd a greater Commendation, than I cou'd give her, they have taken care, that I ſhould not tire my Pen, with frequent exerciſe on the like Subjects; that Praiſes, like Taxes, ſhou'd be appropriated; and left almoſt as Individual as the Perſon. They ſay my Talent is Satyr; if it be ſo, 'tis a fruitful Age; and there is an extraordinary Crop to gather. But a ſingle Hand is inſufficient for ſuch a Harveſt: They have ſown the Dragons Teeth themſelves, and 'tis but juſt they ſhould reap each other in Lampoons. You, my Lord, who have the Character of Honour, though 'tis not my Happineſs to know You may ſtand aſide, with the ſmall Remainders of the* Engliſh

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Nobility, truly such, and imbrace your selves; behold the mad Combus. If I have pleas'd you, and some few others, I have obtain'd my end. You see, I have disabled my self like an Elected Speaker of the House; yet like him I have undertaken the Charge; and find the Burden sufficiently recompenc'd by the Honour. Be pleas'd to accept of these my Unworthy Labours, this Paper Monument; and let her Pious Memory, which I am sure is Sacred to You, not only Plead the Pardon of my many Faults, but gain me Your Protection, which is ambitiously sought by

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient Servant,

John Dryden.

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ELEONORA: *A Panegyrical Poem, Dedicated to the Memory of the late Countess of* ABINGDON.

AS when some Great and Gracious Monarch dies,
Soft Whispers, first, and mournful Murmurs rise
Among the sad Attendants; then the sound
Soon gathers Voice, and spreads the News around;
Through Town and Country, till the dreadful blast
Is blown to distant Colonies at last;
Who, then perhaps, were offering Vows in vain,
For his long Life, and for his happy Reign:
So slowly, by Degrees, unwilling Fame
Did Matchless *Eleonora*'s fate proclaim,
Till publick as the Loss, the News became.
The Nation felt it, in th' extremest Parts;
With Eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding Hearts:
But most the Poor, whom daily she supply'd;
Beginning to be such, but when she dy'd:
For, while she liv'd, they slept in Peace by Night;
Secure of Bread, as of returning Light;
And, with such firm Dependance on the Day,
That Need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray:
So sure the Dole, so ready at their Call,
They stood prepar'd to see the Manna fall.
Such Multitudes she fed, she cloath'd, she nurst,
That she, her self, might fear her wanting first.
Of her five Talents, other five she made;
Heaven, that had largely giv'n, was largely pay'd.

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And in few Lives, in wondrous few, we find
A Fortune better fitted to the Mind.
Nor did her Alms from Oſtentation fall,
Or proud deſire of Praiſe; the Soul gave all:
Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a Bribe appear,
No leſs than Heaven; to heap huge Treaſures there.
Want paſs'd for Merit, at her open Door,
Heaven ſaw, he ſafely might increaſe his Poor,
And truſt their Suſtenance with her ſo well,
As not to be at charge of Miracle.
None cou'd be needy, whom ſhe ſaw, or knew;
All, in the Compaſs of her Sphear, ſhe drew:
He who cou'd touch her Garment, was as ſure,
As the firſt Chriſtians of th' Apoſtle's Cure.
The diſtant heard, by Fame, her pious Deeds;
And laid her up, for their extreameſt Needs;
A future Cordial, for a fainting Mind;
For, what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find;
Each in his turn: The Rich might freely come,
As to a Friend; but to the Poor, 'twas Home.
As to ſome Holy Houſe th' Afflicted came;
The Hunger-ſtarv'd, the Naked, and the Lame;
Want and Diſeaſes fled before her Name.
For Zeal like hers, her Servants were too ſlow;
She was the firſt, where need requir'd, to go;
Her ſelf the Foundreſs, and Attendant too.
Sure ſhe had Gueſts ſometimes to entertain,
Gueſts in Diſguiſe, of her great Maſter's Train:
Her Lord himſelf might come, for ought we know;
Since in a Servant's Form he liv'd below:
Beneath her Roof, he might be pleas'd to ſtay;
Or ſome benighted Angel, in his way
Might eaſe his Wings; and ſeeing Heav'n appears
In its beſt Work of Mercy, think it there,
Where all the Deeds of Charity and Love
Were in as conſtant Method, as above,
All carry'd on; all of a Piece with theirs;
As free her Alms, as diligent her Cares;
As loud her Praiſes, and as warm her Pray'rs.

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Yet was she not profuse; but fear'd to waste,
And wisely manag'd, that the Stock might last;
That all might be supply'd; and she not grieve
When Crouds appear'd, she had not to relieve.
Which to prevent, she still increas'd her Store;
Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give the more:
So *Pharaoh*, or some Greater King than he,
Provided for the seventh Necessity:
Taught from above, his Magazines to frame;
That Famine was prevented e'er it came.
Thus Heaven, though All-sufficient, shows a thrift
In his Oeconomy, and bounds his Gift:
Creating for our Day, one single Light;
And his Reflection too supplies the Night:
Perhaps a thousand other Worlds, that lye
Remote from us, and latent in the Sky,
Are lighten'd by his Beams, and kindly nurst;
Of which our Earthly Dunghil is the worst.

Now, as all Virtues keep the middle Line,
Yet somewhat more to one Extream incline,
Such was her Soul; abhorring Avarice,
Bounteous, but almost bounteous to a Vice:
Had she giv'n more, it had Profusion been,
And turn'd th' Excess of Goodness into Sin.

These Virtues rais'd her Fabrick to the Sky;
For that which is next Heav'n, is Charity.
But, as high Turrets, for their Ay'ry steep
Require Foundations, in Proportion deep;
And lofty Cedars, as far upwards shoot,
As to the neather Heavens they drive the Root;
So low did her secure Foundation lye,
She was not humble, but Humility.
Scarcely she knew that she was Great, or Fair,
Or Wise, beyond what other Women are,
Or, which is better, knew; but never durst compare,
For to be conscious of what all admire,
And not be vain, advances Virtue high'r:
But still she found, or rather thought she found,
Her own Worth wanting, others to abound:

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Aſcrib'd above their due to ev'ry one,
Unjuſt and ſcanty to her ſelf alone.
Such her Devotion was, as might give Rules
Of Speculation, to diſputing Schools;
And teach us equally the Scales to hold
Betwixt the two Extreams of hot and cold;
That pious Heat may mod'rately prevail,
And we be warm'd, but not be ſcorch'd with Zeal.
Buſineſs might ſhorten, not diſturb her Pray'r;
Heaven had the beſt, if not the greater ſhare.
An active Life, long Oraiſons forbids;
Yet ſtill ſhe pray'd, for ſtill ſhe pray'd by Deeds.
Her ev'ry Day was Sabbath: Only free
From Hours of Pray'r, for Hours of Charity.
Such as the Jews from ſervile Toil releaſt;
Where Works of Mercy were a part of Reſt:
Such as bleſt Angels exerciſe above,
Vary'd with Sacred Hymns and Acts of Love;
Such Sabbaths as that one ſhe now enjoys,
Ev'n that perpetual one, which ſhe employs,
(For ſuch Viciſſitudes in Heav'n there are)
In Praiſe alternate, and alternate Pray'r.
All this ſhe practis'd here; that when ſhe ſprung
Amidſt the Quires, at the firſt ſight ſhe ſung.
Sung, and was ſung her ſelf in Angels Lays;
For praiſing her, they did her Maker praiſe.
All Offices of Heav'n ſo well ſhe knew,
Before ſhe came, that nothing there was new.
And ſhe was ſo familiarly receiv'd,
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.
Muſe, down again precipitate thy Flight;
For how can Mortal Eyes ſuſtain Immortal Light?
But as the Sun in Water we can bear,
Yet not the Sun, but his Reflection there,
So let us view her here, in what ſhe was;
And take her Image, in this watry Glaſs:
Yet look not ev'ry Lineament to ſee;
Some will be caſt in Shades; and ſome will be
So lamely drawn, you ſcarcely know, 'tis ſhe.

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For where ſuch various Virtues we recite,
'Tis like the Milky-Way, all over bright,
But ſown ſo thick with Stars, 'tis undiſtinguiſh'd Light.
Her Virtue, not her Virtues let us call,
For one Heroick comprehends 'em all:
One, as a Conſtellation is but one;
Though 'tis a Train of Stars, that, rolling on,
Riſe in their turn, and in the Zodiack run.
Ever in Motion; now 'tis Faith aſcends,
Now Hope, now Charity, that upward tends,
And downwards with diffuſive Good deſcends.
As in Perfumes compos'd with Art and Coſt,
'Tis hard to ſay what Scent is uppermoſt;
Nor this part Muſk or Civet can we call,
Or Amber, but a rich Reſult of all;
So, ſhe was all a Sweet; whoſe ev'ry part,
In due Proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's Art.
No ſingle Virtue we cou'd moſt commend;
Whether the Wife, the Mother, or the Friend;
For ſhe was all, in that ſupreme degree,
That, as no one prevail'd, ſo all was ſhe.
The ſev'ral parts lay hidden in the Piece;
Th' Occaſion but exerted that, or this.
A Wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the firſt Woman was, before her Fall:
Made for the Man, of whom ſhe was a part;
Made, to attract his Eyes, and keep his Heart.
A ſecond *Eve*, but by no Crime accurſt;
As beauteous, not as brittle as the firſt.
Had ſhe been firſt, ſtill Paradiſe had been,
And Death had found no Entrance by her Sin.
So ſhe not only had preſerv'd from Ill
Her Sex and ours, but liv'd their Pattern ſtill.
Love and Obedience to her Lord ſhe bore,
She much obey'd him, but ſhe lov'd him more.
Not aw'd to Duty by ſuperior Sway,
But taught by his Indulgence to obey.
Thus we love God as Author of our Good;
So Subjects love juſt Kings, or ſo they ſhou'd.

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Nor was it with Ingratitude return'd;
In equal Fires the bliſsful Couple burn'd:
One Joy poſſeſs'd 'em both, and in one Grief they mourn'd.
His Paſſion ſtill improv'd: he lov'd ſo faſt
As if he fear'd each Day wou'd be her laſt.
Too true a Prophet to foreſee the Fate
That ſhou'd ſo ſoon divide their happy State:
When he to Heav'n entirely muſt reſtore
That Love, that Heart, where he went halves before.
Yet as the Soul is all in ev'ry part,
So God and He might each have all her Heart.
So had her Children too; for Charity
Was not more fruitful, or more kind than ſhe:
Each under other by degrees they grew;
A goodly Perſpective of diſtant View:
Anchiſes look'd not with ſo pleas'd a Face
In numb'ring o'er his future *Roman* Race,
And Marſhalling the Heroes of his Name.
As, in their Order, next to Light they came;
Nor *Cybele* with half ſo kind an Eye,
Survey'd her Sons and Daughters of the Sky.
Proud, ſhall I ſay, of her immortal Fruit,
As far as Pride with Heav'nly Minds may ſuit.
Her pious Love excell'd to all the more;
New Objects only multiply'd it more.
And as the Choſen found the pearly Grain
As much as ev'ry Veſſel cou'd contain;
As in the Bliſsful Viſion each ſhall ſhare,
As much of Glory, as his Soul can bear;
So did ſhe love, and ſo diſpenſe her Care.
Her eldeſt thus, by conſequence, was beſt;
As longer cultivated than the reſt:
The Babe had all that Infant-care beguiles,
And early knew his Mother in her Smiles:
But when dilated Organs let in Day
To the young Soul, and gave it room to play,
At his firſt Aptneſs, the Maternal Love
Thoſe Rudiments of Reaſon did improve:

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The tender Age was pliant to command;
Like Wax it yielded to the forming Hand:
True to th' Artificer, the labour'd Mind
With Eaſe was pious, generous, juſt and kind;
Soft for Impreſſion from the firſt, prepar'd,
Till Virtue, with long Exerciſe, grew hard;
With ev'ry Act confirm'd; and made, at laſt
So durable, as not to be effac'd,
It turn'd to Habit; and, from Vices free,
Goodneſs reſolv'd into Neceſſity.
Thus fix'd ſhe Virtue's Image, that's her own,
Till the whole Mother in the Children ſhone;
For that was their Perfection: She was ſuch,
They never cou'd expreſs her Mind too much.
So unexhauſted her Perfections were,
That, for more Children, ſhe had more to ſpare;
For Souls unborn, whom her untimely Death
Depriv'd of Bodies, and of mortal Breath;
And (cou'd they take th' Impreſſions of her Mind)
Enough ſtill left to ſanctifie her Kind.
Then wonder not to ſee this Soul extend
The Bounds, and ſeek ſome other ſelf, a Friend:
As ſwelling Seas to gentle Rivers glide,
To ſeek repoſe, and empty out the Tide;
So this full Soul, in narrow Limits pent,
Unable to contain her, ſought a Vent,
To iſſue out, and in ſome friendly Breaſt
Diſcharge her Treaſures, and ſecurely reſt.
T' unboſom all the Secrets of her Heart,
Take good Advice, but better to impart.
For 'tis the bliſs of Friendſhip's holy State
To mix their Minds, and to communicate;
Though Bodies cannot, Souls can penetrate.
Fixt to her Choice; inviolably true;
And wiſely chuſing, for ſhe choſe but few.
Some ſhe muſt have; but in no one cou'd find
A Tally fitted for ſo large a Mind.
The Souls of Friends, like Kings in Progreſs are;
Still in their own, though from the Palace far:

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Thus her Friend's Heart her Country Dwelling was,
A ſweet Retirement to a courſer Place:
Where Pomp and Ceremonies enter'd not;
Where Greatneſs was ſhut out, and Bus'neſs well forgot.
This is th' imperfect Draught; but ſhort as far
As the true Height and Bigneſs of a Star
Exceeds the Meaſures of th' Aſtronomer.
She ſhines above, we know, but in what place,
How near the Throne, and Heav'ns Imperial Face,
By our weak Opticks is but vainly gueſt;
Diſtance and Altitude conceal the reſt.
Tho' all theſe rare Endowments of the Mind
Were in a narrow Space of Life confin'd,
The Figure was with full Perfection crown'd;
Though not ſo large an Orb, as truly round.
As when in Glory, through the publick Place,
The Spoils of conquer'd Nations were to paſs,
And but one Day for Triumph was allow'd,
The Conſul was conſtrain'd his Pomp to crowd;
And ſo the ſwift Proceſſion hurry'd on,
That all, though not diſtinctly, might be ſhown;
So, in the ſtraiten'd Bounds of Life confin'd,
She gave but glimpſes of her glorious Mind:
And Multitudes of Virtues paſs'd along;
Each preſſing foremoſt in the mighty Throng;
Ambitious to be ſeen, and then make Room,
For greater Multitudes that were to come.
Yet unemploy'd no Minute ſlipt away;
Moments were precious in ſo ſhort a ſtay.
The haſte of Heav'n to have her was ſo great,
That ſome were ſingle Acts, though each compleat;
But ev'ry Act ſtood ready to repeat.
Her fellow Saints with buſie Care will look
For her bleſt Name, in Fate's eternal Book
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with Joy will ſee
Numberleſs Virtues, endleſs Charity;
But more will wonder at ſo ſhort an Age;
To find a Blank beyond the thirti'th Page;

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And with a pious Fear begin to doubt
The Piece imperfect, and the rest torn out.
But 'twas her Saviour's time; and, cou'd there be
A Copy near th' Original, 'twas she.
As precious Gums are not for lasting Fire,
They but Perfume the Temple, and expire:
So was she soon exhal'd; and vanish'd hence;
A short sweet Odour, of a vast Expence.
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she dy'd;
For but a Now, did Heav'n and Earth divide:
She pass'd serenely with a single Breath,
This Moment perfect Health, the next was Death:
One Sigh, did her eternal Bliss assure;
So little Penance needs, when Souls are almost pure,
As gentle Dreams our waking Thoughts pursue;
Or, one Dream pass'd, we slide into a new;
(So close they follow, such wild Order keep,
We think our selves awake, and are asleep:)
So softly Death succeeded Life in her;
She did but dream of Heav'n, and she was there.
No Pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with Noise;
Her Soul was whisper'd out with God's still Voice:
As an old Friend is beckon'd to a Feast,
And treated like a long familiar Guest;
He took her as he found; but found her so,
As one in hourly Readiness to go.
Ev'n on that Day, in all her Trim prepar'd;
As early Notice she from Heav'n had heard,
And some descending Courtier, from above
Had giv'n her timely Warning to remove:
Or counsel'd her to dress the nuptial Room;
For on that Night the Bridegroom was to come.
He kept his Hour, and found her where she lay
Cloath'd all in white, the Liv'ry of the Day:
Scarce had she sinn'd, in Thought, or Word, or Act;
Unless Omissions were to pass for Fact:
That hardly Death a Consequence cou'd draw,
To make her liable to Nature's Law.

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And that ſhe dy'd we only have to ſhow;
The mortal part of her ſhe left below:
The reſt (ſo ſmooth, ſo ſuddenly ſhe went)
Look'd like Tranſlation, through the Firmament;
Or like the fiery Carr, on the third Errand ſent.

O happy Soul! if thou canſt view from high,
Where thou art all Intelligence, all Eye,
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find'ſt, that any way be pervious,
Survey the Ruins of thy Houſe, and ſee
Thy widow'd, and thy Orphan Family;
Look on thy tender Pledges left behind:
And, if thou canſt a vacant Minute find
From Heavenly Joys, that Interval afford
To thy ſad Children, and thy mourning Lord.
See how they grieve, miſtaken in their Love,
And ſhed a Beam of Comfort from above;
Give 'em, as much as mortal Eyes can bear,
A tranſient View of thy full Glories there;
That they with mod'rate Sorrow may ſuſtain
And mollifie their Loſſes, in thy Gain.
Or elſe divide the Grief, for ſuch thou wert,
That thou'd not all Relations bear a part,
It were enough to break a ſingle Heart.

Let this ſuffice: Nor thou, great Saint, refuſe
This humble Tribute of no vulgar Muſe:
Who, not by Cares, or Wants, or Age deprest,
Stems a wild Deluge with a dauntleſs Breaſt:
And dares to ſing thy Praiſes in a Clime
Where Vice triumphs, and Virtue is a Crime;
Where ev'n to draw the Picture of thy Mind,
Is Satyr on the moſt of Human Kind:
Take it, while yet 'tis Praiſe; before my Rage,
Unſafely juſt, break looſe on this bad Age;
So bad, that thou thy ſelf hadſt no Defence
From Vice, but barely by departing hence.

Be what, and where thou art: To wiſh thy place,
Were in the beſt, Preſumption more than Grace.

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Thy Reliques (such thy Works of Mercy are)
Have, in this Poem, been my holy care.
As Earth thy Body keeps, thy Soul the Sky,
So shall this Verse preserve thy Memory;
For thou shalt make it live, because it sings of thee.

RONDELAY.

By the same Hand.

CHLOE found *Amyntas* lying
All in Tears, upon the Plain;
Sighing to himself, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Kiss me, Dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my Pain!

II.

Sighing to himself, and crying
Wretched I, to love in vain:
Ever scorning and denying
To reward your faithful Swain:
Kiss me, Dear, before my dying:
Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

III.

Ever scorning, and denying
To reward your faithful Swain;
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain:
Kiss me, Dear, before my dying:
Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

IV.

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain:
But repenting, and complying,
When he kiss'd, she kiss'd again:
Kiss'd him up, before his dying;
Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

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To the Pious Memory of the Accomplish'd Young Lady, Mrs. ANNE KILLIGREW, *Excellent in the two Sister-Arts of Poesie, and Painting. An* ODE.

By the same Hand.

THou youngest Virgin-Daughter of the Skies,
Made in the last Promotion of the *Blest*;
Whose Palms, new pluckt from Paradise,
In spreading *Branches* more sublimely rise,
Rich with Immortal Green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some Neighbouring Star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring Race,
Or, in Procession fixt and regular,
Mov'd with the Heav'ens Majestick Pace;
Or, call'd to more Superiour *Bliss*,
Thou tread'st, with Seraphims, the vast *Abyss*:
Whatever happy Region is thy place,
Cease thy Celestial Song a little space;
(Thou wilt have time enough for Hymns Divine,
Since Heav'ns Eternal Year is thine.)
Hear then a Mortal Muse thy Praise rehearse,
In no ignoble Verse;
But such as thy own Voice did practise here,
When thy first Fruits of Poesie were giv'n;
To make thy self a welcome Inmate there:
While yet a young Probationer,
And Candidate of Heav'n.

II.

If by Traduction came thy Mind,
Our Wonder is the less to find
A Soul so charming from a Stock so good;
Thy Father was transfus'd into thy *Blood*:
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
(An early, rich, and inexhausted Vein.)
But if thy Præexisting Soul
Was form'd, at first, with Myriads more,

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It did through all the Mighty Poets roul,
Who *Greek* or *Latin* Laurels wore,
And was that *Sappho* laſt, which once it was before.
If ſo, then ceaſe thy flight, *O Heaven-born Mind*!
Thou haſt no *Droſs* to purge from thy rich Ore:
Nor can thy Soul a fairer Manſion find,
Than was the *Beauteous* Frame ſhe left behind:
Return to fill or mend the Quire, of thy Celeſtial [kind.

III.

May we preſume to ſay, that at thy *Birth*,
New joy was ſprung in *Heav'n*, as well as here on *Earth*.
For ſure the Milder Planets did combine
On thy *Auſpicious* Horoſcope to ſhine,
And ev'n the moſt Malicious were in Trine.
Thy *Brother-Angels* at thy *Birth*
Strung each his Lyre, and turn'd it high,
That all the People of the Sky
Might know a Poeteſs was born on Earth.
And then, if ever, Mortals Ears
Had heard the Muſick of the Spheres!
And if no cluſt'ring Swarm of *Bees*
On thy ſweet Mouth diſtill'd their golden Dew,
'Twas that, ſuch vulgar Miracles,
Heav'n had not Leaſure to renew:
For all thy *Bleſt* Fraternity of Love
Solemniz'd there thy *Birth*, and kept thy Holy-day [above:

IV.

O Gracious God! How far have we
Profan'd thy Heav'nly Gift of Poeſy?
Made proſtitute and profligate the Muſe,
Debas'd to each obſcene and impious uſe,
Whoſe Harmony was firſt ordain'd *Above*
For Tongues of *Angels*, and for *Hymns* of *Love*?
O wretched We! why were we hurry'd down
This lubrique and adult'rate Age,
(Nay added fat Pollutions of our own)
T' increaſe the ſteaming Ordures of the Stage?
What can we ſay t'excuſe our *Second Fall*?
Let this thy *Veſtal*, Heaven, attone for all:

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Her *Arethusian* Stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmixt with Foreign Filth, and undefil'd,
Her Wit was more than Man, her Innocence a Child!

V.

Art she had none, yet wanted none:
For Nature did that Want supply,
So rich in Treasures of her Own,
She might our boasted *Stores* defy:
Such Noble Vigour did her Verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
Her Morals too were in her *Bosom* bred,
By great Examples daily fed,
What in the best of *Books*, her Father's Life, she read.
And to be read her self she need not fear,
Each Test, and ev'ry Light, her Muse will bear,
Though *Epictetus* with his Lamp were there.
Ev'n Love (for Love sometimes her Muse expreſt)
Was but a *Lambent-flame* which play'd about her *Breast*:
Light as the Vapours of a Morning Dream,
So cold her self, whilst she such Warmth expreſt,
'Twas *Cupid* bathing in *Diana*'s Stream.

VI.

Born to the Spacious Empire of the *Nine*,
One wou'd have thought, she shou'd have been content
To manage well that Mighty Government;
But what can young ambitious Souls confine?
To the next Realm she stretcht her Sway,
For *Painture* near adjoining lay,
A plenteous Province, and alluring Prey.
A Chamber of Dependences was fram'd,
(As Conquerors will never want Pretence,
When arm'd, to justifie th' Offence)
And the whole Fief, in right of Poetry she claim'd.
The Country open lay without Defence:
For Poets frequent Inrodes there had made,
And perfectly cou'd represent
The Shape, the Face, with ev'ry Lineament;
And all the large Domains which the *Dumb-sister* sway'd,

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All bow'd beneath her Government,
Receiv'd in Triumph wheresoe'er she went,
Her Pencil drew, whate'er her Soul design'd,
And of the *happy Draught* surpass'd the *Image* in her [*Mind*.
The *Sylvan* Scenes of Herds and Flocks,
And fruitful Plains and barren Rocks,
Of shallow *Brooks* that flow'd so clear,
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler Floods,
Which as in Mirrors, shew'd the Woods;
Of lofty Trees, with Sacred Shades,
And Perspectives of pleasant Glades,
Where Nymphs of brightest Form appear,
And shaggy Satyrs standing near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The Ruins too of some Majestick Piece,
Boasting the Pow'r of ancient *Rome* or *Greece*,
Whose Statues, Freezes, Columns broken lie,
And tho' defac'd, the Wonder of the Eye,
What *Nature*, *Art*, bold *Fiction* e'er durst Frame,
Her forming Hand gave Feature to the Name.
So strange a Concourse ne'er was seen before,
But when the peopl'd *Ark* the whole Creation bore.

VII.

The Scene then chang'd, with bold Erected Look
Our Martial King the sight with Reverence strook:
For not content t' express his Outward Part,
Her Hand call'd out the Image of his Heart,
His Warlike Mind, his Soul devoid of Fear,
His High-designing *Thoughts*, were figur'd there,
As when, by Magick, Ghosts are made appear.
Our Phenix Queen was pourtrai'd too so bright,
Beauty alone cou'd *Beauty* take so right:
Her Dress, her Shape, her matchless Grace,
Were all observ'd, as well as Heavenly Face.
With such a Peerless Majesty she stands,
As in that Day she took the Crown from sacred Hands:
Before a Train of Heroines was seen,
In *Beauty* foremost, as in Rank, the Queen!

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Thus nothing to her *Genius* was deny'd,
But like a *Ball* of Fire the further thrown,
Still with a greater *Blaze* she shone,
And her bright Soul broke out on ev'ry side.
What next she had design'd, Heaven only knows,
To such Immod'rate Growth her Conquest rose,
That Fate alone its Progress cou'd oppose.

VIII.

Now all those Charms, that blooming Grace,
The well-proportion'd Shape, and beauteous Face,
Shall never more be seen by Mortal Eyes;
In Earth the much lamented Virgin lies!
Not Wit, nor Piety cou'd Fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel *Destiny* content
To finish all the Murder at a blow,
To sweep at once her *Life*, and *Beauty* too,
But, like a harden'd Felon, took a pride
To work more Mischievously slow,
And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
O double Sacrilege on things Divine,
To rob the Relique, and deface the Shrine!
But thus *Orinda* dy'd:
Heaven, by the same Disease, did both translate,
As equal were their Souls, so equal was their Fate.

IX.

Mean time her *Warlike Brother* on the Seas
His waving Streamers to the Winds displays,
And Vows for his Return, with vain Devotion, pays.
Ah, Generous Youth, that Wish forbear,
The Winds too soon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy Sails, and fear to come,
Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at home!
No more shalt thou behold thy Sister's Face,
Thou hast already had her last Embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far,
Among the *Pleiad's* a New-kindl'd Star,
If any Sparkles, than the rest, more bright,
'Tis she that shines in that propitious Light.

X. When

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X.

When in mid-Air the Golden Trump ſhall ſound
To raiſe the Nations under Ground;
When in the Valley of *Jehoſaphat*,
The Judging God ſhall cloſe the Book of Fate;
And there the laſt *Aſſizes* keep,
For thoſe who Wake, and thoſe who Sleep:
When ratling *Bones* together fly,
From the four Corners of the Sky,
When Sinews o'er the Skeletons are ſpread,
Thoſe cloath'd with Fleſh, and Life inſpires the Dead;
The Sacred Poets firſt ſhall hear the Sound,
And foremoſt from the Tomb ſhall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lighteſt Ground,
And ſtreight, with in-born Vigour, on the Wing
Like mounting Larks, to the New Morning ſing.
There *Thou*, ſweet Saint, before the Quire ſhalt go,
As Harbinger of Heaven, the Way to ſhow,
The Way which thou ſo well haſt learnt below.

NYMPHIDIA. *The Court of* FAYRIE.

By MICHAEL DRAYTON, *Eſq*;

OLD *Chaucer* doth of *Topas* tell,
Mad *Rablais* of *Pantagruell*,
A latter third of *Dowſabell*,
With ſuch poor trifles playing:
Others the like have labour'd at,
Some of this thing, and ſome of that,
And many of they know not what,
But that they muſt be ſaying.

Another ſort there be, that will
Be talking of the Fayries ſtill,
Nor never can they have their fill,
As they were wedded to them;

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No Tales of them their Thirſt can ſlake,
So much delight therein they take,
And ſome ſtrange thing they fain would make,
Knew they the way to do them.

Then ſince no Muſe hath been ſo bold,
Or of the Later, or the Old,
Thoſe Elviſh Secrets to unfold,
Which lye from others reading,
My active Muſe to light ſhall bring
The Court of that proud Fayrie King,
And tell there of the Revelling,
Joan proſper my proceeding.

And thou *Nymphidia* gentle *Fay*,
Which meeting me upon the way,
Theſe Secrets didſt to me bewray,
Which now I am in telling:
My pretty light fantaſtick Maid,
I here invoke thee to my Aid,
That I may ſpeak what thou haſt ſaid,
In Numbers ſmoothly ſwelling.

This Palace ſtandeth in the Air,
By Necromancy placed there,
That it no Tempeſts needs to fear,
Which way ſo ere it blow it.
And ſomewhat Southward tow'rd the Noon,
Whence lies a way up to the Moon,
And thence the *Fayrie* can as ſoon
Paſs to the Earth below it.

The Walls of Spiders Legs are made,
Well mortized and finely laid,
He was the maſter of his Trade
It curiouſly that builded:
The Windows of the Eyes of Cats,
And for the Roof, inſtead of Slats,

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Is cover'd with the Skins of Batts,
That are with Moon-shine gilded.

Hence *Oberon* him sport to make,
(Their rest when weary Mortals take)
And none but only *Fayries* wake,
Descendeth for his pleasure.
And *Mab* his merry Queen by night
Bestrides young Folks that lye upright,
(In elder Times the *Mare* that hight)
Which plagues them out of measure.

Hence Shadows, seeming Idle Shapes,
Of little frisking Elves and Apes,
To Earth do make their wanton Scapes,
As hope of pastime hastes them:
Which Maids think on the Hearth they see,
When Fires well near consumed be,
There dancing Hays by two and three,
Just as their Fancy casts them.

These make our Girls their sluttery rue,
By pinching them both black and blue;
And put a penny in their shooe,
The House for cleanly sweeping:
And in their courses make that Round,
In Meadows, and in Marshes found,
Of them so call'd the *Fayrie* ground,
Of which they have the keeping.

These when a Child haps to be got,
Which after proves an Idiot,
When Folk perceives it thriveth not,
The fault therein to smother:
Some silly doting brainless Calf,
That understands things by the half,
Says that the *Fayrie* left this Oafe,
And took away the other.

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But liſten, and I ſhall you tell,
A chance in *Fayrie* that befell,
Which certainly may pleaſe ſome well;
In Love and Arms delighting:
Of *Oberon* that Jealous grew,
Of one of his own *Fayrie* crue,
Too well (he fear'd) his Queen that knew,
His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggen was this *Fayrie* Knight,
One wondrous gracious in the ſight
Of fair Queen *Mab*, which day and night
He amorouſly obſerved;
Which made King *Oberon* ſuſpect
His Service took too good effect,
His ſaucineſs he often checkt,
And could have wiſht him ſtarved.

Pigwiggen gladly would commend,
Some token to Queen *Mab* to ſend,
If Sea, or Land, him ought could lend,
Were worthy of her wearing:
At length this Lover doth deviſe,
A Bracelet made of Emmetts Eyes,
A thing he thought that ſhe would prize,
No whit her ſtate impairing.

And to the Queen a Letter writes,
Which he moſt curiouſly endites,
Conjuring her by all the rites
Of Love, ſhe would be pleaſed,
To meet him her true Servant, where
They might without ſuſpect or fear,
Themſelves to one another clear,
And have their poor hearts eaſed.

At mid-night the appointed hour,
And for the Queen a fitting Bower,

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(Quoth he) is that fair Cowslip flower,
On *Hipcut* hill that groweth;
In all your Train there's not a *Fay*,
That ever went to gather May,
But she hath made it in her way,
The tallest there that knoweth.

When by *Tom Thumb* a *Fayrie* Page,
He sent it, and doth him engage,
By promise of a mighty wage,
It secretly to carry:
Which done, the Queen her Maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all,
She would go see her Summer Hall,
She could no longer tarry.

Her Chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be staid,
For naught must her be letting.
Four nimble Gnats the Horses were,
Their Harnesses of Gossamere,
Fly *Cranion* her Charioteer,
Upon the Coach-box getting.

Her Chariot of a Snail's fine shell,
Which for the Colours did excell:
The fair Queen *Mab*, becoming well,
So lively was the limming:
The seat the soft Wool of the Bee;
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a py'd Butterflee,
I trow 'twas simple trimming.

The Wheels compos'd of Crickets Bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of ratling on the stones,
With Thistle down they shod it;

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For all her Maidens much did fear,
If *Oberon* had chanc'd to hear,
That *Mab* his Queen ſhould have been there,
He would not have aboad it.

She mounts her Chariot in a trice,
Nor would ſhe ſtay for no Advice,
Untill her Maids that were ſo nice,
To wait on her were fitted,
But ran her ſelf away alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But haſted after to be gone,
As ſhe had been diſwitted.

Hop, and *Mop*, and *Drop* ſo clear,
Pip, and *Trip*, and *Skip*, that were
To *Mab* their Sovereign ever dear:
Her ſpecial Maids of Honour;
Fib, and *Tib*, and *Pinck*, and *Pin*,
Tick, and *Quick*, and *Jill*, and *Jin*,
Tit, and *Nit*, and *Wap*, and *Win*,
The Train that wait upon her.

Upon a Graſhopper they got,
And what with Amble, and with Trot,
For Hedge nor Ditch they ſpared not,
But after her they hie them.
A Cobweb over them they throw,
To ſhield the wind if it ſhould blow,
Themſelves they wiſely could beſtow,
Leſt any ſhould eſpie them.

But let us leave Queen *Mab* awhile,
Through many a Gate, o'er many a Stile,
That now had gotten by this wile,
Her dear *Pigwiggen* kiſſing;
And tell how *Oberon* doth fare,
Who grew as mad as any Hare,

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When he had ſought each place with care,
And found his Queen was miſſing.

By griſly *Pluto* he doth ſwear,
He rent his Cloaths, and tore his Hair,
And as he runneth here and there,
An Acorn-Cup he greeteth;
Which ſoon he taketh by the ſtalk
About his head he lets it walk,
Nor doth he any Creature balk,
But lays on all he meeteth.

The *Thuſcan* Poet doth advance
The frantick *Paladine* of *France*,
And thoſe more ancient do inhance
Alcides in his fury;
And others *Ajax Telamon*:
But to this time there hath been none
So Bedlam as our *Oberon*,
Of which I dare aſſure you.

And firſt encountring with a Waſp,
He in his Arms the Fly doth claſp,
As though his breath he forth would graſp,
Him for *Pigwiggen* taking:
Where is my Wife, thou Rogue, quoth he,
Pigwiggen, ſhe is come to thee,
Reſtore her, or thou dy'ſt by me:
Whereat the poor Waſp quaking,

Cries, *Oberon*! great *Fayrie* King,
Content thee, I am no ſuch thing,
I am a Waſp, behold my ſting:
At which the *Fayrie* ſtarted:
When ſoon away the Waſp doth go,
Poor Wretch was never frighted ſo,
He thought his Wings were much too ſlow,
O'erjoy'd, they ſo were parted.

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He next upon a Glow-worm light,
(You muſt ſuppoſe it now was Night,)
Which, for her hinder part was bright,
He took to be a Devil.
And furiouſly doth her aſſail
For carrying fire in her tail,
He thraſht her rough Coat with his flail,
The mad King fear'd no Evil.

A new Adventure him betides,
He met an Ant which he beſtrides,
And poſt thereon away he rides,
Which with his haſte doth ſtumble;
And came full over on her ſnout,
Her heels ſo threw the dirt about,
For ſhe by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

And falling down into a Lake
Which him up to the Neck doth take,
His fury ſomewhat it doth ſlake,
He calleth for a Ferry;
Where you may ſome recovery note,
What was his Club he made his Boat,
And in his Oaken Cup doth float,
As ſafe as in a Wherry.

Scarce ſet on ſhore, but therewithal,
He meereth *Puck*, which moſt Men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall,
With words from frenzy ſpoken;
Hoh hoh, quoth *Hob*, God ſave thy Grace,
Who dreſt thee in this piteous caſe?
He thus that ſpoil'd my Soveraign's face,
I would his neck were broken.

This *Puck* ſeems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged Colt.

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And oft out of a Bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;
And leading us makes us to stray,
Long Winters nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay
Hob doth with laughter leave us.

Dear *Puck* (quoth he) my Wife is gone;
As e'er thou loveſt King *Oberon*,
Let every thing but this alone,
With vengeance and purſue her;
Bring her to me alive or dead,
Or that vile Thief, *Pigwiggen*'s head,
That Villain hath defil'd my Bed,
He to this folly drew her.

Quoth *Puck*, My Liege, I'll never lin,
But I will thorough thick and thin,
Untill at length I bring her in,
My deareſt Lord ne'er doubt it;
Thorough Brake, and thorough Brier,
Thorough Muck, and thorough Mire,
Thorough Water, thorough Fire,
And thus goes *Puck* about it.

This thing *Nymphidia* over-heard,
That on this mad King had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward,
For firſt this buſineſs broaching;
And through the Air away doth go
Swift as an Arrow from the Bow,
To let her Soveraign *Mab* to know,
What peril was approaching.

The Queen bound with Love's powerful'ſt charm
Sate with *Pigwiggen* arm in arm,
Her merry Maids that thought no harm,
About the Room were skipping;

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A Humble-Bee their Minſtrel, plaid
Upon his Hautboy; ev'ry Maid
Fit for this Revells was array'd,
The Horn-pipe neatly tripping.

In comes *Nymphidia*, and doth cry,
My Soveraign for your ſafety fly,
For there is danger but too nigh,
I poſted to forewarn you:
The King hath ſent *Hobgoblin* out,
To ſeek you all the Fields about,
And of your ſafety you may doubt,
If he but once diſcern you.

When like an uproar in a Town,
Before them every thing went down,
Some tore a Ruff, and ſome a Gown,
'Gainſt one another juſtling:
They flew about like Chaff i'th' wind,
For haſte ſome left their Masks behind;
Some could not ſtay their Gloves to find,
There never was ſuch buſtling.

Forth ran they by a ſecret way,
Into a brake that near them lay;
Yet much they doubted there to ſtay,
Leſt *Hob* ſhould hap to find them:
He had a ſharp and piercing ſight,
All one to him the day and night,
And therefore were reſolv'd by flight
To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanc'd to find a Nut,
In th' end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay upon a Hazel Root,
There ſcatter'd by a Squirrel:
Which out the kernel gotten had;
When quoth this *Fay*, dear Queen be glad,

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Let *Oberon* be ne'er ſo mad,
I'll ſet you ſafe from peril.

Come all into this Nut (quoth ſhe)
Come cloſely in, be rul'd by me,
Each one may here a chuſer be,
For room you need not wraſtle:
Nor need ye be together heapt:
So one by one therein they crept,
And lying down they ſoundly ſlept,
And ſafe as in a Caſtle.

Nymphidia that this while doth watch,
Perceiv'd, if *Puck* the Queen ſhould catch,
That he ſhould be her over-match,
Of which ſhe well bethought her;
Found it muſt be ſome powerful Charm,
The Queen againſt him that muſt arm,
Or ſurely he would do her harm,
For throughly he had ſought her.

And liſtning if ſhe ought could hear,
That her might hinder, or might fear:
But finding ſtill the coaſt was clear,
Nor creature had deſcry'd her;
Each circumſtance and having ſcan'd,
She came thereby to underſtand,
Puck would be with them out of hand,
When to her Charms ſhe hy'd her:

And firſt her Fern-ſeed doth beſtow,
The kernel of the Miſſletoe:
And here and there as *Puck* ſhould go,
With terror to affright him:
She Night-ſhade ſtrows to work him ill;
Therewith her Vervain and her Dill,
That hindreth Witches of their will,
Of purpoſe to deſpite him.

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Then ſprinkles ſhe the juice of Rue,
That groweth underneath the Yew:
With nine drops of the midnight dew,
From Lunary diſtilling:
The Molewarps brain mixt therewithal;
And with the ſame the Piſmires gall,
For ſhe in nothing ſhort would fall;
The *Fayrie* was ſo willing.

Then thrice under a Brier doth creep,
Which at both ends was rooted deep,
And over it three times doth leap;
Her Magick much availing:
Then on *Proſerpina* doth call,
And ſo upon her Spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeat I ſhall,
Not in one tittle failing.

By the croaking of the Frog;
By the howling of the Dog;
By the crying of the Hog,
Againſt the ſtorm ariſing;
By the Evening Curfew Bell,
By the doleful dying knell,
O let this my direful Spell,
Hob, hinder thy ſurprizing.

By the Mandrakes dreadful groans;
By the Lubricans ſad moans;
By the noiſe of dead Mens bones,
In Charnel houſes rattling:
By the hiſſing of the Snake,
The ruſtling of the fire-Drake,
I charge thee thou this place forſake,
Nor of Queen *Mab* be prattling.

By the Whirlwinds hollow ſound,
By the Thunders dreadful ſtound,

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Tells of Spirits under Ground,
I charge thee not to fear us:
By the Schrech-owls dismal note,
By the Black Night-Ravens throat,
I charge thee *Hob* to tear thy Coat
With thorns, if thou come near us.

Her Spell thus spoke, she stept aside,
And in a Chink her self doth hide,
To see there of what would betide,
For she doth only mind him:
When presently she *Puck* espies,
And well she markt his gloating Eyes,
How under every leaf he pries,
In seeking still to find them.

But once the Circle got within,
The Charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a Gin;
For as he thus was busie,
A pain he in his Head-piece feels,
Against a stubbed Tree he reels,
And up went poor *Hobgoblins* heels,
Alas his Brain was dizzy.

At length upon his Feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, *Hobgoblin* frets,
And as again he forward sets,
And through the Bushes scrambles;
A Stump doth trip him in his pace,
Down comes poor *Hob* upon his Face,
And lamentably tore his case,
Amongst the Briers and Brambles.

A plague upon Queen *Mab*, quoth he,
And all her Maids where-e'er they be,
I think the Devil guided me,
To seek her so provoked:

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Where ſtumbling at a piece of Wood,
He fell into a ditch of mud,
Where to the very Chin he ſtood,
In danger to be choaked.

Now worſe then e'er he was before,
Poor *Puck* doth yell, poor *Puck* doth roar;
That wak'd Queen *Mab*, who doubted ſore
Some Treaſon had been wrought her:
Untill *Nymphidia* told the Queen
What ſhe had done, what ſhe had ſeen,
Who then had well-near crack'd her ſpleen
With very extream laughter.

But leave we *Hob* to clamber out;
Queen *Mab* and all her *Fayrie* rout:
And come again to have a bout
With *Oberon* yet madding:
And with *Pigwiggen* now diſtrought,
Who much was troubled in his thought,
That he ſo long the Queen had ſought,
And through the Fields was gadding.

And as he runs he ſtill doth cry,
King *Oberon* I thee defie,
And dare thee here in Armes to try,
For my dear Lady's honour:
For that ſhe is a Queen right good,
In whoſe defence I'll ſhed my Blood,
And that thou in this jealous mood
Haſt lay'd this ſlander on her.

And quickly arms him for the Field,
A little Cockle ſhell his Shield,
Which he could very bravely wield:
Yet could it not be pierced:
His Spear a Bent both ſtiff and ſtrong,
And well near of two Inches long;

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The Pile was of a Horſe-fly's tongue,
Whoſe ſharpneſs naught reverſed.

And puts him on a Coat of Male,
Which was made of a Fiſhes ſcale,
That when his Foe ſhould him aſſail,
No point ſhould be prevailing:
His Rapier was a Hornet's ſting,
It was a very dangerous thing:
For if he chanc'd to hurt the King,
It would be long in healing.

His Helmet was a Beetle's head,
Moſt horrible and full of dread,
That was able to ſtrike one dead,
Yet did it well become him:
And for a plume, a horſes Hair,
Which being toſſed with the Air,
Had force to ſtrike his Foe with fear,
And turn his Weapon from him.

Himſelf he on an Earwig ſet,
Yet ſcarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
Ere he himſelf could ſettle:
He made him turn, and ſtop and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the Round,
He ſcarce could ſtand on any ground,
He was ſo full of mettle.

When ſoon he met with *Tomalin*,
One that a valiant Knight had been,
And to King *Oberon* of Kin;
Quoth he, thou manly *Fayrie*,
Tell *Oberon* I come prepar'd,
Then bid him ſtand upon his Guard;
This hand his baſeneſs ſhall reward,
Let him be ne'er ſo wary.

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Say to him thus, that I defie
His ſlanders, and his infamy,
And as a mortal Enemy,
Do publickly proclaim him:
Withal, that if I had mine own,
He ſhould not wear the *Fayrie* Crown,
But with a vengeance ſhould come down:
Nor we a King ſhould name him.

This *Tomalin* could not abide,
To hear his Soveraign vilify'd:
But to the *Fayrie* Court him hy'd;
Full furiouſly he poſted,
With ev'ry thing *Pigwiggen* ſaid;
How title to the Crown he laid,
And in what Arms he was aray'd,
And how himſelf he boaſted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
He told the arming of each joint,
In every piece, how neat, and quaint,
For *Tomalin* could do it:
How fair he ſate, how ſure he rid,
As of the Courſer he beſtrid,
How manag'd, and how well he did;
The King he liſtned to it.

Quoth he, go *Tomalin* with ſpeed,
Provide me Arms, provide my Steed,
And every thing that I ſhall need,
By thee I will be guided;
To ſtrait account call thou thy wit,
See there be wanting not a whit,
In every thing ſee thou me fit,
Juſt as my Foe's provided.

Soon flew this news through *Fayrie* land,
Which gave Queen *Mab* to underſtand,

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The combat that was then in hand,
Betwixt thoſe Fairies mighty:
Which greatly ſhe began to rue,
Perceiving that all *Fayrie* knew,
The firſt occaſion from her grew,
Of theſe affairs ſo weighty.

Wherefore attended with her Maids,
Through fogs, and miſts, and damps ſhe wades
To *Proſerpine* the Queen of ſhades,
To treat, that it would pleaſe her,
The cauſe into her hands to take,
For ancient Love and Friendſhips ſake,
And ſoon thereof an end to make,
Which of much care would eaſe her.

A while there let we *Mab* alone,
And come we to King *Oberon*,
Who arm'd to meet his foe is gone,
For proud *Pigwiggen* crying:
Who ſought the *Fayrie* King as faſt,
And had ſo well his journeys caſt,
They he arrived at the laſt,
His puiſſant foe eſpying:

Stout *Tomalin* came with the King,
Tom Thumb doth on *Pigwiggen* bring,
They perfect were in every thing,
To ſingle fights belonging:
And therefore they themſelves ingage,
To ſee them exerciſe their rage,
With fair and comely equipage,
Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms theſe Champions were,
As they had been a very pair,
So that a Man would almoſt ſwear,
That either had been either;

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Their furious Steeds began to Neigh,
That they were heard a mighty way,
Their ſtaves upon their reſts they lay;
Yet ere they flew together,

Their Seconds miniſter an Oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That on their Knightly faith and troth,
No Magick them ſupplied;
And ſought them that they had no charms,
Wherewith to work each others harms,
But came with ſimple open arms,
To have their cauſes tried.

Together furiouſly they ran,
That to the ground came horſe and man,
The Blood out of their Helmets ſpan,
So ſharp were their Encounters;
And though they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regain'd their own,
Such nimbleneſs was never ſhown,
They were two Gallant Mounters.

When in a ſecond Courſe again,
They forward came with might and main,
Yet which had better of the twain,
The Seconds could not judge yet;
Their ſhields were into pieces cleft,
Their Helmets from their heads were reft,
And to defend them nothing left.
Theſe Champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their Staves they threw,
Their cruel Swords they quickly drew,
And freſhly they the fight renew;
They every ſtroke redoubled:
Which made *Proſerpina* take heed,
And make to them the greater ſpeed,

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For fear left they too much ſhould bleed,
Which wondrouſly her troubled

When to th' infernal *Styx* ſhe goes,
She takes the Fogs from thence that roſe,
And in a Bagg doth them encloſe;
When well ſhe had them blended:
She hies her then to *Lethe* ſpring,
A Bottle and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith ſhe meant to work the thing,
Which only ſhe intended.

Now *Proſerpine* with *Mab* is gone
Unto the place where *Oberon*
And proud *Pigwiggen*, one to one,
Both to be ſlain were likely:
And there themſelves they cloſely hide,
Becauſe they would not be eſpy'd;
For *Proſerpine* meant to decide
The matter very quickly.

And ſuddenly unties the Poke,
Which out of it ſent ſuch a ſmoak
As ready was them all to choak,
So grievous was the pother;
So that the Knights each other loſt,
And ſtood as ſtill as any poſt,
Tom Thumb, nor *Tomalin* could boaſt
Themſelves of any other.

But when the miſt gan ſomewhat ceaſe,
Proſerpina commandeth peace:
And that a while they ſhould releaſe,
Each other of their Peril:
Which here (quoth ſhe) I do proclaim
To all in dreadful *Pluto's* name,
That as ye will eſchew his blame,
You let me hear the quarrel.

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But here your ſelves you muſt engage,
Somewhat to cool your ſpleniſh Rage,
Your grievous thirſt and to aſſwage,
That firſt you drink this liquor:
Which ſhall your underſtanding clear,
As plainly ſhall to you appear;
Thoſe things from me that you ſhall hear,
Conceiving much the quicker.

This *Lethe* water you muſt know,
The Memory deſtroyeth ſo,
That of our weal, or of our woe,
It all remembrance blotted;
Of it nor can you ever think:
For they no ſooner took this drink;
But nought into their Brains could ſink,
Of what had them beſotted.

King *Oberon* forgotten had,
That he for jealouſie ran mad:
But of his Queen was wondrous glad,
And ask'd how they came thither:
Pigwiggen likewiſe doth forget,
That he Queen *Mab* had ever met;
Or that they were ſo hard beſet,
When they were found together.

Nor neither of them both had thought,
That e'er they had each other ſought;
Much leſs that they a Combat fought,
But ſuch a dream were loathing:
Tom Thumb had got a little ſup,
And *Tomalin* ſcarce kiſt the Cup,
Yet had their Brains ſo ſure lockt up,
That they remembred nothing.

Queen *Mab* and her light Maids the while,
Amongſt themſelves do cloſely ſmile,

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To see the King caught with this wile,
With one another jesting:
And to the *Fayrie* Court they went,
With mickle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent,
And thus I left them feasting.

The Quest of CYNTHIA.

By the same Hand.

WHAT time the Groves were clad in green,
The Fields dreſt all in flowers,
And that the ſleek-hair'd Nymphs were ſeen,
To ſeek them Summer Bowers;

Forth rov'd I by the ſliding Rills
To find where *Cynthia* ſat,
Whoſe name ſo often from the hills,
The Ecchos wondred at.

When me upon my Queſt to bring,
That pleaſure might excell,
The Birds ſtrove which ſhould ſweetlieſt ſing,
The Flowers which ſweet'ſt ſhould ſmell.

Long wandring in the Woods (ſaid I)
Oh whither's *Cynthia* gone?
When ſoon the Eccho doth reply,
To my laſt word, Go on.

At length upon a lofty Firr,
It was my chance to find,
Where that dear name moſt due to her,
Was carv'd upon the rind.

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Which whilſt with wonder I beheld,
The Bees their honey brought,
And up the carved letters fill'd,
As they with Gold were wrought.

And near that Tree's more ſpacious root,
Then looking on the ground,
The ſhape of her moſt dainty foot
Imprinted there I found.

Which ſtuck there like a curious Seal,
As though it ſhould forbid
Us, wretched Mortals, to reveal,
What under it was hid.

Beſides, the flowers which it had preſs'd,
Appeared to my view,
More freſh and lovely than the reſt,
That in the Meadows grew:

The clear drops in the ſteps that ſtood,
Of that delicious Girl,
The Nymphs amongſt their dainty food,
Drunk for diſſolved Pearl.

The yielding ſand, where ſhe had trod,
Untouch'd yet with the wind,
By the fair poſture plainly ſhow'd,
Where I might *Cynthia* find.

When on upon my wayleſs walk,
As my deſires me draw,
I like a madman fell to talk,
With every thing I ſaw.

I ask'd ſome Lillies, why ſo white
They from their fellows were;
Who anſwered me, that *Cynthia*'s ſight
Had made them look ſo clear.

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I ask'd a nodding Violet, why
It ſadly hung the head;
It told me *Cynthia* late paſt by,
Too ſoon from it ſhe fled.

A Bed of Roſes ſaw I there,
Bewitching with their grace:
Beſides ſo wondrous ſweet they were,
That they perfum'd the place.

I of a Shrub of thoſe enquir'd,
From others of that kind,
Who with ſuch virtue them inſpir'd,
It anſwer'd (to my mind,)

As the baſe Hemlock were we ſuch,
The poyſon'dſt Weed that grows,
Till *Cynthia*, by her god-like touch,
Transform'd us to the Roſe:

Since when thoſe Froſts that Winter brings
Which candy every green,
Renew us like the Teeming Springs,
And we thus Freſh are ſeen.

At length I on a Fountain light,
Whoſe Brim with Pincks was platted;
The Bank with Daffadillies dight,
With Graſs like ſleave was matted,

When I demanded of that Well,
What Power frequented there;
Deſiring, it would pleaſe to tell
What Name it uſe to bear!

It told me it was *Cynthia*'s own,
Within whoſe cheerful brims,
That curious Nymph had oft been known
To bath her ſnowy Limbs.

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Since when that Water had the Power
  Loſt Maiden-heads to reſtore,
And make one Twenty in an hour,
  Of *Eſons* Age before:

And told me that the bottom clear,
  Now laid with many a fet
Of ſeed-pearl, e'er ſhe bath'd her there,
  Was known as black as jet.

When chance me to an Arbor led,
  Whereas I might behold
Two bleſt *Elizians* in one ſted,
  The leſs the great enfold.

The place which ſhe had choſen out,
  Her ſelf in to repoſe;
Had they come down, the Gods no doubt
  The very ſame had choſe.

The Wealthy Spring yet never bore
  That ſweet, nor dainty flower,
That damask'd not the chequer'd floor
  Of *Cynthia's* Summer Bower.

The Birch, the Myrtle, and the Bay,
  Like Friends did all embrace;
And their large branches did diſplay,
  To Canopy the place,

Where ſhe like *Venus* doth appear,
  Upon a Roſie Bed;
As Lillies the ſoft Pillows were,
  Whereon ſhe laid her head.

Heav'n on her ſhape ſuch coſt beſtow'd,
  And with ſuch Bounties bleſt:
No limb of hers but might have made
  A Goddeſs at the leaſt. The

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The Flies by chance meſht in her hair,
By the bright Radiance thrown
From her clear Eyes, Rich Jewels were,
They ſo like Diamonds ſhone.

The meaneſt weed the Soil there bare,
Her Breath did ſo refine,
That it with Woodbind durſt compare,
And beard the Eglantine.

The Dew which on the tender Graſs
The Evening had diſtill'd,
To pure Roſe-water turned was,
The ſhades with ſweets that fill'd.

The Winds were huſht, no leaf ſo ſmall
At all was ſeen to ſtir:
Whilſt tuning to the Waters fall,
The ſmall Birds ſang to her.

Where ſhe too quickly me eſpies,
When I might plainly ſee
A thouſand *Cupids* from her Eyes
Shoot all at once at me.

Into theſe ſecret ſhades (cry'd ſhe)
How dar'ſt thou be ſo bold
To enter, conſecrate to me,
Or touch this hallowed mold.

Thoſe Words (ſhe ſaid) I can pronounce
Which to that ſhape can bring
Thee, which the Hunter had who once
Saw *Dian* in the Spring.

Bright Nymph, again I thus reply,
This cannot me affright:

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I had rather in thy preſence die,
Than live out of thy ſight.

I firſt upon the Mountains high
Built Altars to thy Name;
And grav'd it on the Rocks thereby,
To propagate thy fame.

I taught the Shepherds on the Downs,
Of thee to frame their Lays:
'Twas I that fill'd the Neighbouring Towns,
With Ditties of thy Praiſe.

Thy colours I devis'd with care,
Which were unknown before:
Which ſince that, in their braded hair,
The Nymphs and Silvans wore.

Transform me to what ſhape you can,
I paſs not what it be:
Yea what moſt hateful is to Man,
So I may follow thee.

Which when ſhe heard, full pearly floods
I in her Eyes might view:
(Quoth ſhe) moſt welcome to theſe Woods,
Too mean for one ſo true.

Here from the hateful World we'll live,
A den of mere deſpight;
To Idiots only that doth give,
Which be her ſole delight.

To People the infernal pit,
That more and more doth ſtrive,
Where only Villany is wit,
And Devils only thrive.

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Whoſe vileneſs us ſhall never awe:
But here our ſports ſhall be:
Such as the Golden World firſt ſaw,
Moſt innocent and free.

Of Simples in theſe Groves that grow,
We'll learn the perfect skill;
The nature of each Herb to know
Which cures, and which can kill.

The waxen Palace of the Bee,
We ſeeking will ſurprize,
The curious Workmanſhip to ſee,
Of her full laden thighs.

We'll ſuck the Sweets out of the Comb,
And make the Gods repine:
As they do Feaſt in *Jove*'s great room,
To ſee with what we dine.

Yet when there haps a honey fall,
We'll lick the Syrupt leaves:
And tell the Bees that their's is Gall,
To this upon the Greaves.

The nimble Squirrel noting here,
Her moſſy Dray that makes,
And laugh to ſee the luſty Deer
Come bounding o'er the Brakes.

The Spiders Web to watch we'll ſtand,
And when it takes the Bee,
We'll help out of the Tyrants hand
The Innocent to free.

Sometime we'll Angle at the Brook,
The freckled Trout to take,

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With ſilken Worms, and bait the hook,
Which him our prey ſhall make.

Of meddling with ſuch ſubtle Tools,
Such dangers that encloſe,
The moral is that painted Fools,
Are caught with ſilken ſhows.

And when the Moon doth once appear,
We'll trace the lower Grounds
When *Fayries* in their Ringlets there
Do dance their nightly Rounds:

And have a Flock of Turtle Doves,
A guard on us to keep,
As witneſs of our honeſt Loves,
To watch us till we ſleep.

Which ſpoke, I felt ſuch holy fires
To overſpread my Breaſt,
As lent Life to my Chaſt Deſires
And gave me endleſs Reſt.

By *Cynthia* thus do I ſubſiſt,
On Earth Heav'ns only Pride,
Let her be mine, and let who liſt
Take all the world beſide.

Verſes by Sir JOHN DENHAM.

NOw Prieſts, whoſe ſacred Office 'tis to bring
Kings to obey their God, and Men their Kings
By theſe myſterious links to fix and tie
Them to the foot-ſtool of the Deity:
Even by theſe Men, Religion, that ſhould be
The curb, is made the ſpur to Tyranny;
They with their double key of conſcience bind
The Subjects Souls, and leave Kings unconfin'd;

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While their poor Vaſſals Sacrifice their Bloods
T' Ambition; and to Avarice, their Goods:
Blind with Devotion. They themſelves eſteem
Made for themſelves, and all the World for them;
While Heavens great Law, given for their Guide, appears
Juſt, or unjuſt, but as it waits on theirs:
Us'd, but to give the Ecchoe to their Words,
Bower to their Wills, and Edges to their Swords.
To varniſh all their Errors, and ſecure
The Ills they act, and all the World endure.
Thus by their Arts Kings awe the World, while they,
Religion, as their Miſtreſs, ſeem t' obey;
Yet as their Slave command her: while they ſeem
To riſe to Heaven, they make Heaven ſtoop to them.
Nor is this all, where feign'd Devotion bends
The higheſt Things, to ſerve the loweſt Ends:
For if the many-headed Beaſt hath broke,
Or ſhaken from his Neck the Royal Yoke,
With popular Rage, Religion doth conſpire,
Flows into that, and ſwells the Torrent higher;
Then Powers firſt Pedigree from Force derives,
And calls to mind the old Prerogatives
Of Free-born Man; and with a ſaney Eye
Searches the Heart and Soul of Majeſty:
Then to a ſtrict Account, and Cenſure brings
The Actions, Errours, and the End of Kings;
Treads on Authority, and ſacred Laws;
Yet all for God, and his pretended Cauſe,
Acting ſuch things for him, which he in them,
And which themſelves in others will condemn;
And thus engag'd, nor ſafely can retire,
Nor ſafely ſtand, but blindly bold aſpire,
Forcing their Hopes, even through Deſpair, to climb
To new Attempts; diſdain the preſent Time,
Grow from Diſdain to Threats, from Threats to Arms;
While they (though Sons of Peace) ſtill ſound th' Alarms:

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Thus whether Kings or People ſeek Extreams,
Still Conſcience and Religion are their Theams:
And whatſoever Change the State invades,
The Pulpit either forces, or perſwades.
Others may give the Fewel, or the Fire;
But they the Breath, that makes the Flame, inſpire.

NATURA NATURATA.

By the ſame Hand.

WHAT gives us that Fantaſtick Fit,
That all our Judgment and our Wit
To vulgar Cuſtom we ſubmit?

Treaſon, Theft, Murder, and the reſt
Of that foul Legion we deteſt,
Are in their proper Names expreſt.

Why is it then taught Sin or Shame,
Thoſe neceſſary Parts to name,
From whence we went, and whence we came?

Nature, what e'er ſhe wants, requires;
With Love enflaming our Deſires,
Finds Engins fit to quench thoſe fires:

Death ſhe abhors; yet when Men die,
We are preſent; but no Stander by
Looks on, when we that loſs ſupply:

Forbidden Wares ſell twice as dear;
Even Sack prohibited laſt Year,
A moſt abominable rate did bear.

'Tis plain our Eyes and Ears are nice,
Only to raiſe, by that Device,
Of thoſe Commodities the Price.

Thus Reaſon's Shadows us betray;
By Tropes and Figures led aſtray
From Nature, both her Guide and Way.

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On Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY, *his Death and Burial amongſt the Ancient Poets.*

By the ſame Hand.

OLD *Chaucer*, like the Morning-Star,
To us diſcovers Day from far,
His light thoſe Miſts and Clouds diſſolv'd,
Which our dark Nation long involv'd;
But he deſcending to the Shades,
Darkneſs again the Age invades.
Next (like *Aurora*) *Spencer* roſe,
Whoſe Purple bluſh the Day foreſhows;
The other Three, with his own Fires,
Phabus, the Poets God, inſpires;
By *Shakeſpear*'s, *Johnſon*'s, *Fletcher*'s Lines,
Our Stages Luſtre *Rome*'s out-ſhines:
Theſe Poets near our Princes ſleep,
And in one Grave their Manſion keep;
They liv'd to ſee ſo many Days,
Till Time had blaſted all their Bays;
But curſed be the fatal Hour,
That pluckt the Faireſt, ſweeteſt Flower,
That in the Muſes Garden grew,
And amongſt wither'd Lawrels threw.
Time, which made them their Fame out-live,
To *Cowley* ſcarce did Ripeneſs give.
Old Mother Wit, and Nature gave
Shakeſpear and *Fletcher* all they have;
In *Spencer*, and in *Johnſon*, Art
Of ſlower Nature got the ſtart;
But both in him ſo equal are,
None knows which bears the happy'ſt ſhare;
To him no Author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;

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He melted not the ancient Gold,
Nor with *Ben Johnſon* did make bold
To plunder all the *Roman* Stores
Of Poets, and of Orators:
Horace his Wit, and *Virgil*'s State,
He did not ſteal but emulate;
And when he would like them appear,
Their Garb, but not their Cloaths did wear:
He not from *Rome* alone, but *Greece*,
Like *Jaſon* brought the Golden Fleece;
To him that Language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
* On a ſtiff Gale (as *Flaccus* ſings)
The *Theban* Swan extends his Wings,
When through Æthereal Clouds he flies,
To the ſame pitch our Swan doth riſe;
Old *Pindar*'s flights by him are reach'd,
When on that Gale his Wings are ſtretcht;
His Fancy and his Judgment ſuch,
Each to the other ſeem'd too much,
His ſevere Judgment (giving Law)
His modeſt Fancy kept in awe:
As rigid Husbands jealous are,
When they believe their Wives too Fair;
His *Engliſh* Streams ſo pure did flow,
As all that ſaw, and taſted, know.
But for his *Latin* Vein, ſo clear,
† Strong, full and high it doth appear,
That were Immortal *Virgil* here,
Him, for his Judge, he would not fear;
Of that great Portraicture, ſo true
A Copy, Pencil never drew.
My Muſe her Song had ended here,
But both her *Genii* ſtrait appear,
Joy and amazement her did ſtrike,
Two Twins ſhe never ſaw ſo like.

* *His Pindarick.* † *His laſt Work.*

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'Twas taught by wise *Pythagoras*,
One Soul might through more Bodies pass;
Seeing such Transmigration here,
She thought it not a Fable there.
Such a resemblance of all Parts,
Life, Death, Age, Fortune, Nature, Arts,
Then lights her Torch at theirs, to tell,
And shew the World this Parallel.
Fixt and contemplative their Looks,
Still turning over Nature's Book:
Their Works Chaste, Moral and Divine,
Where Profit and Delight combine;
They gilding Dirt, in noble Verse
Rustick Philosophy rehearse;
When Heroes, Gods, or God-like Kings,
They praise, on their exalted Wings,
To the Celestial Orbs they climb,
And with th' Harmonious Spheres keep Time;
Nor did their Actions fall behind
Their Words, but with like Candour shin'd,
Each drew fair Characters, yet none
Of these they feign'd, excels their own;
Both by two Generous Princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd:
Yet having each the same Desire,
Both from the busie Throng retire,
Their Bodies to their Minds resign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their Kind:
Yet though both fell before their Hour,
Time on their Off-spring hath no power,
Nor Fire, not Fate their Bays shall blast,
Nor Death's dark vail their Day o'er-cast,

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An Occasional Imitation of a Modern Author upon the Game of Chess: (*Sir* W. Davenant's Gondibert.)

By the same Hand.

A Tablet stood of that abstersive Tree, (Nest,
Where *Æthiops* swarthy Bird did build her
Inlaid it was with *Libyan* Ivory,
Drawn from the Jaws of *Africk*'s prudent Beast.

Two Kings, like *Saul*, much taller than the rest,
Their equal Armies draw into the Field;
Till one take th' other Prisoner they contest;
Courage and Fortune must to Conduct yield.

This Game the *Persian Magi* did invent,
The Force of Eastern Wisdom to express;
From thence to busie *Europæans* sent,
And styl'd by *Modern Lombards* pensive Chess.

Yet some that fled from *Troy* to *Rome*, report,
Penthesilea Priam did oblige;
Her *Amazons* his *Trojans* taught this Sport,
To pass the tedious Hours of ten Years Siege.

There she presents herself, whilst King and Peers
Look gravely on, whilst fierce *Bellona* fights;
Yet Maiden Modesty her Motions steers,
Nor rudely skips o'er *Bishops* Heads like *Knights*.

A SONG by *Robert Wolseley* Esq;

AH! Blame me not, if no Despair
A Passion you Inspire can end,

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Nor think it ſtrange, too charming fair,
If Love, like other flames, aſcend.
If to approach a Saint with Prayer
Unworthy Votaries pretend,
Above all merit Heaven and you
To the Sincere are only due.

Long did Reſpect awe my proud aim,
And fear t' offend my madneſs cover,
Like you it ſtill reprov'd my flame,
And in the Friend wou'd hide the Lover.
But by things that want a name
I the too bold truth diſcover.
My Words in vain are in my Power,
My Looks betray me every hour.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS, *Tranſlated in Paraphraſe.*

By Mr. J. DRYDEN.

CReator Spirit, by whoſe aid
The World's Foundations firſt were laid,
Come viſit ev'ry pious Mind;
Come pour thy Joys on Humane Kind:
From Sin, and Sorrow ſet us free;
And make thy Temples worthy Thee,
O, Source of uncreated Light,
The Father's promis'd *Paraclete*!
Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,
Our Hearts with Heavenly Love inſpire;
Come, and thy Sacred Unction bring
To Sanctifie us, while we ſing!
Plenteous of Grace, deſcend from high,
Rich in thy ſev'n-fold Energy!
Thou ſtrength of his Almighty Hand,
Whoſe Pow'r does Heaven and Earth Command:

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Proceeding, Spirit our Defence,
Who do'ſt the Gift of Tongues diſpence,
And crown'ſt thy Gift with Eloquence!
Refine and purge our Earthly Parts;
But, Oh, inflame and fire our Hearts!
Our Frailties help, our Vice controul;
Submit the Senſes to the Soul;
And when Rebellious they are grown,
Then, lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.
Chace from our Minds the infernal Foe;
And Peace, the fruit of Love, beſtow:
And, leſt our Feet ſhou'd ſtep aſtray,
Protect, and guide us in the way.
Make us Eternal Truths receive,
And practiſe all that we believe:
Give us thy ſelf, that we may ſee
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal Honour, endleſs Fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's Name:
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for loſt Man's Redemption dy'd,
And equal Adoration be,
Eternal *Paraclete*, to thee.

BOLDNESS *in* LOVE.

By THO. CAREW, *Eſq;*

HArk how the baſhful Morn in vain
Courts the Amorous Marigold
With ſighing blaſts, and weeping rain:
Yet ſhe refuſes to unfold:
But when the Planet of the day
Approacheth with his powerful ray,
Then ſhe ſpreads, then ſhe receives
His warmer beams into her Virgin leaves.

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So ſhalt thou thrive in Love, fond Boy;
If thy Tears and Sighs diſcover
Thy grief, thou never ſhalt enjoy
The juſt reward of a bold Lover:
But when with moving accents thou
Shalt conſtant Faith and Service vow,
Thy *Celia* ſhall receive thoſe charms
With open Ears, and with unfolded Arms.

The *ENQUIRY.*

By the ſame Hand.

AMongſt the Myrtles as I walk'd,
Love and my ſighs thus intertalk'd,
Tell me (ſaid I in deep diſtreſs)
Where may I find my Shepherdeſs?

Thou fool (ſaid Love) know'ſt thou not this,
In every thing that's good ſhe is;
In yonder Tulip go and ſeek,
There thou may'ſt find her Lip, her Cheek.

In yon ennamel'd Panſie by,
There thou ſhalt have her curious Eye;
In bloom of Peach, in Roſie bud,
There wave the ſtreamers of her Blood.

In brighteſt Lilly that there ſtands,
The Emblem of her whiter hands.
In yonder riſing Hill there ſmell
Such ſweets as in her Boſom dwell.

'Tis true (ſaid I) and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts a union;
But on a ſudden all was gone,

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With that I ſtopt; ſaid Love, Theſe be
(Fond Man) reſemblances of thee,
And as theſe flow'rs, thy joys ſhall die,
Even in the twinkling of an Eye:
And all thy hopes of her ſhall wither,
Like theſe ſhort ſweets, thus knit together.

The Proteſtation, a SONNET.

By the ſame Hand.

NO more ſhall Meads be deckt with Flowers,
Nor ſweetneſs dwell in Roſie Bowers;
Nor greeneſt Buds on Branches ſpring,
Nor warbling Birds delight to ſing,
Nor *April* Violets paint the Grove,
If I forſake my *Celia*'s Love.

The Fiſh ſhall in the Ocean burn,
And Fountains ſweet ſhall bitter turn,
The humble Oak no Flood ſhall know
When Floods ſhall higheſt Hills o'erflow;
Black *Lethe* ſhall Oblivion leave,
If e'er my *Celia* I deceive.

Love ſhall his Bow and Shaft lay by,
And *Venus* Doves want wings to fly,
The Sun refuſe to ſhew his light,
And Day ſhall then be turn'd to Night,
And in that Night no Star appear,
If once I leave my *Celia* dear.

Love ſhall no more inhabit Earth,
Nor Lovers more ſhall love for worth,
Nor joy above in Heaven dwell,
Nor pain torment poor Souls in Hell;
Grim Death no more ſhall horrid prove,
If e'er I leave bright *Celia*'s Love.

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RELIGIO LAICI,

OR, A

Layman's Faith.

A

POEM.

Written by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Ornari res ipſa negat; contenta doceri——

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

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THE PREFACE.

A Poem with so bold a Title, and a Name prefix'd from which the handling of so serious a Subject was not be expected, may reasonably oblige the Author to say somewhat, in Defence both of himself, and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me, that being a Layman, I ought not to have concern'd my self with Speculations, which belong to the Profession of Divinity; I cou'd Answer, that perhaps, Laymen, with equal Advantages of Parts and Knowledge, are not the most incompetent Judges of Sacred things; But in the due Sense of my own Weakness and want of Learning, I plead not this: I pretend not to make my self a Judge of Faith in others, but only to make a Confession of my own; I lay no unhallowed Hand upon the Ark; but wait on it with the Reverence that becomes me at a distance. In the next place I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have us'd in this small Treatise, were many of them taken from the Works of our own Reverend Divines of the Church of England; so that the Weapons with which

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I combat Irreligion, are already conſecrated; though I ſuppoſe they may be taken down as lawfully as the Sword of Goliah *was by* David, *when they are to be employed for the common Cauſe, againſt the Enemies of Piety. I intend not by this to intitle them to any of my Errors; which yet, I hope, are only thoſe of Charity to Mankind; and ſuch as my* own *Charity has caus'd me to commit, that of* others *may more eaſily excuſe. Being naturally inclin'd to Scepticiſm in Philoſophy. I have no Reaſon to impoſe my Opinions, in a Subject which is above it: But whatever they are, I ſubmit them with all Reverence to my Mother Church, accounting them no farther mine, than as they are authoriz'd, or at leaſt uncondemn'd by her. And indeed to ſecure my ſelf on this ſide, I have us'd the neceſſary Precaution of ſhowing this Paper, before it was publiſh'd, to a judicious and learned Friend, a Man indefatigably zealous in the Service of the Church and State; and whoſe Writings have highly deſerv'd of both. He was pleas'd to approve the Body of the Diſcourſe, and I hope he is more my Friend than to do it out of Complaiſance: 'Tis true he had too good a Taſte to like it all; and amongſt ſome other Faults recommended to my ſecond View, what I have written, perhaps too boldly, on St.* Athanaſius: *which he adviſed me wholly to omit. I am ſenſible enough that I had done more* prudently *to have follow'd his Opinion: But then I could not have ſatisfied my ſelf, that I had done honeſtly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my* Thought, *that Heathens, who never did, nor without Miracle cou'd hear of the Name of Chriſt, were yet in a poſſibility of Salvation. Neither will it enter eaſily into my Belief, that before the coming*

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of our Saviour, the whole World, excepting only the Jewiſh Nation, ſhou'd lye under the inevitable Neceſſity of everlaſting Puniſhment for want of that Revelation, which was confin'd to ſo ſmall a ſpot of Ground as that of Paleſtine. *Among the Sons of* Noah *we read of one only who was accurs'd; and if a Bleſſing in the Ripeneſs of Time was reſerv'd for* Japhet, *(of whoſe Progeny we are,) it ſeems unaccountable to me, why ſo many Generations of the ſame Offspring, as preceded our Saviour in the Fleſh, ſhou'd be all involv'd in one common Condemnation, and yet that their Poſterity ſhould be intituled to the hopes of Salvation: As if a Bill of Excluſion had paſſed only on the Fathers, which debarr'd not the Sons from their Succeſſion. Or that ſo many Ages had been* deliver'd over *to Hell, and ſo many* reſerv'd *for Heaven, and that the Devil had the firſt choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think, that the revealed Religion which was taught by* Noah *to all his Sons, might continue for ſome Ages in the whole Poſterity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the Family of* Sem *is manifeſt: but when the Progenies of* Cham *and* Japhet *ſwarm'd into Colonies, and thoſe Colonies were ſubdivided into many others; in proceſs of time their Deſcendants loſt by little and little the Primitive and Purer Rites of Divine Worſhip, retaining only the Notion of one Deity; to which ſucceeding Generations added others: (for Men took their Degrees in thoſe Ages from Conquerors to Gods.) Revelation being thus eclipſed to almoſt all Mankind, the Light of Nature as the next in Dignity was ſubſtituted; and that is it which St.* Paul *concludes to be the Rule of the Heathens; and by which they are hereafter to be judg'd. If my Suppoſition be true, then the Conſe-*

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quence which I have aſſum'd in my Poem may be alſo true; namely, that Deiſm, or the Principles of Natural Worſhip, are only the faint Remnants or dying Flames of Reveal'd Religion in the Poſterity of Noah: *And that our Modern Philoſophers, nay and ſome of our Philoſophiſing Divines, have too much exalted the Faculties of our Souls, when they have maintain'd, that by their Force Mankind has been able to find out that there is one Supreme Agent or Intellectual Being, which we call God; that Praiſe and Prayer are his due Worſhip; and the reſt of thoſe Deducements, which I am confident are the remote Effects of Revelation, and unattainable by our Diſcourſe, I mean as ſimply conſidered, and without the Benefit of Divine Illumination. So that we have not lifted up our ſelves to God, by the weak Pinions of our Reaſon, but he has been pleaſed to deſcend to us; and what* Socrates *ſaid of him, what* Plato *writ, and the reſt of the Heathen Philoſophers of ſeveral Nations, is all no more than the Twilight of Revelation, after the Sun of it was ſet in the Race of* Noah. *That there is ſomething above us, ſome Principle of* Motion, *our Reaſon can apprehend, though it cannot diſcover what it is, by its own Virtue. And indeed 'tis very improbable that we, who by the Strength of our Faculties cannot enter into the Knowledge of any* Being, *not ſo much as of our* own, *ſhould be able to find out by them, that Supreme Nature, which we cannot otherwiſe define than by ſaying it is Infinite; as if Infinite were definable, or Infinity a Subject for our narrow Underſtanding. They who wou'd prove Religion by Reaſon, do but weaken the Cauſe which they endeavour to ſupport: 'tis to take away the Pillar from our Faith, and to prop it only with a twig: 'tis to deſign a Tow-*

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or like that of Babel, *which if it were poſſible (as it is not) to reach Heaven, would come to nothing by the Confuſion of the Workmen. For every Man is building a ſeveral way, impotently conceited of his own Model and his own Materials: Reaſon is always ſtriving, and always at a loſs; and of neceſſity it muſt ſo come to paſs while 'tis exercis'd about that which is not its proper Object. Let us be content at laſt, to know God by his own Methods; at leaſt ſo much of him, as he is pleas'd to reveal to us in the Sacred Scriptures; to apprehend them to be the Word of God, is all our Reaſon has to do; for all beyond it is the Work of Faith, which is the Seal of Heaven impreſs'd upon our human Underſtanding.*

And now for what concerns the Holy Biſhop Athanaſius: *the Preface of whoſe Creed ſeems inconſiſtent with my Opinion; which is, that Heathens may poſſibly be ſav'd; in the firſt Place I deſire it may be conſider'd, that it is the Preface only, not the Creed it ſelf, which (till I am better inform'd) is of too hard a Digeſtion for my Charity. 'Tis not that I am ignorant how many ſeveral Texts of Scripture ſeemingly ſupport that Cauſe; but neither am I ignorant how all thoſe Texts may receive a kinder, and more mollified Interpretation. Every Man who is read in Church Hiſtory, knows,* that *Belief was drawn up after a long Conteſtation with* Arius, *concerning the Divinity of our Bleſſed Saviour, and his being one Subſtance with the Father; and that thus compil'd, it was ſent abroad among the Chriſtian Churches, as a kind of Teſt, which whoſoever took, was look'd on as an Orthodox Believer. 'Tis manifeſt from hence that the Heathen part of the Empire was not concerned in it: for its Buſineſs was not to diſtinguiſh betwixt*

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Pagans and Chriſtians, but betwixt Hereticks and true Believers. This, well conſider'd takes off the heavy Weight of Cenſure which I wou'd willingly avoid from ſo venerable a Man; for if this Propoſition, Whoſoever will be ſav'd, *be reſtrained only to thoſe to whom it was intended, and for whom it was compoſed I mean the Chriſtians; then the Anathema reaches not the Heathens, who had never heard of Chriſt, and were nothing intereſted in that Diſpute. After all, I am far from blaming even that Prefatory Addition to the Creed. and as far from cavalling at the Continuation of it in the Liturgy of the Church; where on the Days appointed 'tis publickly read: For, I ſuppoſe, there is the ſame Reaſon for it now, in Oppoſition to the* Socinians, *as there was then againſt the* Arians; *the one being a Hereſie, which ſeems to have been refin'd out of the other; and with how much more plauſibility of Reaſon it combats our Religion, with ſo much more Caution to be avoided: and therefore the Prudence of our Church is to be commended, which has interpos'd her Authority for the Recommendation of this Creed. Yet to ſuch as are grounded in the true Belief, thoſe explanatory Creeds, the* Nicene *and this of* Athanaſius, *might perhaps be ſpar'd: for what is ſupernatural, will always be a Myſtery in ſpight of Expoſition: and for my own part the plain Apoſtles Creed is moſt ſuitable to my weak Underſtanding; as the ſimpleſt Diet is the moſt eaſie of Digeſtion.*

I have dwelt longer on this Subject than I intended; and longer than, perhaps, I ought; for having laid down, as my Foundation, that the Scripture is a Rule; that in all things needful to Salvation, it is clear, ſufficient, and ordain'd by God Almighty for

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that purpoſe. I have left my ſelf no Right to interpret obſcure places; ſuch as concern the poſſibility of eternal Happineſs to Heathens: becauſe whatſoever is obſcure, is concluded not neceſſary to be known.

But, by aſſerting the Scripture to be the Canon of our Faith, I have unavoidably created to my ſelf two ſorts of Enemies: The Papiſts indeed, more directly, becauſe they have kept the Scripture from us, what they cou'd; and have reſerv'd to themſelves a right of interpreting what they have deliver'd under the Pretence of Infallibility: and the Fanaticks more collaterally, becauſe they have aſſum'd what amounts to an Infallibility, in the private Spirit: and have detorted thoſe Texts of Scripture, which are not neceſſary to Salvation, to the damnable Uſes of Sedition, Diſturbance and Deſtruction of the Civil Government. To begin with the Papiſts, and to ſpeak freely, I think them the leſs dangerous (at leaſt in Appearance to our preſent State) for not only the Penal Laws are in Force againſt them, and their number is contemptible; but alſo their Peerage and Commons are excluded from Parliaments, and conſequently thoſe Laws in no probability of being Repeal'd. A General and Uninterrupted Plot of their Clergy, ever ſince the Reformation, I ſuppoſe all Proteſtants believe. For 'tis not reaſonable to think but that ſo many of their Orders, as were outed from their fat Poſſeſſions, wou'd endeavour a re-entrance againſt thoſe whom they account Hereticks. As for the late Deſign, Mr. Coleman's *Letters, for ought I know, are the beſt Evidence; and what they diſcover, without wyre-drawing their Senſe, or malicious Gloſſes, all Men of Reaſon conclude credible. If there be any thing more than this requir'd of me, I muſt believe it as well as I am able, in ſpight*

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ſpight of the Witneſſes, and out of a decent Conformity to the Votes of Parliament: For I ſuppoſe the Fanaticks will not allow the private Spirit in this Caſe: Here the Infallibility is at leaſt in one part of the Government; and our Underſtandings as well as our Wills are repreſented. But to return to the Roman Catholicks, how can we be ſecure from the Practice of Jeſuited Papiſts in that Religion? For not two or three of that Order, as ſome of them would impoſe upon us, but almoſt the whole Body of them are of Opinion, that their infallible Maſter has a right over Kings, not only in Spirituals but Temporals. Not to name Mariano, Bellarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santaret, Simanca, *and at leaſt twenty others of Foreign Countries; we can produce of our own Nation,* Campian, *and* Doleman *or* Parſons, *beſides many are nam'd whom I have not read, who all of them atteſt this Doctrine, that the Pope can depoſe and give away the Right of any Sovereign Prince,* ſi vel paulum deflexerit, *if he ſhall never ſo little Warp: but if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the Bond of Obedience is taken off from Subjects; and they may and ought to drive him like another* Nebuchadnezzar, ex hominum Chriſtianorum Dominatu, *from exerciſing Dominion over Chriſtians: and to this they are bound by Virtue of Divine Precept, and by all the Tyes of Conſcience under no leſs Penalty than Damnation. If they anſwer me (as a Learned Prieſt has lately written,) that this Doctrine of the Jeſuites is not* de fide, *and that conſequently they are not oblig'd by it, they muſt pardon me, if I think they have ſaid nothing to the purpoſe; for 'tis a Maxim in their Church, where Points of Faith are not decided, and that Doctors are of contrary Opinions, they*

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they may follow which part they pleaſe: but more ſafely the moſt receiv'd and moſt authoriz'd. And their Champion Bellarmine *has told the World, in his Apology, that the King of* England *is a Vaſſal to the Pope,* ratione directi Dominii, *and that he holds in Villanage of his Roman Landlord. Which is no new Claim put in for* England. *Our Chronicles are his Authentique Witneſſes, that King* John *was depos'd by the ſame Plea. and* Philip Auguſtus *admitted Tenant. And which makes the more for* Bellarmine, *the French King was again ejected when our King ſubmitted to the Church, and the Crown received under the ſordid Condition of Vaſſalage.*

'Tis not ſufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning Papiſts, (of which I doubt not there are many) to produce the Evidences of their Loyalty to the late King, and to declare their Innocency in this Plot; I will grant their Behaviour in the firſt, to have been as Loyal and as Brave as they deſire; and will be willing to hold them excus'd as to the ſecond, (I mean when it comes to my turn, and after my Betters; for 'tis a Madneſs to be ſober alone, while the Nation continues drunk:) But that Saying of their Father Creſ. *is ſtill running in my Head, that they may be diſpens'd with in their Obedience to an Heretick Prince, while the Neceſſity of the times ſhall oblige them to it: (for that (as another of them tells us) is only the Effect of Chriſtian Prudence) but when once they ſhall get Power to ſhake him off, an Heretick is no lawful King, and conſequently to riſe againſt him is no Rebellion. I ſhould be glad therefore, that they wou'd follow the Advice which was charitably given them by a Reverend Prelate of our Church; namely, that they wou'd join in a publick Act of diſowning and deteſting thoſe Jeſuitick Prin-*

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ciples; and ſubſcribe to all Doctrines which deny the Pope's Authority of Depoſing Kings, and releaſing Subjects from their Oath of Allegiance: to which I ſhou'd think they might eaſily be induc'd, if it be true that this preſent Pope has condemn'd the Doctrine of King-killing (a Theſis of the Jeſuites) amongſt others ex Cathedra (*as they call it*) *or in open Conſiſtory.*

Leaving them, therefore, in ſo fair a way (if they pleaſe themſelves) of ſatisfying all reaſonable Men, of their Sincerity and good Meaning to the Government, I ſhall make bold to conſider that other Extreme of our Religion, I mean the Fanaticks, or Schiſmaticks, of the Engliſh *Church. Since the Bible has been tranſlated into our Tongue, they have us'd it ſo, as if their Buſineſs was not to be ſav'd, but to be damn'd by its Contents. If we conſider only them, better had it been for the* Engliſh *Nation, that it had ſtill remain'd in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at leaſt in the honeſt Latine of St.* Jerome, *than that ſeveral Texts in it, ſhould have been prevaricated to the Deſtruction of that Government which put it into ſo ungrateful Hands.*

How many Hereſies the firſt Tranſlation of Tyndal *produced in few Years, let my Lord* Herbert's *Hiſtory of* Henry *the Eighth inform you; Inſomuch that for the groſs Errors in it, and the great Miſchiefs it occaſion'd, a Sentence paſs'd on the firſt Edition of the Bible too ſhameful almoſt to be repeated. After the ſhort Reign of* Edward *the Sixth (who had continued to carry on the Reformation, on other Principles than it was begun) every one knows, that not only the chief Promoters of that Work, but many others, whoſe Conſciences wou'd not diſpence with Popery, were forc'd for fear of Perſecution, to change Climates; from whence*

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whence returning at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's *Reign, many of them who had been in* France, *and at* Geneva, *brought back the rigid Opinions and imperious Diſcipline of* Calvin *to graff upon our Reformation. Which though they cunningly conceal'd at firſt, (as well knowing how nauſeouſly that Drug wou'd go down in a lawful Monarchy, which was preſcrib'd for a rebellious Common-wealth) yet they always kept it in reſerve; and were never wanting to themſelves either in Court or Parliament, when either they had any Proſpect of a numerous Party of Fanatick Members in the one, or the Encouragement of any Favourite in the other, whoſe Covetouſneſs was gaping at the Patrimony of the Church. They who will conſult the Works of our venerable* Hooker, *or the account of his Life, or more particularly the Letter written to him on this Subject, by* George Cranmer, *may ſee by what Gradations they proceeded; from the diſlike of Cap and Surplice, the very next Step was Admonitions to the Parliament againſt the whole Government Eccleſiaſtical: then came out Volumes in Engliſh and Latine in Defence of their Tenets: and immediately Practices were ſet on foot to erect their Diſcipline without Authority. Thoſe not ſucceeding, Satyr and Railing was the next: And* Martin Mar-Prelate (*the* Marvel *of thoſe times*) *was the firſt Presbyterian Scribler, who ſanctify'd Libels and Scurrility to the uſe of the Good Old Cauſe. Which was done (ſays my Author) upon this account; that (their ſerious Treatiſes having been fully anſwered and refuted) they might compaſs by railing what they had loſt by reaſoning; and when their Cauſe was ſunk in Court and Parliament, they might at leaſt hedge in a Stake amongſt the Rabble: for to their Ignorance*

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all things are Wit which are abuſive; but if Church and State were made the Theme, then the Doctoral Degree of Wit was to be taken at Billingſgate: *even the moſt Saint like of the Party, though they durſt not excuſe this Contempt and vilifying of the Government, yet were pleas'd, and grinn'd at it with a pious Smile; and call'd it a Judgment of God againſt the Hierarchy. Thus Sectaries, we may ſee, were born with Teeth, foul mouth'd and ſcurrilous from their Infancy: and if Spiritual Pride, Venome, Violence, Contempt of Superiours and Slander had been the Marks of Orthodox Belief; the Presbytery and the reſt of our Schiſmaticks, which are their Spawn, were always the moſt viſible Church in the Chriſtian World.*

'Tis true the Government was too ſtrong at that time for a Rebellion; but to ſhew what Proficiency they had made in Calvin's *School even* Then *their Mouths water'd at it: for two of their gifted Brotherhood* (Hacket *and* Coppinger) *as the Story tells us, got up into a Peaſe-Cart, and harangued the People, to diſpoſe them to an Inſurrection, and to eſtabliſh their Diſcipline by Force: ſo that however it comes about that now they celebrate* Queen Elizabeth's *Birth-night, as that of their Saint and Patroneſs; yet then they were for doing the Work of the Lord by Arms againſt her; and in all probability, they wanted but a Fanatick Lord Mayor and two Sheriffs of their Party to have compaſs'd it.*

Our venerable Hooker, *after many Admonitions which he had given them toward the end of his Preface, breaks out into this Prophetick Speech,* "There "is in every one of theſe Conſiderations moſt "juſt Cauſe to fear, leſt our haſtineſs to embrace

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" a thing of so perilous Consequence (*meaning the Presbyterian Discipline*) should cause " Posterity to feel those Evils, which as yet are " more easie for us to prevent, than they would " be for them to remedy.

How fatally this Cassandra *has foretold, we know too well by sad Experience: The Seeds were sown in the time of* Queen Elizabeth, *the bloody Harvest ripened in the Reign of* King Charles *the Martyr: and because all the Sheaves could not be carried off without shedding some of the loose Grains, another Crop is too like to follow; nay I fear 'tis unavoidable, if the Conventiclers be permitted still to scatter.*

A Man may be suffer'd to quote an Adversary to our Religion, when he speaks Truth: and 'tis the observation of Meimbourgh *in his History of Calvinism, that where-ever that Discipline was planted and embrac'd, Rebellion, Civil-War and Misery attended it. And how indeed should it happen otherwise? Reformation of Church and State has always been the ground of our Divisions in* England. *While we were Papists, our Holy Father rid us, by pretending Authority out of the Scriptures to depose Princes; when we shook off his Authority, the Sectaries furnish'd themselves with the same Weapons; and out of the same Magazine, the Bible. So that the Scriptures, which are in themselves the greatest Security of Governours, as commanding expres Obedience to them, are now turn'd to their Destruction; and never since the Reformation, has there wanted a Text of their interpreting to Authorize a Rebel. And 'tis to be noted by the way that the Doctrines of King-killing and Deposing, which have been taken up only by the worst Party of the Papists, the most frontless Flatterers of the Pope's*

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Authority, have been eſpous'd, defended, and are ſtill maintain'd by the whole Body of Nonconformiſts and Republicans. 'Tis but dubbing themſelves the People of God, which 'tis the Intereſt of their Preachers to tell them they are, and their own Intereſt to believe; and after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one Text or another will turn up for their Purpoſe: If they are under Perſecution (as they call it,) then that is a Mark of their Election; if they flouriſh, then God works Miracles for their Deliverance, and the Saints are to poſſeſs the Earth.

They may think themſelves to be too roughly handled in this Paper; but I who know beſt how far I could have gone on this Subject, muſt be bold to tell them they are ſpar'd: though at the ſame time I am not ignorant, that they interpret the mildneſs of a Writer to them, as they do the Mercy of the Government; in the one they think it Fear, and conclude it Weakneſs in the other. The beſt way for them to confute me, is, as I before adviſ'd the Papiſts, to diſclaim their Principles, and renounce their Practices. We ſhall all be glad to think them true Engliſhmen, when they obey the King, and true Proteſtants when they conform to the Church Diſcipline.

It remains that I acquaint the Reader, that the Verſes were written for an ingenious young Gentleman, my Friend; upon his Tranſlation of The Critical Hiſtory of the Old Teſtament, *compos'd by the learned Father* Simon: *The Verſes therefore are addreſſed to the Tranſlator of that Work, and the Style of them is, what it ought to be, Epiſtolary.*

If any one be ſo lamentable a Critick as to require the Smoothneſs, the Numbers and the Turn of Heroick Poetry in this Poem; I muſt tell him, that if

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he has not read Horace. *I have ſtudied him, and hope the Style of his Epiſtles is not ill imitated here. The Expreſſions of a Poem, deſign'd purely for Inſtruction ought to be Plain and Natural, and yet Majeſtick; for here the Poet is preſum'd to be a kind of Lawgiver, and thoſe three Qualities which I have nam'd, are proper to the Legiſlative Style. The Florid, Elevated and Figurative way is for the Paſſions; for Love and Hatred Fear and Anger, are begotten in the Soul by ſhewing their Objects out of their true Proportion; either greater than the Life, or leſs; but Inſtruction is to be given by ſhewing them what they naturally are. A Man is to be cheated into Paſſion, but to be reaſon'd into Truth.*

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Religio Laici.

DIM, as the borrow'd Beams of Moon and Stars
To *lonely*, *weary*, *wandring* Travellers,
Is *Reason* to the *Soul*: And as on high,
Those rowling Fires *discover* but the Sky
Not light us *here*; So *Reason*'s glimmering Ray
Was lent, not to *assure* our *doubtful* way,
But *guide* us upward to a *better Day*.
And as those nightly Tapers disappear,
When Day's bright Lord ascends our Hemisphere;
So pale grows *Reason* at *Religion*'s sight;
So *dyes*, and so *dissolves* in *Supernatural Light*.
Some few, whose Lamp shone brighter, have been led
From Cause to Cause, to *Nature*'s secret Head;
And found that *one first Principle* must be:
But *what*, or *who*, that *UNIVERSAL HE*;
Whether some *Soul* incompassing this Ball
Unmade, *unmov'd*; yet *making*, *moving All*;
Or various *Atoms* interfering Dance
Leapt into *Form* (the Noble Work of *Chance*;)
Or this great *All* was from *Eternity*;
Not ev'n the *Stagirite* himself could see;
And *Epicurus guess'd* as well as He:
As *blindly grop'd* they for a *future State*;
As *rashly judg'd* of *Providence* and *Fate*:

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But leaſt of all could their Endeavours find
What moſt concern'd the good of Humane kind:
For *Happineſs* was never to be found;
But vaniſh'd from 'em, like Enchanted Ground.
* One thought *Content* the Good to be enjoy'd:
This, every little *Accident* deſtroy'd:
The *wiſer Madmen* did for *Virtue* toil:
A Thorny, or at beſt a barren Soil:
In *Pleaſure* ſome their glutton Souls would ſteep;
But found their Line too ſhort, the Well too deep;
And leaky Veſſels which no *Bliſs* cou'd keep.
Thus, *anxious Thoughts* in *endleſs Circles* roul,
Without a *Centre* were to fix the *Soul*:
In this wild Maze their vain Endeavours end.
How can the *Leſs* the *Greater* comprehend?
Or *finite Reaſon* reach *Infinity?*
For what cou'd *Fathom GOD*, were *more* than *He*.
The † *Deiſt* thinks he ſtands on firmer Ground;
Cries *εὕρηκα*: The mighty Secret's found:
God is that *Spring* of *Good*; *Supreme*, and *Beſt*;
We, made to *ſerve*, and in that Service *bleſt*;
If ſo, ſome *Rules* of Worſhip muſt be given,
Diſtributed alike to all by Heaven:
Elſe *God* were *partial*, and to *ſome* deny'd
The Means his Juſtice ſhou'd for *all* provide.
This *general Worſhip* is to *PRAISE* and *PRAY*:
One part to *borrow* Bleſſings, one to *pay*:
And when frail Nature ſlides into *Offence*,
The *Sacrifice* for *Crimes* is *Penitence*.
Yet, ſince th' Effects of Providence, we find,
Are variouſly diſpens'd to Humane kind;
That *Vice Triumphs*, and *Virtue ſuffers* here,
(A brand that Sovereign Juſtice cannot bear;)
Our Reaſon prompts us to a *future* State:
The *laſt Appeal* from *Fortune*, and from *Fate*:

* *Opinions of the ſeveral Sects of Philoſophers concerning the* Summum Bonum. † *Syſteme of Deiſm.*

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Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd;
The *Bad* meet *Punishment*, the *Good*, *Reward*.
* Thus Man by his own Strength to Heaven wou'd soar:
And wou'd not be oblig'd to God for more.
Vain, wretched Creature, how art thou mis-led
To think thy Wit these God-like Notions bred!
These Truths are not the product of thy Mind,
But dropt from Heaven, and of a Nobler kind.
Reveal'd Religion first inform'd thy Sight,
And *Reason* saw not, till *Faith* sprung the Light.
Hence all thy *Natural Worship* takes the *Source*:
'Tis *Revelation* what thou think'st *Discourse*.
Else, how com'st *Thou* to see these Truths so clear,
Which so obscure to *Heathens* did appear?
Not *Plato* these, nor *Aristotle* found:
Nor † He whose Wisdom *Oracles* renown'd.
Hast thou a Wit so deep, or so sublime,
Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?
Canst *Thou*, by *Reason*, more of *God-head* know
Than *Plutarch*, *Seneca*, or *Cicero*?
Those Gyant Wits, in happier Ages born,
(When *Arms* and *Arts* did *Greece* and *Rome* adorn)
Knew no such *System*: no such Piles cou'd raise
Of *Natural Worship*, built on *Pray'r* and *Praise*,
To one sole GOD.
Nor did Remorse, to expiate Sin, prescribe:
But slew their Fellow Creatures for a Bribe:
The guiltless *Victim* groan'd for their Offence;
And *Cruelty*, and *Blood* was *Penitence*.
If *Sheep* and *Oxen* cou'd attone for Men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the *Rich* might Sin!
And great Oppressors might Heaven's Wrath beguile,
By offering his own Creatures for a Spoil!
Dar'st thou, poor Worm, offend *Infinity*?
And must the Terms of Peace be given by *Thee*?

---

* *Of Reveal'd Religion.* † *Socrates.*

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Then *Thou* art *Juſtice* in the *laſt Appeal*;
Thy eaſie God inſtructs thee to *rebell*:
And, like a King remote, and weak, muſt take
What Satisfaction *Thou* art pleas'd to make.
But if there be a *Pow'r* too *Juſt*, and *ſtrong*
To wink at *Crimes*, and bear unpuniſh'd *Wrong*;
Look humbly upward, ſee his Will diſcloſe
The *Forfeit* firſt, and then the *Fine* impoſe:
A *Mulct thy* Poverty cou'd never pay,
Had not *Eternal Wiſdom* found the way:
And with Cœleſtial Wealth ſupply'd thy Store:
His Juſtice makes the *Fine*, *his Mercy* quits the *Score*.
See God deſcending in thy Humane Frame;
Th' *Offended*, ſuff'ring in th' *Offender's* Name:
All thy Miſdeeds to him imputed ſee,
And all his Righteouſneſs devolv'd on thee.
For granting we have Sinn'd, and that th' Offence
Of *Man*, is made againſt *Omnipotence*;
Some Price, that bears *Proportion*, muſt be paid,
And *Infinite* with *Infinite* be weigh'd.
See then the *Deiſt loſt*: *Remorſe* for *Vice*,
Not paid, or *paid*, *inadequate* in price:
What farther means can *Reaſon* now direct,
Or what Relief from *humane Wit* expect?
That ſhews us *ſick*; and ſadly are we ſure
Still to be *Sick*, till *Heav'n* reveal the *Cure*:
If then *Heav'n's Will* muſt needs be underſtood,
(Which muſt, if we want *Cure*, and *Heaven*, be *Good*)
Let all Records of *Will reveal'd* be ſhown;
With *Scripture*, all in equal balance thrown,
And *our one Sacred Book* will be *That one*.
Proof needs not here, for whether we compare
That Impious, Idle, Superſtitious Ware
Of *Rites*, *Luſtrations*, *Offerings*, (which before
In various Ages, various Countries bore)
With *Chriſtian Faith* and *Virtues*, we ſhall find
None anſw'ring the great Ends of Human Kind,
But *This one Rule of Life*: *That* ſhews us beſt
How God may be *appeas'd*, and *Mortals bleſt*.

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Whether from length of *Time* its Worth we draw,
The *World*, is ſcarce more *Ancient* than the *Law*:
Heav'ns early Care preſcrib'd for every Age;
Firſt, in the *Soul*, and after, in the *Page*.
Or, whether more abſtractedly we look,
Or on the *Writers*, or the *written Book*,
Whence, but from *Heaven*, cou'd Men unskill'd in Arts,
In ſeveral Ages born, in ſeveral parts,
Weave ſuch *agreeing Truths?* or *how*, or *why*
Shou'd *all* conſpire to cheat us with a *Lye?*
Unask'd their *Pains*, *ungrateful* their *Advice*,
Starving their *Gain*, and *Martyrdom* their *Price*.
If on the Book it ſelf we caſt our View,
Concurrent Heathens prove the Story *true*:
The *Doctrine*, *Miracles*; which muſt convince,
For *Heav'n* in *Them* appeals to *humane Senſe*:
And though they *prove* not, they *confirm* the Cauſe,
When what is *Taught* agrees with *Nature's Laws*.
Then for the *Style*; *Majeſtick* and *Divine*,
It ſpeaks no leſs than God in every Line:
Commanding Words; whoſe *Force* is ſtill the ſame
As the firſt *Fiat* that produc'd our Frame.
All Faiths *beſide*, or did by *Arms* aſcend;
Or *Senſe* indulg'd has made *Mankind* their *Friend*;
This *only* Doctrine does our *Luſts* oppoſe:
Unfed by Nature's Soil, in which it grows;
Croſs to our *Intereſts*, curbing Senſe, and Sin;
Oppreſs'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives through Pain; its own Tormentors tires;
And with a ſtubborn Patience ſtill aſpires.
To what can *Reaſon* ſuch Effects aſſign
Tranſcending *Nature*, but to *Laws Divine*?
Which in that Sacred Volume are contain'd;
Sufficient, clear, and for that uſe ordain'd.
But ſtay: * the *Deiſt* here will urge anew,
No *Supernatural Worſhip* can be *True*:
Becauſe a *general Law* is that alone
Which muſt to *all*, and every *where* be known:

* *Objection of the Deiſt.*

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A Style ſo large as not *this* Book can claim,
Nor ought that bears *reveal'd* Religion's *Name*:
'Tis ſaid the ſound of a *Meſſiah*'s *Birth*
Is gone through all the habitable Earth:
But ſtill that Text muſt be confin'd alone
To what was *Then* inhabited, and known:
And what Proviſion cou'd from *thence* accrue
To *Indian* Souls, and Worlds diſcover'd *New*?
In other parts it helps, that Ages paſt,
The Scriptures there were *known*, and were *imbrac'd*;
Till Sin ſpread once again the Shades of Night:
What's that to theſe who never *ſaw* the Light?
* Of all Objections this indeed is Chief
To ſtartle Reaſon, ſtagger frail Belief:
We grant, 'tis true, that Heaven from humane Senſe
Has hid the ſecret Paths of *Providence*:
But *boundleſs Wiſdom*, *boundleſs Mercy*, may
Find ev'n for thoſe *bewildred* Souls, a *way*:
If from his *Nature Foes* may Pity claim,
Much more may *Strangers* who ne'er heard his *Name*,
And though *no Name* be for *Salvation* known,
But that of his *Eternal Son*'s alone;
Who knows how far tranſcending Goodneſs can
Extend the *Merits* of *that Son*, to *Man*?
Who knows what *Reaſons* may his *Mercy* lead;
Or *Ignorance invincible* may plead?
Not only *Charity* bids hope the *beſt*,
But *more* the great Apoſtle has expreſt:
That, if the Gentiles (whom no Law inſpir'd,)
By Nature did what was by *Law requir'd*;
They, who the written Rule had never known,
Were to themſelves both Rule and Law alone:
To Nature's plain Indictment they ſhall plead:
And, by their Conſcience, be condemn'd or freed.
Moſt righteous Doom! becauſe a *Rule reveal'd*
Is none to Thoſe, from whom it was *conceal'd*.

* *The Objection anſwer'd.*

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Then thoſe who follow'd *Reaſons* Dictates right,
Liv'd up, and lifted high their *Natural Light*;
With *Socrates* may ſee their Maker's Face,
While Thouſand *Rubrick Martyrs* want a place.
Nor doth it baulk my *Charity*, to find
Th' *Egyptian* Biſhop of another Mind:
For, though his *Creed Eternal Truth* contains,
'Tis hard for *Man* to doom to *endleſs Pains*
All who believ'd not all, his Zeal requir'd;
Unleſs he firſt cou'd prove he was inſpir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to ſay
This Faith, where *publiſh'd*, was the only way;
Or elſe conclude that, *Arius* to confute,
The good old Man, too eager in diſpute,
Flew high; and as his *Chriſtian* Fury roſe,
Damn'd all for *Hereticks* who durſt *oppoſe*.
*Thus far my Charity this Path hath try'd;
(A much unskilful, but well-meaning Guide) [bred
Yet what they are, ev'n theſe crude Thoughts were
By reading that, which better thou haſt read.
Thy Matchleſs Author's Work: which thou, my Friend,
By well tranſlating better doſt commend:
Thoſe youthful Hours which, of thy Equals moſt
In *Toys* have *ſquander'd*, or in *Vice* have *loſt*,
Thoſe Hours haſt thou to nobler Uſe employ'd;
And the ſevere Delights of Truth enjoy'd.
Witneſs this weighty Book, in which appears
The crabbed Toil of many thoughtful Years,
Spent by thy Author, in the Sifting Care
Of *Rabbins* old Sophiſticated Ware
From Gold Divine; which he who well can ſort,
May afterwards make *Algebra* a ſport.
A Treaſure, which if *Country-Curates* buy,
They *Junius*, and *Tremellius* may defy:
Save pains in various readings, and Tranſlations;
And without *Hebrew* make moſt learn'd quotations.

* *Digreſſion to the Tranſlator of Father* Simon's *Critical Hiſtory of the Old Teſtament.*

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A Work ſo full with various Learning fraught,
So nicely pondred, yet ſo ſtrongly wrought,
As Nature's height and Art's laſt Hand requir'd!
As much as Man cou'd compaſs, uninſpir'd.
Where we may ſee what *Errors* have been made
Both in the *Copiers* and *Tranſlators Trade*:
How *Jewiſh*, *Popiſh*, Intereſts have prevail'd,
And where *Infallibility* has *fail'd*.
For ſome, who have his ſecret meaning gueſs'd,
Have found our Author not too *much* a *Prieſt*:
For *Faſhion-ſake* he ſeems to have recourſe
To *Pope*, and *Councils*, and *Tradition's* force:
But he that *old* Traditions cou'd ſubdue,
Cou'd not but find the Weakneſs of the *New*:
If *Scripture*, though deriv'd from *heav'nly Birth*,
Has been but careleſly preſerv'd on *Earth*;
If *God's own People*, who of *God before*
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more,
In fuller Terms, of Heav'ns aſſiſting Care,
And who did neither *Time*, nor *Study* ſpare
To keep this Book *untainted*, *unperplext*;
Let in groſs *Errours* to corrupt the *Text*:
Omitted *paragraphs*, embroyl'd the *Senſe*;
With vain *Traditions* ſtopt the gaping Fence,
Which every common Hand pull'd up with Eaſe:
What Safety from ſuch *bruſhwood-helps* as theſe?
If *written Words* from Time are not ſecur'd,
How can we think have *oral Sounds* endur'd?
Which *thus* tranſmitted, if *one* Mouth has fail'd,
Immortal Lyes on *Ages* are intail'd:
And that ſome ſuch have been, is prov'd too plain,
If we conſider *Intereſt*, *Church*, and *Gain*.
* Oh but, ſays one, *Tradition* ſet aſide,
Where can we hope for an *unerring Guide?*
For ſince th' *original* Scripture has been loſt,
All Copies *diſagreeing*, *maim'd* the *moſt*,

* *Of the Infallibility of Tradition in General.*

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Or *Chriſtian Faith* can have no *certain* ground,
Or *Truth* in *Church Tradition* muſt be found.
Such an *Omniſcient* Church we wiſh indeed;
'Twere worth *Both Teſtaments*, and caſt in the *Creed*:
But if *this Mother* be a *Guide* ſo ſure,
As can all *doubts reſolve*, all *truth ſecure*,
Then her *Infallibility*, as well
Where Copies are *corrupt*, or *lame*, can tell;
Reſtore *loſt Canon* with as little pains,
As *truly explicate* what ſtill *remains*:
Which yet no *Council* dare *pretend* to do;
Unleſs like *Eſdras*, they cou'd *write* it new:
Strange Confidence, ſtill to *interpret* true,
Yet not be ſure that all they have explain'd,
Is in the bleſt *Original* contain'd.
More ſafe, and much more modeſt 'tis, to ſay
God wou'd not leave Mankind without a way:
And that the *Scriptures*, though not *every where*
Free from Corruption, or intire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, ſufficient, clear, intire,
In *all* things which our needful *Faith* require.
If *others* in the *ſame Glaſs better* ſee,
'Tis for *Themſelves* they look, but not for *me*:
For *MY* Salvation muſt its Doom receive
Not from what *OTHERS*, but what *I* believe.
* Muſt *all Tradition* then be ſet aſide?
This to affirm were Ignorance, or Pride.
Are there not many Points, ſome needful ſure
To ſaving Faith, that Scripture leaves obſcure?
Which every Sect will wreſt a ſeveral way
(For what *one* Sect interprets, *all* Sects *may*:)
We hold, and ſay we prove from Scripture plain,
That *Chriſt* is *GOD*; the bold *Socinian*
From the *ſame* Scripture urges he's but *MAN*.
Now what Appeal can end th' important Suit?
Both parts *talk* loudly, but the *Rule* is *mute*.

* *Objection in behalf of Tradition; urg'd by Father* Simon.

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Shall I ſpeak plain, and in a Nation free
Aſſume an honeſt *Layman's Liberty?*
I think (according to my little Skill,)
(To my own Mother-Church ſubmitting ſtill)
That many have been ſav'd, and many may,
Who never heard this Queſtion brought in play.
Th' *unletter'd* Chriſtian, who believes in *groſs*,
Plods on to *Heaven*; and ne'er is at a loſs:
For the *Strait-gate* wou'd be made *ſtraiter* yet,
Were *none* admitted there but Men of *Wit*.
The few, by Nature form'd, with Learning fraught,
Born to inſtruct, as others to be taught,
Muſt Study well the Sacred Page; and ſee
Which Doctrine, this, or that, does beſt agree
With the whole Tenor of the Work Divine:
And plainlieſt points to Heaven's reveal'd Deſign:
Which Expoſition flows from *genuine Senſe*;
And which is *forc'd* by *Wit* and *Eloquence*.
Not that Tradition's parts are uſeleſs here,
When general, old, diſintereſs'd and clear:
That Ancient Fathers thus expound the Page,
Gives *Truth* the reverend Majeſty of *Age*:
Confirms its Force, by bideing every *Teſt*;
For beſt *Authorities* next *Rules* are *beſt*.
And ſtill the nearer to the Spring we go
More limpid, more unſoyl'd the Waters flow.
Thus, *firſt Traditions* were a proof alone;
Cou'd we be *certain* ſuch they *were*, ſo *known*:
But ſince ſome Flaws in long deſcent may be,
They make not *Truth*, but *Probability*.
Even *Arius* and *Pelagius* durſt provoke
To what the *Centuries preceding* ſpoke.
Such difference is there in an oft-told Tale:
But Truth by its own Sinews will prevail.
Tradition written therefore more commends
Authority, than what from *Voice* deſcends:
And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
Rouls down to us the Sacred Hiſtory:

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Which, from the *Universal Church* receiv'd,
Is *try'd*, and *after*, for its *self* believ'd.
* The partial *Papists* wou'd infer from hence
Their Church, in last resort, shou'd judge the *Sense*;
But first they wou'd assume, with wondrous Art,
Themselves to be the *whole*, who are but *part*
Of that vast Frame, the Church; † yet grant they were
The handers down, can they from thence infer
A right t'interpret? Or wou'd they alone
Who brought the Present, claim it for their own?
The *Book*'s a *Common Largess* to *Mankind*;
Not more for *them*, than *every* Man design'd:
The *welcome News* is in the *Letter* found;
The *Carrier*'s not Commission'd to *expound*.
It *speaks* its *Self*, and what it does contain,
In all things *needful* to be *known*, is *plain*.
In times o'ergrown with Rust and Ignorance,
A gainful Trade their Clergy did advance:
When want of Learning kept the *Laymen* low,
And none but *Priests* were *Authoriz'd* to *know*:
When what small Knowledge was, in them did dwell;
And he a *God* who cou'd but *Read* or *Spell*;
Then *Mother Church* did mightily prevail:
She parcel'd out the Bible by *retail*:
But still *expounded* what She *sold* or *gave*;
To keep it in *her Power* to *Damn* and *Save*:
Scripture was *scarce*, and as the Market went,
Poor *Laymen* took *Salvation* on *Content*;
As needy Men take Mony, good or bad:
God's Word they had not, but the *Priests* they had.
Yet, whate'er *false Conveyances* they made,
The *Lawyer* still was *certain* to be paid.
In those dark times they learn'd their knack so well,
That by long use they grew *Infallible*:
At last, a knowing Age began t'enquire
If *they* the Book, or *That* did *them* inspire:

---

* *The Second Objection.* † *Answer to the Objection.*

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And, making narrower ſearch, they found, tho' late
That what they thought the *Prieſts*, was *Their* Eſtate;
Taught by the *Will produc'd*, (the written Word)
How long they had been *cheated* on *Record*.
Then, every Man who ſaw the Title fair,
Claim'd a Child's part, and put in for a Share:
Conſulted ſoberly his private Good;
And ſav'd himſelf as cheap as e'er he cou'd.
'Tis true, my Friend, (and far be flattery hence,)
This Good had full as bad a Conſequence:
The Book thus put in every vulgar Hand,
Which each preſum'd he beſt cou'd underſtand,
The *Common Rule* was made the *common Prey*;
And at the Mercy of the *Rabble* lay.
The tender Page with horney Fiſts was gaul'd;
And he was gifted moſt that loudeſt baul'd:
The *Spirit* gave the *Doctoral Degree*:
And every Member of a *Company*
Was of *his Trade*, and of the *Bible*, *free*.
Plain *Truths* enough for needful *uſe* they found;
But Men wou'd ſtill be itching to *expound*:
Each was ambitious of th' obſcureſt place,
No meaſure ta'en from *Knowledge*, all from GRACE;
Study and *Pains* were now no more their Care;
Texts were explain'd by *Faſting*, and by *Prayer*:
This was the Fruit the *private Spirit* brought;
Occaſion'd by *great Zeal*, and *little Thought*.
While Crowds unlearn'd, with rude Devotion warm,
About the Sacred Viands buz and ſwarm,
The *Fly-blown Text* creates a *crawling Brood*;
And turns to *Maggots* what was meant for *Food*.
A Thouſand daily Sects riſe up, and dye;
A Thouſand more the periſh'd Race ſupply:
So all we make of Heavens diſcover'd Will
Is, not to have it, or to uſe it ill.
The Danger's much the ſame; on ſeveral Shelves
If *others* wreck *us*, or *we* wreck our *ſelves*.
What then remains, but, waving each Extreme,
The Tides of Ignorance, and Pride to ſtem:

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Neither ſo rich a Treaſure to forego;
Nor proudly ſeek beyond our Pow'r to know:
Faith is not built on diſquiſitions vain;
The things we *muſt* believe, are *few*, and *plain*:
But ſince Men *will* believe more than they *need*;
And every Man will make *himſelf* a Creed:
In doubtful queſtions 'tis the ſafeſt way
To learn what unſuſpected Ancients ſay:
For 'tis not likely *we* ſhou'd higher Soar
In ſearch of Heav'n, than *all the Church before*:
Nor can we be deceiv'd, unleſs we ſee
The *Scripture*, and the *Fathers diſagree*.
If after all, they ſtand ſuſpected ſtill,
(For no Man's Faith depends upon his Will;)
'Tis ſome Relief, that Points not clearly known,
Without much Hazard may be let alone:
And, after hearing what our Church can ſay,
If ſtill our Reaſon runs another way,
That private Reaſon 'tis more Juſt to curb,
Than by Diſputes the publick Peace diſturb.
For Points obſcure are of ſmall uſe to learn:
But *Common quiet* is *Mankind's concern*.
Thus have I made my own Opinions clear:
Yet neither Praiſe expect, nor Cenſure fear:
And this unpoliſh'd, rugged Verſe, I choſe;
As fitteſt for Diſcourſe, and neareſt Proſe:
For, while from *Sacred Truth* I do not ſwerve,
Tom Sternhold's, or *Tom Sha----ll's Rhimes* will ſerve.

SONG, *to a Fair Young Lady, going out of the Town in the Spring.*

By Mr. DRYDEN.

ASK not the Cauſe, why ſullen *Spring*
So long delays her Flow'rs to bear;
Why warbling Birds forget to ſing,
And Winter Storms invert the Year?

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Chloris is gone; and Fate provides
To make it *Spring*, where she resides.

II.

Chloris is gone, the Cruel Fair;
She cast not back a pitying Eye:
But left her Lover in Despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die:
Ah, how can those fair Eyes endure
To give the Wounds they will not cure!

III.

Great God of Love, why hast thou made
A Face that can all Hearts command,
That all Religions can invade,
And change the Laws of every Land?
Where thou hadst plac'd such Power before,
Thou should'st have made her Mercy more.

IV.

When *Chloris* to the Temple comes,
Adoring Crowds before her fall;
She can restore the Dead from Tombs,
And every Life but mine recall.
Only am by Love design'd
To be the Victim for Mankind.

To the Dutchess, on her Return from Scotland, *in the Year* 1682.

By the same Hand.

WHen Factious Rage to cruel Exile drove
The Queen of *Beauty*, and the Court of Love;
The Muses droop'd, with their forsaken Arts,
And the sad *Cupids* broke their useless Darts.
Our fruitful Plains to Wilds and Desarts turn'd,
Like *Eden*'s Face when banish'd Man it mourn'd:
Love was no more when Loyalty was gone,
The great Supporter of his awful Throne,

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Love could no longer after *Beauty* ſtay,
But wander'd Northward to the verge of Day,
As if the Sun and He had loſt their way.
But now th' Illuſtrious Nymph return'd again,
Brings every Grace Triumphant in her Train:
The wondring *Nereids*, tho' they rais'd no Storm,
Foreſlow'd her Paſſage to behold her Form:
Some cry'd a *Venus*, ſome a *Thetis* paſt:
But this was not ſo fair, nor that ſo chaſt.
Far from her Sight flew Faction, Strife and Pride:
And Envy did but look on her, and dy'd.
What e'er we ſuffer'd from our ſullen Fate,
Her ſight is purchas'd at an eaſie rate:
Three gloomy Years againſt this Day were ſet:
But this one mighty Sum has clear'd the Debt.
Like *Joſeph*'s Dream, but with a better Doom;
The Famine paſt, the Plenty ſtill to come.
For her the weeping Heav'ns become ſerene,
For her the Ground is clad in cheerful green:
For her the Nightingales are taught to ſing,
And Nature has for her delay'd the Spring.
The Muſe reſumes her long-forgotten Lays,
And Love, reſtor'd, his Ancient Realm ſurveys;
Recalls our *Beauties*, and revives our Plays.
His waſte Dominions peoples once again,
And from her Preſence dates his ſecond Reign.
But awful Charms on her fair Forehead ſit,
Diſpenſing what ſhe never will admit.
Pleaſing, yet cold, like *Cynthia*'s ſilver Beam,
The People's Wonder, and the Poet's Theam.
Diſtemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
No more ſhall vex the Church, and tear the State;
No more ſhall Faction civil Diſcords move,
Or only Diſcords of too tender Love:
Diſcord like that of Muſick's various parts,
Diſcord that makes the Harmony of Hearts,
Diſcord that only this diſpute ſhall bring,
Who beſt ſhall love the Duke, and ſerve the King.

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To my dear Friend Mr. Congreve, *on his Comedy, call'd The* Double-Dealer.

By the ſame Hand.

WELL then; the promis'd Hour is come at laſt;
The preſent Age of Wit obſcures the paſt:
Strong were our Sires; and as they Fought they Writ,
Conqu'ring with force of Arms, and dint of Wit;
Theirs was the Giant Race, before the Flood;
And thus, when *Charles* Return'd, our Empire ſtood.
Like *Janus* he the ſtubborn Soil manur'd,
With Rules of Husbandry the Rankneſs cur'd:
Tam'd us to Manners, when the Stage was rude;
And boiſterous *Engliſh* Wit, with Art indu'd.
Our Age was cultivated thus at length;
But what we gain'd in Skill we loſt in Strength.
Our Builders were, with want of Genius, curſt;
The ſecond Temple was not like the firſt:
Till you, the beſt *Vitruvius*, come at length;
Our Beauties equal; but excell our Strength.
Firm *Dorique* Pillars found your ſolid Baſe:
The Fair *Corinthian* Crowns the higher Space:
Thus all below is Strength, and all above is Grace.
In eaſie Dialogue is *Fletcher*'s Praiſe:
He mov'd the Mind, but had not Power to raiſe.
Great *Johnſon* did by Strength of Judgment pleaſe:
Yet doubling *Fletcher*'s Force, he wants his Eaſe.
In differing Talents both adorn'd their Age;
One for the Study, t'other for the Stage.
But both to *Congreve* juſtly ſhall ſubmit,
One match'd in Judgment, both o'ermatch'd in Wit.
In him all Beauties of this Age we ſee;
Etherege his Courtſhip, *Southern*'s Purity;
The Satyr, Wit, and Strength of Manly *Wycherly*.

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All this in blooming Youth you have Atchiev'd:
Now are your foil'd Contemporaries griev'd;
So much the Sweetneſs of your Manners move,
We cannot envy you, becauſe we Love.
Fabius might joy in *Scipio*, when he ſaw
A Beardleſs Conſul made againſt the Law,
And join his Suffrage to the Votes of *Rome*;
Though He with *Hannibal* was overcome.
Thus old *Romano* bow'd to *Raphael*'s Fame;
And Scholar to the Youth he taught, became.
O that your Brows my Lawrel had ſuſtain'd,
Well had I been Depos'd, if you had reign'd!
The Father had deſcended for the Son;
For only you are lineal to the Throne.
Thus when the State one *Edward* did depoſe;
A Greater *Edward* in his room aroſe.
But now, not I, but Poetry is curs'd;
For *Tom* the ſecond reigns like *Tom* the firſt.
But let 'em not miſtake my Patron's part;
Nor call his Charity their own Deſert.
Yet this I Prophecy; Thou ſhalt be ſeen,
(Tho' with ſome ſhort Parentheſis between)
High on the Throne of Wit; and ſeated there,
Not mine (that's little) but thy Lawrel wear.
Thy firſt Attempt an early Promiſe made;
That early Promiſe this has more than paid.
So bold, yet ſo judiciouſly you dare,
That your leaſt Praiſe, is to be Regular.
Time, Place, and Action, may with pains be wrought,
But Genius muſt be born; and never can be taught.
This is your Portion; this your native Store;
Heav'n that but once was Prodigal before, [more.
To *Shakeſpear* gave as much; ſhe cou'd not give him
Maintain your Poſt: That's all the Fame you need;
For 'tis impoſſible you ſhou'd proceed.
Already I am worn with Cares and Age;
And juſt abandoning th' Ungrateful Stage:

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Unprofitably kept at Heav'ns Expence,
I live a Rent-Charge on his Providence:
But you, whom ev'ry Muſe and Grace adorn,
Whom I foreſee to better Fortune born,
Be kind to my Remains; and oh defend,
Againſt your Judgment, your departed Friend!
Let not th' Inſulting Foe my Fame purſue,
But ſhade thoſe Laurels which deſcend to You:
And take for Tribute what theſe Lines expreſs:
You merit more; nor cou'd my Love do leſs.

To the Earl of Roſcommon, *on his excellent Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe.*

By the ſame Hand.

WHether the fruitful *Nile*, or *Tyrian* Shore,
The Seeds of Arts and Infant Science bore,
'Tis ſure the noble Plant, tranſlated firſt,
Advanc'd its Head in *Grecian* Gardens nurſt.
The *Grecians* added Verſe, their tuneful Tongue
Made Nature firſt, and Nature's God their Song.
Nor ſtops Tranſlation here: For conquering *Rome*
With *Grecian* Spoils, brought *Grecian* Numbers home;
Enrich'd by thoſe *Athenian* Muſes more,
Than all the vanquiſh'd World cou'd yield before.
'Till barb'rous Nations and more barb'rous Times
Debas'd the Majeſty of Verſe to Rhimes;
Thoſe rude at firſt: a kind of hobbling Proſe,
That limp'd along, and tinckl'd in the cloſe:
But *Italy* reviving from the Trance
Of *Vandal*, *Goth*, and *Monkiſh* Ignorance,
With Pauſes, Cadence, and well vowell'd Words,
And all the Graces a good Ear affords,
Made Rhyme an Art, and *Dante*'s poliſh'd Page
Reſtor'd a Silver, not a Golden Age:

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Then *Petrarch* follow'd, and in him we ſee,
What Rhyme improv'd in all its height can be:
At beſt a pleaſing Sound, and fair Barbarity:
The *French* purſu'd their Steps; and *Britain*, laſt
In manly Sweetneſs all the reſt ſurpaſs'd.
The Wit of *Greece*, the Gravity of *Rome*
Appear exalted in the *Britiſh* Loom;
The Muſes Empire is reſtor'd again,
In *Charles* his Reign, and by *Roſcommon*'s Pen.
Yet modeſtly he does his Work ſurvey,
And calls a finiſh'd Poem an *ESSAY*;
For all the needful Rules are ſcatter'd here;
Truth ſmoothly told, and pleaſantly ſevere;
(So well is Art diſguis'd, for Nature to appear.)
Nor need thoſe Rules, to give Tranſlation light:
His own Example is a Flame ſo bright;
That he, who but arrives to copy well,
Unguided will advance; unknowing will excel.
Scarce his own *Horace* cou'd ſuch Rules ordain;
Or his own *Virgil* ſing a nobler Strain.
How much in him may riſing *Ireland* boaſt,
How much in gaining him has *Britain* loſt!
Their Iſland in revenge has ours reclaim'd,
The more inſtructed we, the more we ſtill are fham'd.
'Tis well for us his generous Blood did flow
Deriv'd from *Britiſh* Channels long ago,
That here his conquering Anceſtors were nurſt;
And *Ireland* but tranſlated *England* firſt:
By this Repriſal we regain our right,
Elſe muſt the two contending Nations fight,
A nobler Quarrel for his Native Earth,
Than what divided *Greece* for *Homer*'s Birth.
To what Perfection will our Tongue arrive,
How will Invention and Tranſlation thrive,
When Authors nobly born will bear their part,
And not diſdain th' inglorious Praiſe of Art!
Great Generals thus deſcending from Command,
With their own Toil provoke the Soldiers Hand.

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How will ſweet *Ovid*'s Ghoſt be pleas'd to hear
His Fame augmented by an *Engliſh* Peer,
How he embelliſhes His *Helen*'s Loves,
Out-does his Softneſs, and his Senſe improves?
When theſe tranſlate, and teach Tranſlators too, *
Nor Firſtling Kid, nor any vulgar Vow
Shou'd at *Apollo*'s grateful Altar ſtand;
Roſcommon writes, to that auſpicious Hand,
Muſe feed the Bull that ſpurns the yellow Sand.
Roſcommon, whom both Court and Camps commend,
True to his Prince, and faithful to his Friend;
Roſcommon firſt in Fields of Honour known,
Firſt in the peaceful Triumphs of the Gown;
Who both *Minerva*'s juſtly makes his own.
Now let the few belov'd by *Jove*, and they,
Whom infus'd *Titan* form'd of better Clay,
On equal Terms with ancient Wit ingage,
Nor mighty *Homer* fear, nor ſacred *Virgil*'s Page:
Our *Engliſh* Palace opens wide in State;
And without ſtooping they may paſs the Gate.

To A. L. *Perſwaſions to Love.*

By THO. CAREW, *Eſq;*

THink not, 'cauſe Men flatt'ring ſay
Y'are freſh as *April*, ſweet as *May*,
Bright as is the Morning-ſtar,
That you are ſo; or though you are,
Be not therefore proud, and deem
All Men unworthy your Eſteem:
For being ſo, you loſe the Pleaſure
Of being fair, ſince that rich Treaſure
Of rare Beauty and ſweet Feature,
Was beſtow'd on you by Nature
To be enjoy'd, and 'twere a Sin
There to be ſcarce, where ſhe hath been

* *The Earl of* Mulgrave.

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So prodigal of her beſt Graces;
Thus common Beauties, and mean Faces
Shall have more Paſtime, and enjoy
The Sport you loſe by being coy.
Did the thing for which I ſue
Only concern my ſelf, not you;
Were Men ſo fram'd as they alone
Reap'd all the Pleaſure, Women none,
Then had you reaſon to be ſcant;
But 'twere a Madneſs not to grant
That which affords (if you conſent)
To you the Giver, more content
Than me the Begger; Oh then be
Kind to your ſelf, if not to me;
Starve not your ſelf, becauſe you may
Thereby make me pine away;
Nor let brittle Beauty make
You your wiſer Thoughts forſake:
For that lovely Face will fail:
Beauty's ſweet, but Beauty's frail;
'Tis ſooner paſt, 'tis ſooner done
Than Summers Rain, or Winters Sun;
Moſt fleeting, when it is moſt dear;
'Tis gone, while we but ſay 'tis here.
Theſe curious Locks ſo aptly twin'd,
Whoſe every Hair a Soul doth bind,
Will change their auburn hue, and grow
White, and cold as Winters Snow.
That Eye which now is *Cupid*'s Neſt,
Will prove his Grave, and all the reſt
Will follow; in the Cheek, Chin, Noſe,
Nor Lilly ſhall be found, nor Roſe;
And what will then become of all
Thoſe, whom now your Servants call?
Like Swallows when your Summer's done
They'll fly, and ſeek ſome warmer Sun.
Then wiſely chuſe one to your Friend,
Whoſe Love may (when your Beauties end)

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Remain ſtill firm: be provident,
And think before the Summer's ſpent,
Of following Winter; like the Ant
In Plenty, hoard for time of ſcant.
Cull out amongſt the Multitude
Of Lovers, that ſeek to intrude
Into your Favour, one that may
Love for an Age, not for a Day;
One that will quench your youthful Fires,
And feed in Age your hot deſires.
For when the Storms of time have mov'd
Waves on that Cheek which was belov'd,
When a fair Lady's Face is pin'd,
And yellow ſpread where red once ſhin'd,
When Beauty, Youth, and all Sweets leave her,
Love may return, but Lovers never:
And old Folks ſay there are no Pains
Like itch of Love in aged Veins.
Oh love me then, and now begin it,
Let us not loſe this preſent Minute:
For Time and Age will work that wrack
Which Time or Age ſhall ne'er call back.
The Snake each Year freſh Skin reſumes,
And Eagles change their aged Plumes;
The faded Roſe each Spring receives
A freſh red Tincture on her Leaves:
But if your Beauties once decay,
You never know a ſecond *May*.
Oh, then be wiſe, and whilſt your Seaſon
Affords you Days for Sport, do reaſon;
Spend not in vain your Lives ſhort Hour,
But crop in time your Beauties flow'r:
Which will away, and doth together
Both Bud and Fade, both Blow and Wither.

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A RAPTURE.

By the ſame Hand.

I Will enjoy thee now, my *Celia*, come
And fly with me to *Love's Elyzium*:
The Gyant, Honour, that keeps Cowards out,
Is but a Maſquer, and the ſervile Rout
Of baſer Subjects only bend in vain
To the vaſt Idol, whilſt the Nobler Train
Of valiant Lovers daily ſail between
The huge Coloſſes Legs, and paſs unſeen
Unto the bliſsful Shore; be bold and wiſe,
And we ſhall enter; the grim Swiſs denies
Only to tame Fools Paſſage, that not know
He is but Form, and only frighes in Show,
The duller Eyes that lookt from far; draw near,
And thou ſhalt ſcorn what we were wont to fear.
We ſhall ſee how the ſtalking Pageant goes
With borrowed Legs, a heavy Load to thoſe
That made, and bear him; not as we once thought
The Seed of Gods, but a weak Model wrought
By greedy Men that ſeek t' incloſe the common,
And within private Arms empale free Woman.
Come then, and mounted on the Wings of Love
We'll cut the fleeting Air, and ſoar above
The Monſter's Head, and in the Nobleſt Seats
Of thoſe bleſt Shades quench and renew our Heats.
There, ſhall the Queen of Love, and Innocence,
Beauty and Nature baniſh all Offence
From our cloſe Ivy twines, there I'll behold
Thy bared Snow, and thy unbraded Gold;
There, my enfranchis'd Hand on every ſide,
Shall o'er thy naked poliſh'd Ivory ſlide.
No Curtain there, though of tranſparent Lawn,
Shall be before thy Virgin-treaſure drawn:
But the rich Mine to the enquiring Eye
Expos'd, ſhall ready ſtill for Mintage lye;

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And we will coin young *Cupids*. There, a Bed
Of Roſes, and freſh Myrtles ſhall be ſpread
Under the cooler Shade of Cypreſs Groves,
Our Pillows, of the Down of *Venus* Doves,
Whereon our panting Limbs we'll gently lay
In the faint Reſpites of our active play;
That ſo our Slumbers may in Dreams have Leiſure
To tell the nimble Fancy our paſt Pleaſure;
And ſo our Souls that cannot be embrac'd,
Shall the Embraces of our Bodies taſte.
Mean while the bubling Stream ſhall court the Shore,
Th'enamour'd chirping Wood-quire ſhall adore
In varied Tunes the Deity of Love;
The gentle Blaſts of weſtern Winds ſhall move
The trembling Leaves, and through their cloſe Boughs
Still Muſick whilſt we reſt our ſelves beneath [breath
Their dancing Shade, till a ſoft Murmur, ſent
From Souls entranc'd in amorous Languiſhment,
Rowze us, and ſhoot into our Veins freſh Fire,
Till we, in their ſweet Ecſtaſie expire.
Then, as the empty Bee, that lately bore
Into the common Treaſure all her Store,
Flies 'bout the painted Field with nimble Wing,
Deflowring the freſh Virgins of the Spring:
So will I rifle all the Sweets that dwell
In my delicious Paradiſe, and ſwell
My Bag with Honey, drawn forth by the Power
Of fervent Kiſſes, from each ſpicy Flower.
I'll ſeize the Roſe-buds in their perfum'd Bed,
The Violet Knots, like curious Mazes ſpread
O'er all the Garden, taſte the ripened Cherry,
The warm firm Apple tipt with Coral Berry;
Then will I viſit, with a wandring kiſs
The Vale of Lillies, and the Bower of Bliſs;
And where the beauteous Region doth divide
Into two milky ways, my Lips ſhall ſlide
Down thoſe ſmooth Allies, wearing as I go
A tract for Lovers on the printed Snow;

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Thence climbing o'er the ſwelling *Appenine*,
Retire into thy Grove of Eglantine;
Where I will all thoſe raviſht Sweets diſtil
Through Love's Alembique, and with Chimique Skill
From the mixt Maſs one Soveraign Balm derive,
Then bring that great Elixir to thy Hive.
Now in more ſubtile Wreaths I will entwine,
My ſnowy Thighs, my Legs and Arms with thine.
Thou like a Sea of Milk ſhalt lie diſplay'd,
Whilſt I the ſmooth calm Ocean invade
With ſuch a Tempeſt, as when *Jove* of old
Fell down on *Danae* in a Storm of Gold:
Yet my tall Pine, ſhall in the *Cyprian* Straight
Ride ſafe at Anchor, and unlade her freight;
My Rudder, with thy bold Hand, like a try'd
And skilful Pilot, thou ſhalt ſteer, and guide
My Bark into Love's Channel, where it ſhall
Dance, as the bounding Waves do riſe or fall.
Then ſhall thy circling Arms, embrace and clip
My willing Body, and thy balmy Lip
Bath me in Juice of Kiſſes, whoſe Perfume
Like a Religious Incenſe ſhall conſume,
And ſend up Holy Vapours to thoſe Pow'rs
That bleſs our Loves, and crown our ſportful Hours,
That with ſuch Halcyon Calmneſs fix our Souls
In ſtedfaſt Peace, as no Affright controuls.
There, no rude Sounds ſhake us with ſudden Starts,
No jealous Ears, when we unrip our Hearts,
Suck our Diſcourſe in; no obſerving Spies
This Bluſh, that Glance traduce; no envious Eyes
Watch our cloſe Meetings, nor are we betray'd
To Rivals, by the bribed Chamber-maid.
No Wedlock Bonds unwreath our twiſted Loves,
We ſeek no Midnight Arbor, no dark Groves
To hide our Kiſſes: there, the hated Name
Of Husband, Wife, Luſt, Modeſt, Chaſte, or Shame,
Are vain and empty Words, whoſe very Sound
Was never heard in the *Elyzian* ground.

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All things are lawful there, that may delight
Nature, or unrestrained Appetite:
Like, and Enjoy, to Will, and Act, is one,
We only sin when Love's Rites are not done.
The Roman *Lucrece* there reads the Divine
Lectures of Love's Great Master, *Aretine*,
And knows as well as *Lais* how to move
Her plyant Body in the Act of Love
To quench the burning Raviſher, ſhe hurles
Her Limbs into a thouſand winding Curles.
And ſtudies artful Poſtures, ſuch as be
Carv'd on the Bark of every neighbouring Tree
By Learned Hands, that ſo adorn'd the Rind
Of thoſe fair Plants, which as they lay entwin'd,
Have fann'd their glowing Fires. The *Grecian* Dame,
That in her endleſs Web toyl'd for a Name
As fruitleſs as her Work, doth there diſplay
Her ſelf before the Youth of *Ithaca*,
And th' amorous ſport of gameſome Nights prefer
Before dull Dreams of the loſt Traveller.
Daphne hath broke her Bark, and that ſwift Foot
Which th' angry Gods had faſtned with a Root
To the fixt Earth, doth now unfetter'd run,
To meet th' Embraces of the youthful Sun:
She hangs upon him like his *Delphick* Lyre,
Her Kiſſes blow the old, and breath new Fire;
Full of her God, ſhe ſings inſpired Layes,
Sweet Odes of Love, ſuch as deſerve the Bayes,
Which ſhe her ſelf was. Next her, *Laura* lies
In *Petrarch*'s learned Arms, drying thoſe Eyes
That did in ſuch ſweet ſmooth-pac'd Numbers flow,
As made the World enamour'd of his Woe.
Theſe, and Ten thouſand Beauties more, that dy'd
Slave to the Tyrant, now enlarg'd, deride
His cancel'd Laws, and for their time miſpent,
Pay into Love's Exchequer double Rent.
Come then, my *Celia*, we'll no more forbear
To taſte our Joys, ſtruck with a Panick Fear,

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But will depoſe from his imperious Sway
This proud Uſurper, and walk free, as they
With Necks unyoak'd; nor is it juſt that He
Should fetter your ſoft Sex with Chaſtity,
Which Nature made unapt for Abſtinence;
When yet this falſe Impoſtor can diſpence
With human Juſtice, and with ſacred Right,
And maugre both their Laws, command me fight
With Rivals, or with emulous Loves, that dare
Equal with thine, their Miſtreſs Eyes, or Hair:
If thou complain of Wrong, and call my Sword
To carve out thy Revenge, upon that Word
He bids me fight and kill; or elſe he brands
With Marks of Infamy, my Coward Hands,
And yet Religion bids from Blood-ſhed fly,
And damns me for that Act, then tell me why
This Goblin Honour which the World adores,
Should make Men Atheiſts, and not Women Whores?

Diſputing with a LADY *who left me in the* ARGUMENT.

SPare, gen'rous Victor, ſpare the Slave
Who did unequal War purſue,
That more than Triumph he might have
In being overcome by you.

In the Diſpute whate'er I ſaid,
My Heart was by my Tongue belyed,
And in my Looks you might have read,
How much I argu'd on your Side.

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You, far from Danger as from Fear,
Might have ſuſtain'd an open Fight;
For ſeldom your Opinions err,
Your Eyes are always in the right.

Why, Fair One, would you not rely
On Force thus formidably join'd?
Could I their Prevalence deny,
I muſt at once be Deaf and Blind.

But quicker Arts of Death you uſe,
Traverſe your Ground to gain the Field,
And, whilſt my Argument purſues,
With ſudden Silence bid me yield.

So when the *Parthian* turn'd his Steed,
And from the Hoſtile Camp withdrew,
He backward ſent the fatal Reed;
Secure of Conqueſt as he flew.

Daunted, I dropt my uſeleſs Arms,
When you no longer deign'd to Fight,
Then Triumph deck'd in all its Charms,
Appear'd leſs beautiful than Flight.

Oh! trace again the Hoſtile Plains,
My Troops were wounded in the War,
But whilſt this fiercer Silence reigns,
They ſuffer, famiſh'd by Deſpair.

Capricious Author of my Smart,
Let War enſue, or Silence ceaſe,
Unleſs you find my Coward Heart
Is yielding to a ſeparate Peace.

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The first Book of HOMER's ILIADS.

Tranſlated from the *Greek* by Mr. *Maynwaring*.

The ARGUMENT.

Chryſes, *a Prieſt of* Apollo, *brings a Ranſom to the* Grecians *for his Captive Daughter* Chryſëis. Agamemnon (*the Son of* Atreus, *and thence called* Atrides) *being General of the Army, and in Poſſeſſion of the Priſoner, refuſes to Releaſe her, and with Threats diſmiſſes her Father. The Prieſt prays for Vengeance to* Apollo, *who ſends a Plague among the* Greeks. Achilles *Summons a Council, where he prevails with* Chalcas, *a Prophet, to tell the ſecret Cauſe of the God's Diſpleaſure. The Prophet declares that* Agamemnon *occaſion'd their Misfortunes by detaining* Chryſëis. *By that means the General is obliged to reſtore her: But afterwards, to be revenged on* Achilles, *he ſeizes his Captive* Briſëis. Achilles *complains of this to his Mother* Thetis, *and begs her Interceſſion with* Jupiter, *to revenge his Injury on the* Grecians, *by giving Victory to the* Trojans.

TO Sing *Achilles* Wrath, O Muſe! prepare,
Which plung'd the *Grecians* in deſtructive War;
And ſent untimely to th' Infernal Coaſt,
The braveſt Souls of Heroes early loſt;
Whoſe Limbs in *Phrygian* Plains extended lay,
Expos'd to Dogs and rav'nous Birds a Prey:
So *Jove* decreed, when fierce Contention roſe,
To make *Atrides* and *Achilles* Foes.
But ſay, O Muſe! What unrelenting God,
In Friendly Breaſts, thoſe Seeds of Diſcord ſow'd?
Apollo, *Jove*'s and Fair *Latona*'s Son;
For he, reſenting bold Injuſtice done,
A fatal Sickneſs to their Army brought;
The Soldiers periſh'd for their Leaders Fault;

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Whose daring Voice with publick Scorn dismiss'd
The Suit of *Chryses*, and revil'd the Priest.
For *Chryses*, charg'd with boundless Treasure, came
To free from servile Bonds a Beauteous Dame:
His sacred Hands, to move the *Grecians* more,
Apollo's Crown and Golden Sceptre bore:
Their Chiefs he thus Address'd, but Courted most
The Sons of *Atreus*, Leaders of their Host.
Ye Kings of *Greece*! May each propitious God
That makes *Olympus* his secure Abode,
Assist your Arms, King *Priam*'s Town to take,
And lead your Forces safe in Triumph back:
But free my Daughter, and my Gifts approve;
And fear the Great *Apollo*, Son of *Jove*.
With loud Applause the *Greeks* Consent express'd,
Approv'd the Ransom, and rever'd the Priest:
But King *Atrides* rude Expressions us'd,
And, venting Threats, his humble Pray'r refus'd.
He said, Old Dotard, leave our Hostile Fleet,
Prevent my Fury with a swift Retreat:
Unsold *Chryseis* shall my Slave remain,
'Till, cloy'd with Joys, I break her useless Chain:
My Bed she shall adorn, and ply the Loom,
In *Argos*, distant from her native Home:
Begone, and seek no more the Charming Dame;
If e'er thy Tongue renews this saucy Claim,
Soon shalt thou find Protecting Pow'r deny'd
To that vain Sceptre, born with Priestly Pride.
The trembling Priest his dreadful Voice obey'd,
Along the Coast in silent Passion stray'd;
And, while secure in distant Plains he stood,
With various Titles thus invok'd his God.
Propitious *Phœbus*! Hear thy Suppliant's Prayers,
Thou Guardian King, whom chosen *Chrysa* bears:
For whose Protection sacred *Cilla* prays,
Thou glorious Light! whom *Tenedos* obeys;
If e'er thy Priest a grateful Service paid,
Or Bulls and Goats on flaming Altars laid;

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O *Smintheus* hear! and with thy Silver Bow
Dart the proud *Grecians*, and revenge my Woe.
His fervent Pray'r the God's Compaſſion drew,
Who breathing Vengeance from *Olympus* flew;
His Shoulders bore a Bow and Quiver join'd,
Still, as he mov'd, his Arrows chink'd behind:
Unſeen as Night he came, and rang'd apart
The *Grecian* Fleet, and ſent a deadly Dart;
The Twang was dreadful of his Silver Bow;
Firſt only Mules and Dogs receiv'd the Blow;
But laſt at Men his Mortal Shafts were aim'd,
And Funeral Piles with diſmal Blazes flam'd.
Achilles, when the Darts nine Days had rov'd,
The tenth a Council call'd, by *Juno* mov'd:
For much the White-arm'd Goddeſs griev'd to find
Thoſe Men deſtroy'd, to whom her Heart inclin'd.
The ſummon'd Hoſt a throng'd Aſſembly made,
Where, riſing up, the God-like Heroe ſaid:
We now, *Atrides*, muſt reſolve again
To wander homewards through the doubtful Main,
If Flight may ſtill prevent approaching Doom,
Since War and Plagues at once the *Greeks* conſume:
Some Prieſt conſult, for ſome deep Prophet ſend,
Or Dream-expounder, (Dreams from *Jove* deſcend)
To learn the Cauſe of our impending Woes,
Due Sacrifice unpaid, or broken Vows;
If humble Victims will this Plague remove,
Appeaſe the Godhead, and regain his Love.
Then *Calchas* roſe, who beſt foretold their Doom,
And knew the preſent, paſt, and Things to come;
Who ſafe to *Troy* the *Grecian* Navy brought,
By that Prophetick Art which *Phœbus* taught:
He ſaid, *Achilles*, beſt belov'd of *Jove*,
Since you demand what dire Offences move
Apollo's Wrath, the Fatal Secret hear;
But firſt to ſave me from Deſtruction ſwear:
A Prince will be provok'd, whoſe boundleſs Sway
The *Greeks* acknowledge, and our Chiefs obey;

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And ſtill unequal is a Subject's Strife
Match'd with a Monarch, who commands his Life;
For, though he ſeems his Anger to Digeſt,
He keeps the Rancour in his mindful Breaſt.
Achilles ſaid, I grant what you require,
Boldly reveal what e'er the Gods inſpire;
By *Jove*'s lov'd Son, ſole Object of your Pray'r,
When you Cœleſtial Oracles declare,
While I this Life enjoy, and Light partake,
No *Greek* on *Calchas* an Aſſault ſhall make:
Not ev'n *Atrides* who may proudly boaſt
His Chief Command of all the *Grecian* Hoſt.
Encourag'd thus, the blameleſs Prophet ſpoke:
Nor broken Vows the God's juſt Wrath provoke,
Nor Sacrifice unpaid; but *Phœbus* darts
His Fatal Shafts at our Devoted Hearts,
In Vengeance of the Wrongs his Prieſt has born,
From whoſe fond Arms the Beauteous Maid was torn.
By this *Atrides* urg'd avenging Fate;
Nor will the raging Peſtilence abate,
'Till proſp'rous Gales, no Bribe or Ranſom paid,
To longing *Chryſes* bear the Black-ey'd Maid,
With choiceſt Gifts, and ſacred Victims ſent;
Then Plagues will ceaſe, and injur'd Pow'rs relent.
This ſaid, *Atrides* roſe, with Grief oppreſt,
Black Choler boiling in his Manly Breaſt;
His Eyes were flaming, and ſevere his Look,
And, frowning on the Bard, with Warmth he ſpoke:
Thou dreaming Prophet! Born to croſs my Will,
Who findſt a Pleaſure in foretelling Ill;
Why doſt thou ſtill ungrateful Truths impart?
Thou worſt Profeſſor of the Boding Art!
Now ſince my Arms the Captive Maid detain,
The God is angry, and the *Greeks* are Slain:
'Tis true, my Threats her canting Sire diſmiſt,
I mock'd his Crown, proud Enſign of the Prieſt,
Refus'd the Ranſom, brought in bended Arms,
And found more Treaſure in her rifled Charms;

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Not ſo was lov'd in Youth my *Grecian* Dame,
Who bleſt my Nuptials with a Virgin Flame;
Equal in Beauty, ſhe delights my Heart
With Humour, Wit, and ev'ry Work of Art:
Yet, preſs'd with Dangers, I releaſe the Fair,
The Publick Safety is my only Care:
But you, O *Grecian* Chiefs! ſome Gift propoſe,
Fit to repair my much lamented Loſs;
Nor vainly think that I your Chief alone
Will want a Prize, who thus reſign my own.
To him *Achilles* ſaid, Too proudly you,
In this Debate, mean ſelfiſh Ends purſue:
How ſhould the *Grecians* a new Gift ſupply?
Few are the Spoils that undivided lye;
And ev'ry Soldier muſt enjoy his Lot,
Nor you Reſume what by their Toils they got.
Freely to *Phœbus* then reſtore the Maid,
This publick Service ſhall be largely paid,
When e'er, by *Jove's* Decree, the *Greeks* enjoy
The promis'd Spoils of well-defended *Troy*.
He ſpoke. The Gen'ral of their Hoſt reply'd,
With all thy Courage and exalted Pride,
Think not to ſeize what I abhor to grant;
Shalt thou enjoy a Bleſſing which I want?
Cheaply thou doom'ſt me to reſign my Right,
But equal Prize that Favour ſhall requite;
Or elſe the Spoils of *Ithacus*, or thine,
Or thoſe of *Ajax* ſhall be ſhortly mine.
But this hereafter will engage my Thought;
Now Launch a Ship, by choſen Pilots taught
To Sail the ſtormy Sea: Then Gifts prepare,
Worthy to Grace my dear departing Fair,
Whom *Ajax*, *Ithacus*, or *Creta's* King,
With Pomp of Sacrifice on Board ſhall bring;
Or you, the fierceſt of Mankind, may pleaſe
Theſe Rites to finiſh, and the God appeaſe.
Achilles frowning, the Debate renew'd,
O Prince! with Craft and Inſolence endu'd;

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Urg'd by thy Voice, what Soldier will delight
To March in Ambuſh, or in Arms to Fight?
No Cauſe had I to make this long Campaign,
The diſtant *Trojans* ne'er diſturb'd my Reign;
Nor fruitful *Phthia*'s happy Soil oppreſt,
With Herds abounding, and with Heroes bleſt:
The craggy Mountains, and reſounding Deep,
My Realm ſecure from bold Invaſion keep.
With thee, O Tyrant! I engag'd in War
To ſerve thy Brother, and his Wrongs repair:
Muſt I for this be with Contempt bereft
Of all my Prize, the grateful Armies Gift?
Small was the Lot, for which I labour'd hard,
With thy unequal Dividend compar'd:
Though I the Fury of each Fight ſuſtain,
Mine is the Toil and Danger, thine the Gain;
Away I go, my Strength in Battle ſpent,
With ſome poor Trifle to my Fleet content.
But now farewel: 'Tis better to return
To Native *Greece*, than here Oppreſſion mourn:
Hope not for Succour from a Friend Diſgrac'd,
Nor think with Foreign Wars my Realm to waſte.
Atrides anſwer'd, Fly with ſpeed away,
The reſtleſs Motions of thy Mind obey;
I ſcorn to move thee with an humble Pray'r,
On my Account to proſecute the War:
Heroes as great will pay deſerv'd Reſpect,
And *Jove* himſelf will our juſt Cauſe protect:
Of all the Kings that his Vicegerents Reign,
None to my Pow'r ſuch Enmity maintain:
Thou findſt in Faction thy ſupream Delight,
With brutal Courage, and with boaſted Might,
Exerting Talents ſent thee from Above,
Not gain'd by Virtue, but meer Gifts of *Jove*.
Go take thy Ships, and thy *Theſſalian* Band,
And ſafe at Home thy *Myrmidons* Command:
I ſlight thy Service, thy Revenge deſpiſe:
And as the God reſtores my lovely Prize,

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Who muſt to *Chryſa* from my Arms be ſent;
So will I ſeize *Briſeis* in thy Tent;
Remove her Beauty from thy longing Sight,
Aſſert by Conqueſt my Superior Right,
And warn all Chiefs, by thy unhappy Fate,
To ſhun Contention, and ſuppreſs Debate.

This ſaid, *Achilles* was with Rage poſſeſs'd,
Prompt with his Hand, but unreſolv'd his Breaſt;
If ſtriking Home he ſhould *Atrides* ſlay,
Or tamely yielding, his Revenge delay:
While Reaſon thus with Paſſion ſtrove, he drew
His weighty Sword; then down *Minerva* flew,
Diſpatch'd by *Juno*'s Order from above,
(For both the Princes bear'd her equal Love:)
Behind ſhe ſtood, and graſping faſt his Hair,
Unſeen by others, did to him appear;
For, looking backwards in a deep ſurprize,
He knew the Goddeſs by her ſparkling Eyes.

What brings, he ſaid, *Jove*'s heav'nly Daughter here?
Come you to ſee the rude Affronts I bear?
Then witneſs my Revenge, behold the time
That haughty King ſhall periſh for his Crime.

To him the Blue-ey'd Goddeſs thus reply'd,
To calm your Paſſion, and your Strife decide,
From Heav'n I come, employ'd by *Juno*'s Care;
You and *Atrides* her Affection ſhare:
Obey my Voice, and Violence aſſwage,
Nor preſs Revenge, nor with your Sword engage;
Sheath'd be that Weapon, but ſevere your Tongue;
A time ſhall come to vindicate this Wrong,
When, cruſh'd by Foes, the King ſhall humbly ſue
With trebble Gain your Anger to ſubdue.

Achilles anſwer'd, 'Tis, O Goddeſs! fit
That all my Paſſions to your Will ſubmit:
Wiſely, to Pow'rs Divine, Reſpect we bear,
Thoſe that obey the Gods, the Gods will hear.
Then graſping hard his Hilt, her ſacred Word
He ſtrait obſerv'd, and ſheath'd the unwieldy Sword.

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This done, *Minerva* did to Heav'n aſcend,
Where humble Gods *Jove's* awful Throne attend.
Achilles now in ruder Language rail'd,
His Rage encreaſing as his Reaſon fail'd;
Thou Chief, more Heartleſs than a flying Deer,
Who dar'ſt not firſt in Bloody Fields appear;
Nor doubtful Ambuſh for thy Foes deſign,
Vain empty Heroe, ever ſteep'd in Wine:
Fighting ſeems Death to thee, whoſe chief Delight
Is robbing Soldiers of their Legal Right.
Vile are the Slaves who thy dull Preſence throng,
Thou hadſt not elſe out-liv'd this brutal Wrong:
But by this awful Scepter now I ſwear,
(Which ne'er again will happy Branches bear,
Nor native Bark, nor growing Leaves will ſhoot,
But left on diſtant Hills the kindly Root;
And now with *Grecian* Judges muſt remain,
Who Right diſpence, and Sacred Laws maintain)
Hear what I ſwear, When e'er the *Greeks* ſhall want
My needful Aid, Deſtruction to prevent,
And with Regret their loſt *Achilles* mourn,
No Pray'rs, nor Gifts ſhall Bribe me to return;
Hector ſhall ſtrow with ſlaughter'd Foes the Field,
And no Relief thy Impotence ſhall yield;
But, torn with deep Remorſe, thy Heart ſhall break,
For wronging thus in Arms the braveſt *Greek*.
The Speech concluded, in Diſdain he toſt
His Scepter down, with Golden Studs Emboſs'd:
Atrides alſo ſtorm'd; but *Neſtor* roſe
With mild Diſcourſe their Fury to compoſe;
For ſmooth Harangues renown'd in *Pylos* long,
Words flow'd like Honey from his artful Tongue;
Two Generations in that Realm were dead,
Born in his Reign, and by his Precepts bred:
To him the Third did now Allegiance bear,
Juſt were his Thoughts, and his Expreſſions clear.
Oh Gods! he ſaid, What unexpected Woes
Oppreſs the *Greeks*! What Joys attend their Foes!

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What greater Good can bleſs the *Phrygian* King,
His Hoſt, and all who from his Lineage ſpring,
Than theſe Diſtractions, which our Chiefs divide,
Who lead our Armies, and our Councils guide!
Let me prevail to calm your fatal Rage,
Obey the Dictates of maturer Age;
A Race of Heroes, more than Mortals brave,
Once lov'd the Counſels which my Reaſon gave;
Such Chiefs no more will to theſe Eyes appear,
As God-like *Theſeus*, and *Pirithous* were;
Dryas the Juſt, and *Polypheme* the Strong,
And *Cenæus*, worthy an Immortal Song;
Strongeſt of Men, the ſtrongeſt Beaſts they kill'd,
Huge Mountain-Monſters, and fierce Centaurs quell'd:
With theſe I liv'd, with theſe in Arms I fought,
From diſtant *Pyle* by Invitation brought;
None now alive theſe Heroes durſt provoke,
Yet they wou'd liſten when your *Neſtor* ſpoke.
Taught by theſe great Examples, Both ſubmit
To what I judge, by long Experience, fit;
Stretch not, *Atrides*, your Prerogative,
Of lawful Prize this Heroe to deprive:
Nor you, *Achilles*, with our Leader vie,
For *Jove* has rais'd no Monarch's Throne ſo high:
Born of a Goddeſs, you more Strength may boaſt,
But he more Empire, who Commands our Hoſt.
Yet firſt, *Atrides*, let your Paſſion ceaſe,
Then Calm Advice *Achilles* ſhall appeaſe;
Whom ſtill we find, when preſs'd by *Trojans* hard,
Our ſtrongeſt Bulwark, and ſecureſt Guard.

Well have you ſpoke, *Atrides* then reply'd;
But this proud Captain wou'd o'er Kings preſide,
Controul Superiors, and Command the Field,
Affecting Empire, which no Prince will yield;
The Gods, that gave him his undaunted Mind,
Conferr'd no Licenſe to defame Mankind.

His Speech half-ended thus *Achilles* broke;
My ſervile Neck deſerv'd thy galling Yoke,

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If, worthleſs, and afraid, I yielded ſtill
With tame Submiſſion to thy boundleſs Will;
But now let others blind Obſervance pay,
No more will I ſuch Inſolence obey:
One Hint beſides I give, obſerve it right,
The Gods forbid me in this Cauſe to Fight;
Convey *Briſeïs*, as thy Captive, home,
Since partial *Grecians* their own Gift reſume;
But Tyrant, on thy Life, this warning take,
And let thy Hands no more Reſumptions make;
When e'er the bold Experiment they try,
The Crimſon Blood my ſpotted Launce ſhall dye.
Thus Rival Princes, while the Aſſembly ſate,
Fighting with Words maintain'd a rude Debate:
Riſing at laſt, the Council they adjourn'd;
And ſtern *Achilles* to his Tent return'd.
Atrides then Religious Rites began,
Launch'd a new Veſſel in the yielding Main,
Adorn'd her Sides with Twenty ſhining Oars,
And ſent a Cargo of the choiceſt Stores;
On Board *Chryſeïs* was conducted laſt,
And Wiſe *Ulyſſes* with Command was grac'd;
Thus fraught with Gifts to reconcile the God,
The well-trimm'd Pinnace plough'd the liquid Road.
With equal Care he purify'd the Coaſt
From foul Pollutions of his ſinful Hoſt;
The *Greeks*, in Ocean wide, their Ordures threw,
To pleaſe the God whole Hecatombs they ſlew;
Fat Bulls and Goats lay burning on the Shore,
And curling Smoak to Heav'n the Savour bore.
These Pious Works perform'd, *Atrides* ſtill
Reſolv'd his threaten'd Vengeance to fulfil;
Talthybius and *Eurybates* he ſent,
Charg'd with this Meſſage to the Hero's Tent:
Go, bring *Briſeïs* to my longing Arms,
Command *Achilles* to reſign her Charms;
Or elſe your Monarch will in Perſon come,
By force o ſConqueſt to revoke her Doom.

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The Heralds acted what their Sov'raign ſpoke,
Along the Shoar unwilling Steps they took;
But laſt to ſtrong *Theſſalian* Quarters went,
And found *Achilles* Penſive in his Tent:
Stern was his Look when their Approach he ſaw;
Their anxious Minds were ſtruck with deepeſt Awe;
Amaz'd they ſtood, and no Demand they made,
But he, divining their bold Meſſage, ſaid:
Welcome ye Meſſengers of Gods and Men,
Not you I blame, but your proud King condemn:
I know the Tyrant my fair Prize demands;
Patroclus, lead her to their awful Hands:
That each a Witneſs of my Wrongs may prove
Before all Kings on Earth, and Gods above;
When e'er the *Grecian* Pow'rs, oppreſs'd with Woes,
In vain ſhall urge me to repel their Foes:
For wild *Atrides*, with Diſtraction loſt,
No more from Slaughter can preſerve their Hoſt;
No more in Fight their ſinking Fleet protect,
Nor by things paſt their future Schemes direct.
He ſpoke. *Patroclus* his Command obey'd,
And to their Hands reſign'd the Beaut'ous Maid;
Away ſhe went, with an unwilling Heart;
Her mourning Lover, from his Friends apart,
Sate weeping on the Coaſt, the Sea ſurvey'd,
And with extended Arms to *Thetis* pray'd.
Indulgent Goddeſs! ſince Decrees of Fate,
My Life have bounded with ſo ſhort a Date;
Great *Jove* with Glory was oblig'd to Crown
The number'd Years of your unhappy Son:
But now, behold me wrong'd with open Shame,
And robb'd of all that's dear, the Captive Dame.
The Goddeſs heard her weeping Son complain,
With *Nereus* ſiting in the deepeſt Main;
Strait like a Miſt ſhe roſe, regain'd the Land,
Sate down before him, ſtroak'd him with her Hand,
And ſaid, Why weeps my Son? Thy Grief declare,
And let thy tender Parent bear her ſhare.

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With Sighs he ſaid, O Queen! 'tis vain to tell
What happen'd lately, and you know ſo well:
Strong *Thebes* we took, King *Oetion*'s ſacred Seat,
And ſtow'd with Plunder our Triumphant Fleet:
The *Grecian* Princes ſhar'd the Spoils they got,
But firſt reſerving, as the faireſt Lot,
Chryſëis for their Chief: Her Father came
With Gifts to Ranſom that unhappy Dame;
Apollo's Scepter and his Crown he bore,
Intreating much the *Greeks*, *Atrides* more:
The *Greeks* his Pray'r with due Compaſſion heard,
His Gifts approv'd, and Character rever'd:
But proud *Atrides*, with Diſpleaſure mov'd,
Diſmiſs'd the good Old Man, with Threats reprov'd:
He went, and pray'd to have his Wrong redreſs'd,
And *Phœbus* heard him, for he lov'd his Prieſt:
A Plague he ſent, and Fatal Arrows flew
Around our Quarters, and our Army ſlew:
A Prophet then reveal'd the God's Decree;
I mov'd the *Greeks* to ſet *Chryſëis* free,
And urg'd our brutal Chief, who loudly ſtorm'd,
To threaten Vengeance, which he ſince perform'd.
Well guarded home with Joy *Chryſëis* went,
And Holy Victims were to *Phœbus* ſent:
Then curs'd *Atrides* ſeiz'd my lovely Maid,
With whom the *Greeks* my glorious Service paid.
But now, O Goddeſs! kind Aſſiſtance lend,
In ſearch of dire Revenge to Heav'n aſcend:
Complain to *Jove*, and if by Word or Deed
You ever pleas'd him, may your Pray'rs ſucceed:
Oft have I heard you in *Theſſalia* boaſt,
That you alone, of all th' Ætherial Hoſt,
His Fate prevented, and his Foes withſtood,
When Pow'rs Divine wou'd bind their Sov'raign God:
When *Juno*, *Pallas*, *Neptune*, all conſpir'd,
You, *Thetis*, you, with juſt Reſentment fir'd,
To ſave the Godhead from ignoble Bands,
Brought up *Briareus* with his Hundred Hands;

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Immortals by that Name the Gyant know,
Call'd Great *Ægëon* in the World below:
Stronger than *Titan*, next to *Jove* he ſate,
Pleas'd with his Poſt, and wond'ring at his Fate;
Then all the Rebel Deities withdrew,
Nor durſt their bold, unfiniſh'd Plot purſue.
Of this Succeſs remind unthinking *Jove*,
Embrace his Knees, uſe all your Pow'r Above
To ſuccour *Troy*, and *Phrygian* Troops defend,
That ſwift Deſtruction may their Foes attend:
Let King *Atrides*, ſculking on the Main,
There bleſs the *Greeks* with his Auſpicious Reign,
And feel the Vengeance of his Crime at laſt,
Who thus in War the braveſt Chief diſgrac'd.

A Deſcription of the Enchanted Palace and Garden of Armida, *whither two Knights from the Chriſtian Camp were come in Search of* Rinaldo.

Engliſh'd *from* Taſſo's Jeruſalem, *Book the Sixth*,

By Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER.

THE Palace in a circling Figure roſe,
Its lofty Bounds a *Silvan* Scene incloſe;
Expanded there a beauteous Garden lay,
Where never-fading Flow'rs their Pride diſplay,
A thouſand *Demons* kept their Lodgings round,
Whoſe Arts with endleſs Labyrinths confound
Each Paſſage to the fair Enchanted Ground.
A hundred Gates adorn the ſtately Place,
The chief of which the Heroes wond'ring paſs:
The Folding-doors on Golden Hinges turn,
With poliſh'd Gold the radiant Pillars burn;
But all the dazzling precious Metal's Coſt,
Was in the rich unvalu'd Sculpture loſt.

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The Figures which the ſpacious Portals grace,
With Human Motion ſeem to leave their Place;
In ev'ry Viſage, an expreſſive Mind
Th' inimitable Artiſt had deſign'd,
And Life in all their Looks and Geſtures ſhin'd.
Nor Speech was wanting, Fancy that ſupplies;
They breath and ſpeak while each conſults his Eyes.
The Story firſt with *Hercules* begins,
With Virgins ſeated here he tamely ſpins:
The God-like Man, who Hell's ſtrong Paſſage gain'd,
And Heav'n, and all its rolling Orbs ſuſtain'd,
A Spindle wields, and with ſoft Tales beguiles
The flying Hours; fond Love ſtands by and ſmiles:
His uſeleſs Club the Fair *Iole* holds,
The Lion's rugged Skin her tender Limbs infolds.
Remote from this a Sea its Surges rears,
Hoary with Foam the azure Field appears;
Two Warlike Fleets advance on either ſide,
And o'er the Waves with equal Terror ride:
The Flaſhes which from brandiſh'd Weapons came,
With dreadful Splendor all the Deep inflame.
Conſpicuous far the bright *Egyptian* Queen,
Urging the fierce Encounter on is ſeen:
Antonius here conducts the Eaſtern Kings,
The mighty *Romans* there Illuſtrious *Caſar* brings.
As when two floating Iſles amidſt the Main,
Puſh'd on by Winds, each others Shock ſuſtain,
And Mountains claſh with Mountains on the watry Plain:
With ſuch a Force the Hoſtile Fleets ingage,
Their thund'ring Chiefs oppos'd with equal Rage;
While Javelins, Darts, and flaming Torches fly,
And Foreign Spoils above the Waters lye.
To *Caſar* now the Victory inclines,
The beauteous Queen the liquid Field reſigns;
She flies, nor wou'd the fond *Antonius* ſtay,
But madly left the ſcarce-decided Day,
And threw the Empire of the World away.

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Nor touch'd with Fear, nor conquer'd by his Foes,
Th' unhappy Man the doubtful Field foregoes,
But by his Love betray'd; yet gen'rous Shame
With Martial Honour oft his Thoughts reclaim:
And now he wou'd the fainting Fight renew,
And now the charming Fugitive purſue;
With her Inglorious to the Shoar he flies,
And careleſs there, and loſt in Pleaſure lies;
Abandon'd looſely to her fatal Charms,
Reſolves to ſoften Fate in *Cleopatra's* Arms.
The Champions all theſe coſtly Wonders view,
And thro' the Palace now their Courſe purſue:
As wild *Meander* winds along his Shores,
Now ſinks, and now his Silver Wave reſtores,
Now to the Ocean runs in various ways,
And backward now with wanton Motion plays;
Such crooked Paths, ſuch Labyrinths they paſs,
As they the dubious Structure's Windings trace;
And thro' th' uncertain Maze they ſtill had err'd,
But the Wife *Magus* Scheme their Paſſage clear'd;
Whence diſengag'd, before their raviſh'd Eyes
The beauteous Garden's pleaſant Proſpect lies;
The ſhining Lakes, and moving Cryſtal here,
The Flow'rs, and various Plants at once appear;
At once a ſhady Vale, and ſunny Hill,
And Groves, and moſſie Caves the Landskip fill;
At once its ſelf the charming Scene reveals,
And all its wiſe Contriver's Art conceals:
Nor Art does copying Nature here appear,
But ſportive Nature imitating her.
The Air was mild, and calm the Morning Breeze,
Which breath'd Eternal Verdure on the Trees;
The Trees their Branches proudly here diſplay
With full-ripe Fruits, and Purple Bloſſoms gay;
Beneath one ſpreading Leaf a bending Twig
Preſents the immature and rip'ning Fig:
Depending on a loaded Branch are ſeen
The Gold, the bluſhing Apple, and the Green:

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The lofty Vines their various Cluſters ſhow,
Ungrateful thoſe, while theſe with *Nectar* flow.
The joyful Birds beneath the happy Shade,
In guided Parts a tuneful Conſort made.
The whiſp'ring Winds, and Waters murm'ring fall,
With trembling Cadence ſoftly anſwer'd all,
Now ceas'd the Birds, the Winds and Waters high,
In warbling Sounds return the Harmony;
But falling, now the Birds reſume their Part,
Yet ſcarce this Order ſeems th' Effect of Art:
But one with gawdy Plumes, among the reſt,
And purple Bill, ſuperiour Skill expreſt;
Now imitating Humane Words begun,
The ſweet, the ſhrill, the melting Note her own:
The wing'd Muſicians all ſtood mute to hear,
The Winds ſuſpend their Murmurs in the Air,
And liſt'ning ſtaid while ſhe her Song recites,
Which in alluring Strains to Love invites:
Her Part perform'd, the feather'd *Chorus* round,
Thro' all the Groves their glad Aſſent reſound.
The penſive Doves in Sighs their Pain reveal,
The whiſp'ring Trees a Paſſion ſeem to feel:
The Floods, the Fields, and lightſom Air above
Confeſs the Flame, and gently breath out Love.
Unconquer'd yet the ſtedfaſt Knights remain,
And all the tempting Baits of Vice diſdain;
But now retir'd beneath a pleaſant Shade,
The Lovers at a diſtance they ſurvey'd:
Armida ſeated on the Flow'rs they find,
And in her Lap *Rinaldo*'s Head reclin'd;
Inſpiring Love, and languiſhing her Air,
Unbound and curling to the Winds her Hair:
Her careleſs Robes flow with an am'rous Grace,
And roſie Bluſhes paint her lovely Face.
Fix'd on her Charms he fed his wanton Fires,
And feeding ſtill increas'd his fierce Deſires;
Plung'd in licentious Pleaſures thus he lay,
And melts his Life inglorioufly away.

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At certain times *Armida* to her Cells
Retires to practiſe her myſterious Spells:
The Hour was come, ſhe ſighs a ſoft Adieu,
And from his Arms unwillingly withdrew.
In glitt'ring Armour ruſhing from the Wood,
Before him ſtraight the pious Heroes ſtood.
As the fierce Steed, for Juſts and Battel bred,
Now uſeleſs grown, with Herds in Paſtures fed,
Ranges at large, and lives ignobly free
From former Toils; if Arms he chance to ſee,
Or hears from far the Trumpet's ſprightly Sounds,
He Neighs aloud, and breaks the flow'ry Bounds;
Longs on his Back to feel the hardy Knight,
Meaſure the Liſts, and meet the promis'd Fight.
Their Sight the brave *Rinaldo* thus alarm'd,
Recall'd his Honour, and his Courage warm'd;
Its long inglorious Sleep his Virtue broke,
And Martial Ardour ſparkled in his Look.
When with a friendly Scorn *Ubaldo* held
Before the Youth his *Adamantine* Shield;
Surpriz'd he meets his own Reflection there,
His gawdy Robes hung looſe, his flowing Hair
Clouds with the rich Perfume, and ſweetens all the Air.
A bright, but uſeleſs Sword adorns his Side;
Aſham'd he views this nice fantaſtick Pride,
And, like a Man that long in idle Dreams
Has lain, deluded to himſelf he ſeems:
Enrag'd the hateful Object now he flies,
Confus'd and ſilent downward bends his Eyes,
Half wiſh'd the cleaving Ground might open wide,
Or overwhelming Seas his Shame wou'd hide.
Ubaldo ſees the Time, and thus begun,
While Fame, while ſo much Glory may be won,
While *Aſia*, while all *Europe* are in Arms,
And ſhake the Univerſe with loud Alarms;
Bertoldo's Son alone exempt from Fear,
Remains a Woman's noble Champion here;

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What Lethargy, what fatal Spells control
Thy vigorous Honour, and unman thy Soul?
Come on, the Camp and mighty *Godfrey* ſend,
Fortune and Victory thy Sword attend;
The deſtin'd Heroe thou the doubtful War to end:
Conclude the Conqueſt o'er thy Pagan Foes,
What Might can thy reſiſtleſs Arm oppoſe?
Speechleſs he ſtood, and now a decent Shame,
And now a gen'rous Pride his Looks inflame:
He rends the Badges of his lewd Diſgrace,
And flies with Horror the deteſted Place.

The MOSAIC STORY *of the Creation.*

By JOHN HANBURY, *Eſq;*

ONE only God the World's Foundation laid,
The Heav'ns and Earth, them and their Hoſt he made;
For once before this Frame of Nature was,
The Heav'ns and Earth were one unfaſhion'd Maſs,
Of Form and Motion void, and void of Light,
'Twas all Confuſion, and unbounded Night;
'Till the creating Spirit with Wings of Love,
Spread o'er the deep *Abyſs* did kindly move;
With quick'ning Energy the whole compreſt,
And wak'd the *Chaos* from Eternal Reſt;
Motion and Time began, and Silence broke,
When thro' the Deep thus the Creator ſpoke,
Let there be Light.-----
The Beams of Day ſhot thro' the parting Shade,
Old Night before the lovely Stranger fled;
His bright Firſt-born with Joy th' Almighty view'd,
He ſaw 'twas wond'rous Fair, and call'd it Good.
He bleſt the Birth-day of his Infant Light,
That Day th' Eternal World ſtruck out of Night.
The Reſt of Nature undiſtinguiſh'd lay,
Blended in one were Heav'n and Earth and Sea;

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When thus the Word, Let Matter next divide;
Swift as the Voice broke forth it was obey'd,
And thus the wond'rous Separation made.
Unloos'd th' Ætherial Fluids upwards move,
And make the glorious azure Sea above;
Thoſe next in Lightneſs thro' next Spaces fly,
And form our Clouds, and Air, and nether Sky;
But lower yet the pond'rous Waters fall,
Floating the Face of the Terreſtrial Ball.
No Land was ſeen.-----The great Creator ſpake,
Let Earth and Sea the next Diviſion make:
In one vaſt Deep let all the Waters lye,
And let the Surface of the Land be dry:
Before the Voice th' obedient Waters fled,
And took their Lodging in their ſpacious Bed,
And the new Earth diſclos'd her naked Head.

A naked World it was, unbleſt and poor,
No Seeds of Life the barren Matter bore,
'Till Breath Divine quicken'd the fruitful Earth,
And gave the vegetable Kingdom Birth;
Let beauteous Flow'rs, and Plants, and ſhady Trees,
Of various Kinds, in their Perfection riſe:
Let ev'ry ſort contain their proper Seed,
That ſhall diſtinctly their own Species breed.
So ſpoke the making Word, and it was ſo,
All in Perfection roſe, not ſtaid to grow.
Full ripen'd Fruit the loaded Trees adorn,
And full blown Flow'rs were at one Inſtant born.
The Oak, the Cedar, and th' aſpiring Pine
Shot quick to Heav'n, and met the Word Divine.

That their Succeſſion might for ever run,
While fed with Dews, and cheriſh'd by the Sun;
The Word commands the Beams of Light and Fire,
Shou'd in one burning, ſhining Orb retire,
Whoſe bending Courſe to North and South ſhou'd turn,
With equal Heat warm both, but neither burn.
Whoſe conſtant Revolutions ſhou'd divide
The future Years, and count how faſt they glide.

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Hence roſe the Sun, roll'd on his glorious way,
The Joy of the young World, and Lord of Day.
The leſſer Light too roſe, but ſcarce leſs bright,
Queen of the Flood, and Regent of the Night;
Whoſe changing Beams for ever ebb and flow,
The Scale of Time as they decay and grow.
And laſt the Stars in perfect Order roſe,
Whoſe Number none but their Creator knows;
Whoſe glitt'ring Lights adorn the gloomy Skies,
Whoſe Beauties pleaſe the World, whoſe Motions teach the Wiſe.
The Word Divine, on Air and Water ſpread
A nobler Life, thro' both profuſely ſhed;
The feather'd Kind took Birth, conceiv'd in Air,
And ſcaly Broods the teeming Waters bare;
The Creatures ſoon their Maker's Goodneſs move,
To Life he adds the greater Bleſſing, Love;
That Word alone that call'd forth all to live,
The Pow'r and Joy of giving Life cou'd give;
The living Pairs in mutual Flames he join'd,
With that firſt Bleſſing, Multiply your Kind.
Let Birds, as faſt as Trees they dwell on, bear,
And People their Dominions of the Air.
Let Fiſh with endleſs numbers ſwell their Seas,
Till their own Shoars want Sands to count th'increaſe.
The winged Race in ev'ry Field and Grove,
Confeſs the Flame, begin to Sing and Love;
The young *Leviathans* their Nuptials keep,
And haſte to ſtock their Empire in the Deep.
Thus Fowl and Fiſh the Skies and Waters bred,
And Earth alone was uninhabited;
'Till kindled by the Word cold Matter warms,
And various Soils ſhoot forth in various Forms.
The Race of Lions riſe from ſtubborn Clay,
And with Majeſtick Roar ſalute the Day:
The milder Soil the gentle Species bare,
Such as the harmleſs Sheep and frightful Hare.

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From heavieſt Earth the ſluggiſh Aſſes grow,
From ſlimy Mud the Race of Reptiles flow,
But light the Duſt whence ſprung the bounding Roe.
Thus ev'ry creeping Thing, and ev'ry Beaſt,
Their Parent Earth, from whence they grew, poſſeſt;
Inform'd by Senſe, they ſought their needful Good,
But knew not whence their Life, nor whence their Food.
'Twas therefore God to crown his Works below,
His Creature Man in his own Image drew,
Who from himſelf might his Creator view.
In the ſame Earth the Human Pair he moulds,
But from his ſacred Breaſt infus'd their Souls;
Pow'r, Wiſdom, Love, thro' their new Beings ſhine,
The God-like Features of the Sire Divine.
Bolder in him the noble Lines appear,
In her more ſoft, but yet more heav'nly Fair;
Such Love and Likeneſs the firſt Parents join,
So much, but one in Body and in Mind;
That hence 'twas ſaid the Husband bore the Bride,
Bred in his Heart, and iſſu'd from his Side:
This Human Pair, with Pow'r and Reaſon bleſt,
Were made to govern, not deſtroy the reſt;
Th' Almighty bleſt, and bid them Love, and Reign,
And multiply at large their Sov'reign Line;
The Fiſh, and Fowl, and Beaſts their Pow'r obey,
And at their Feet the new Creation lay.
Abroad they look'd, their fair Dominions view'd,
All ſpoke the Maker Great, and Wiſe, and Good:
To him they offer Sacrifice of Praiſe,
Implore his Bleſſing on their future Race,
Copying his Image from each other's Face.
Thus one firſt Pow'r the Plan of Nature laid,
And all in Number, Weight and Meaſure made.

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The STATE *of* NATURE.

By the same Hand.

BEfore Ambition touch'd the poiſon'd Heart,
E'er Gold in Friendſhip, or in Love had part,
Before Religion was a Myſtick Trade,
There was a time when Nature was obey'd;
When happy Man was void of Crime or Fear,
His Friendſhip perfect, and his Love ſincere,
Both as unbounded as the common Air.
His Thoughts were undiſguis'd, and unconfin'd,
As naked as his Body was his Mind;
Full his Content, becauſe his Wiſhes few,
How cou'd he covet what he did not know?
He wiſely trod where Nature led the way,
Fed on her Fruits, and in her Boſom lay;
His ſtrength of Appetite, and height of Blood,
Gave double Reliſh to his Love and Food:
The Springs he drank were like his Conſcience clear,
The Soil produc'd, and the Sun cook'd his Fare;
The Grape, the Peach, the Melon, and the Pine,
For Smell and Taſte their Sweets and Flavours join.
The painted Morning fed his waking Eyes,
When he beheld his Canopy the Skies.
The Roſe and Lilly on the Green were ſpread,
And artleſs Beauties in the Sweets were laid,
As bright and fragrant as their flow'ry Bed.
The Birds around did all their Notes employ,
To entertain his Intervals of Joy:
The Cedar Boughs plaid with an eaſie Breeze,
To fan the Sun-Beams from his chearful Eyes;
Their Branches in a thouſand Angles laid,
Chequer'd his Walks with dancing Light and Shade.
His ſhort-liv'd Cares ſet with the falling Day,
Nor Hope nor Fear lay croſs his even Way,
Safe with the Gods all his to-Morrows lay.

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Pleas'd with th' abundance of his daily Store,
He did not wish, for he cou'd use no more.
Thus Nature govern'd when the World began,
The Laws of Nature were the Laws of Man:
But long these Rules did not his Fancy suit,
The Blockhead must be wiser than the Brute;
Art must new-mould what Nature better taught,
Or polish o'er what she too coursely wrought:
From thence the Taylor and the Parson join'd,
To cloath his naked Body and his Mind;
The Taylor only form'd the outward Sign,
To shew what sort of Creature liv'd within;
The Priest amaz'd him in his Mystick School,
Turn'd his Head round, and made him Knave and Fool.
He taught some Virtues, but in strange Disguise,
Dreſt up in Pomp, in Rites and Sacrifice,
The good and bad confus'd, and Truth was brew'd with Lies.
Between them both they make us what we are,
Of Beau and Bigot a promiscuous Share.

The FALSE MORNING.

THE Morning rose bright as a blooming Bride,
Flush'd with Enjoyment from her Lover's Side;
So warm for Winter, and so like the Spring,
I thought to hear the foolish Cuckoo sing;
But see how soon the Blessing turn'd a Curse,
The Weather and the Ways grow worse and worse;
The Clouds look sullen in the faithless Skies,
And Winds, like Jealousie, in Murmurs rise;
It Thunder'd in my Ears, and Lighten'd in my Eyes.
Sometimes a flatt'ring Minute seem'd to smile,
But lasted but a very little while.
Such is the Morning of a married Life,
But such the dirty Journey with a Wife.

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The LADLE.

THE Scepticks think 'twas long ago,
Since Gods came down *Incognito*;
To see who were their Friends or Foes,
And how our Actions fell or rose:
That since they gave Things their Beginning,
And set this Whirligig a Spinning,
Supine they in their Heav'n remain,
Exempt from Pleasure as from Pain;
And frankly leave us Human Elves,
To cut and shuffle for our selves;
To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,
As Matter and as Motion jumble.
The Poets now, and Painters, hold
This *Thesis* dangerous and bold:
And your good-natur'd Gods, they say,
Descend some twice or thrice a Day.
Else all these Things we toil so hard in
Would not avail one single Farthing.
For when the Hero we rehearse,
To grace his Actions, and our Verse,
'Tis not by dint of Human Thought
That to his *Latium* he is brought:
Iris descends, by Fate's Commands,
To guide his Steps through Foreign Lands;
And *Amphitrite* clears his Way,
From Rocks and Quick-sands in the Sea.
And if you see him in a Sketch,
Tho' drawn by *Paulo* or *Carache*,
He shows not half his Force and Strength,
Strutting in Armour, and at Length;
That he may make his proper Figure,
The Piece must yet be four Yards bigger;
The *Nymphs* conduct him to the Field,
One holds his Sword, and one his Shield;

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Mars ſtanding by aſſerts his Quarrel,
And *Fame* flies after with a Lawrel.
  Theſe Points, I ſay, of Speculation,
As 'twere to ſave or ſink the Nation,
Men idly learned will diſpute,
Aſſert, object, confirm, refute;
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal Arms ſuſtains the Fight,
'Till now no *Medium* can agree 'em;
So both draw off, and ſing *Te Deum*.
  Is it in *Æquilibrio*
If Deities deſcend or no?
Then let th' Affirmative prevail,
As requiſite to form my Tale;
For by all Parties 'tis confeſt,
That thoſe Opinions are the beſt,
Which in their Nature moſt conduce
To preſent Ends, and private Uſe.
  Two Gods came, therefore, from above;
One *Mercury*, the other *Jove*:
The Humour was, it ſeems, to know
If all the Favours they beſtow
Cou'd from our own Perverſeneſs eaſe us,
And if our Wiſh injoy'd might pleaſe us.
  Diſcourſing largely on this Theme,
O'er Hills and Dales their Godſhips came;
'Till well nigh tir'd at almoſt Night,
They thought it proper to alight.
  Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in Diſguiſe a God or Goddeſs
Exerts no ſupernatural Powers,
But acts on Maxims much like Ours.
  They ſpy'd, at laſt, a Country Farm,
Where all was ſnug, and clean, and warm;
For Hills before, and Woods behind,
Secur'd it both from Rain and Wind;
Fat Oxen in the Fields were lowing,
Good Grain was ſow'd, good Fruit was growing:

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Of laſt Year's Corn in Barns great Store,
Fat Turkeys gobbling at the Door,
And Wealth, in ſhort, with Peace conſented,
That People here ſhould live contented:
But did they in Effect do ſo?
Have Patience, Friend, and thou ſhalt know.
The honeſt Farmer and his Wife
To Years declin'd, from Prime of Life,
Had ſtruggled with the Marriage Nooſe,
As almoſt ev'ry Couple does:
Sometimes, My Plague; ſometimes, My Darling;
Kiſſing to Day, to Morrow ſnarling:
Jointly ſubmitting to endure
That Evil which admits no Cure.
Our Gods the outward Gate unbarr'd,
Our Farmer met 'em in the Yard,
Thought they were Folks that loſt their Way,
And ask'd them civilly to ſtay;
Told 'em, for Supper, or for Bed,
They might go on, and be worſe ſped.----
So ſaid, ſo done, the Gods conſent;
All three into the Parlour went,
They compliment, they ſit, they chat,
Fight o'er the Wars, reform the State;
A thouſand knotty Points they clear,
'Till Supper and my Wife appear.
Jove made his Leg, and kiſs'd the Dame;
Obſequious *Hermes* did the ſame.
Jove kiſs'd the Farmer's Wife, you ſay?
He did----but in an honeſt way:
Oh! not with half that Warmth and Life
With which he kiſs'd *Amphitryon*'s Wife.
Well then, Things handſomly were ſerv'd;
My Miſtreſs for the Strangers carv'd.
How ſtrong the Beer, how good the Meat,
How loud they laught, how much they eat,
Wou'd glorioufly in Verſe appear,
Yet ſhall be paſs'd in Silence here.

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For I ſhould grieve to have it ſaid,
That, by a fine Deſcription led,
I made my Epic very long,
Or tyr'd my Friend, to grace my Song.
The Grace-Cup ſerv'd, the Cloth away,
Jove thought it time to ſhow his Play;
Landlord and Landlady, he cry'd,
Folly and Jeſting laid aſide,
That Ye thus hoſpitably live,
And Strangers with good Chear receive,
Is mighty grateful to your Betters,
And makes ev'n Gods themſelves your Debtors.
To give this *Theſis* plainer Proof,
You have, to Night, beneath your Roof
A Pair of Gods;---nay, never wonder;
This Youth can Fly, and I can Thunder.
I'm *Jupiter*, and he *Mercurius*,
My Page, my Son indeed, but ſpurious.
Form then three Wiſhes, you and Madam,
And ſure as you already had 'em,
The Things deſir'd in half an Hour
Shall all be here, and in your Pow'r.
Thank Ye, great Gods, the Woman ſays,
Oh! may your Altars ever blaze.
A Ladle for our Silver Diſh
Is what I want, and what I wiſh.---
A Ladle, cries the Man, a Ladle!
Odzooks, *Coriſca*, you have pray'd ill;
What ſhould be Great you turn to Farce,
I wiſh the Ladle in your A---
With equal Grief and Shame my Muſe
The ſequel of the Tale purſues:
The Ladle fell into the Room,
And ſtuck in old *Coriſca*'s Bum:
Our Couple weep two Wiſhes paſt,
And kindly join to form the laſt,
To eaſe the Woman's awkward Pain,
And get the Ladle out again.

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MORAL.

THIS Commoner has Worth and Parts,
Is prais'd for Arms, or lov'd for Arts;
His Head akes for a Coronet,
And who is bleſs'd that is not Great?
Some Parts, and more Eſtate, kind Heav'n
To this well-lotted Peer was giv'n;
What then? He muſt have Rule and Sway,
And all is wrong 'till he's in Play.
The Miſer muſt make up his Plumb,
And dare not touch the gotten Sum.
The ſickly Dotard wants a Wife,
To draw off his laſt Dregs of Life.
Againſt our Peace we Arm our Will,
Amidſt our Plenty, Something *ſtill*
For Horſes, Houſes, Pictures, Planting,
To Thee, to Me, to Him is wanting.
That cruel Something *unpoſſeſs'd*
Corrodes and leavens all the reſt.
That Something *if we could obtain,*
Would ſoon create a future Pain:
And to the Coffin from the Cradle,
'Tis all a Wiſh, *and all a* Ladle.

To the Author of the Paſtoral, Printed Page 174.

BY *Sylvia*, if thy charming Self be meant,
If Friendſhip be thy Virgin Vows extent,
Oh! let me in *Corinna*'s Praiſes join,
Hers my Eſteem ſhall be, my Paſſion thine:
When for thy Head the Garland I prepare,
A ſecond Wreath ſhall bind *Corinna*'s Hair;
And when my choiceſt Songs thy Worth proclaim,
Alternate Verſe ſhall bleſs *Corinna*'s Name;

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My Heart ſhall own the Juſtice of her Cauſe,
And Love himſelf ſubmit to Friendſhip's Laws.
But if beneath thy Number's ſoft Diſguiſe,
Some favour'd Swain, ſome true *Alexis* lyes,
If *Amaryllis* breathes thy ſecret Pains,
And thy fond Heart beat Meaſure to thy Strains,
May'ſt thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The Flame propitious, and the Lover kind:
May *Cytherea* make her Conqueſt ſure,
And let thy Beauty like thy Verſe endure.
May ev'ry God his friendly Aid afford,
Pan guard thy Flock, and *Ceres* bleſs thy Board.
Yet, if amidſt the Series of theſe Joys,
One ſad Reflection ſhould by chance ariſe,
Give it, in Pity, to the wretched Swain,
Who loving much, who not belov'd again,
Felt an ill-fated Paſſion's laſt Exceſs,
And dy'd in Woe, that thou might'ſt live in Peace.

DELIA. *A Paſtoral Eclogue; lamenting the Death of Mrs.* TEMPEST, *who dy'd upon the Day of the late Storm.*

YE gentle Swains! who paſs your Days and Nights
In Love's ſincere and innocent Delights!
Ye, tender Virgins, who with Pride diſplay
Your Beauty's Splendor, and extend your Sway!
Lament with me! with me your Sorrows join!
And mingle your united Tears with mine!
Delia, *the Queen of Love, let all deplore!*
Delia, *the Queen of Beauty, now no more!*
Begin, my Muſe! begin your mournful Strains!
Tell the ſad Tale through all the Hills and Plains!
Tell it through ev'ry Lawn, and ev'ry Grove!
Where Flocks can wander, or where Shepherds rove!

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Bid neighb'ring Rivers tell the diſtant Sea,
And Winds from Pole to Pole the News convey!
Delia, *the Queen of Love, let all deplore!*
Delia, *the Queen of Beauty's now no more!*
'Tis done, and all obey the mournful Muſe!
See, Hills, and Plains, and Winds have heard the News!
The foaming Sea o'erwhelms the frighten'd Shoar,
The Vallies tremble, and the Mountains roar.
See lofty Oaks from firm Foundations torn,
And Stately Tow'rs in Heaps of Ruin mourn!
The gentle *Thames*, that rarely Paſſion knows,
Swells with this Sorrow, and her Banks o'erflows:
What Shrieks are heard? what Groans? what dying
Ev'n Nature's ſelf in dire Convulſion lyes! [Cries?
Delia, *the Queen of Love, they all deplore!*
Delia, *the Queen of Beauty's now no more!*
Oh! why did I ſurvive the Fatal Day,
That ſnatch'd the Joys of all my Life away?
Why was not I beneath ſome Ruin loſt?
Sunk in the Seas, or Shipwreck'd on the Coaſt?
Why did the Fates ſpare this devoted Head?
Why did I live to hear that thou wert dead?
By thee my Griefs were calm'd, my Torments eas'd;
Nor knew I Pleaſure, but as thou wert pleas'd.
Where ſhall I wander now, diſtreſs'd, alone?
What uſe have I of Life, now thou art gone?
I have no uſe, alas! but to deplore
Delia, *the Pride of Beauty, now no more.*
What living Nymph is bleſs'd with equal Grace?
All may diſpute, but who can fill thy Place?
What Lover in his Miſtreſs hopes to find
A Form ſo lovely, with ſo bright a Mind?
Doris may boaſt a Face divinely Fair,
But wants thy Shape, thy Motions, and thy Air.
Lucinda has thy Shape, but not thoſe Eyes,
That while they did th'admiring World ſurprize,
Diſclos'd the ſecret Luſtre of thy Mind,
And ſeem'd each Lover's inmoſt Thoughts to find.

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Others, whoſe Beauty yielding Swains confeſs,
By Indiſcretion make their Conqueſt leſs,
And want thy Conduct and obliging Wit,
To fix thoſe Slaves who to their Charms ſubmit.
As ſome Rich Tyrant hoards an uſeleſs Store,
That wou'd, well plac'd, enrich a thouſand more:
So didſt thou keep a Crowd of Charms retir'd,
Wou'd make a thouſand other Nymphs admir'd.
Gay, modeſt, artleſs, beautiful, and young;
Slow to reſolve, in Reſolution ſtrong;
To all obliging, yet reſerv'd to all,
None cou'd himſelf the favour'd Lover call;
That which alone cou'd make his Hopes endure,
Was, that he ſaw no other Swain ſecure.
Whither, ah! whither are thoſe Graces fled?
Down to the dark, the melancholy Shade?
Now, Shepherds, now lament! and now deplore!
Delia *is dead, and Beauty is no more!*

For thee each tuneful Swain prepar'd his Lays,
His Fame exalting, while he ſung thy Praiſe.
Thyrſis, in gay and eaſie Meaſures, ſtrove
To charm thy Ears, and tune thy Soul to Love:
Menalcas, in his Numbers more ſublime,
Extoll'd thy Virtues in Immortal Rhime.
Glycon, whoſe Satyr kept the World in Awe,
Softning his Strain, when firſt thy Charms he ſaw,
Confeſs'd the Goddeſs that new-form'd his Mind,
Proclaim'd thy Beauties, and forgot Mankind.
Ceaſe, Shepherds, ceaſe; the Charms you ſung are fled!
The Glory of our Blaſted Iſle is dead!
Now join your Griefs with mine! and now deplore
Delia, *the Pride of Beauty, now no more!*

Behold where now She lyes, depriv'd of Breath!
Charming tho' pale, and beautiful in Death!
A Troop of weeping Virgins by her Side;
With all the Pomp of Woe, and Sorrow's Pride!
Oh, early loſt! Oh, fitter to be led,
In cheerful Splendor to the Bridal Bed!

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Than thus conducted to th' untimely Tomb,
A ſpotleſs Virgin, in her Beauty's Bloom!
Whatever Hopes ſuperior Merit gave,
Let me, at leaſt, embrace thee in the Grave:
On thy cold Lips imprint a dying Kiſs:
Oh! that thy Coyneſs cou'd refuſe me this!
Such melting Tears upon thy Limbs I'll pour,
Shall thaw their Numbneſs, and thy Warmth reſtore;
Claſp'd to my glowing Breaſt, thou may'ſt revive;
I'll breathe ſuch tender Sighs ſhall make thee live.
Or if ſeverer Fates that Aid deny,
If thou canſt not revive, yet I may die.
In one cold Grave together may be laid
The Trueſt Lover, and the Loveliest Maid.
Then ſhall I ceaſe to grieve, and not before;
Then ſhall I ceaſe ſuir Delia *to deplore.*

But ſee, thoſe dreadful Objects diſappear!
The Sun ſhines out, and all the Heav'ns are clear:
The warring Winds are huſht, the Sea's ſerene;
And Nature ſoften'd ſhifts her angry Scene.
What means this ſudden Change? Methinks I hear
Melodious Muſick from the Heav'nly Sphere!
Liſten, ye Shepherds, and devour the Sound!
Liſten! The Saint, the Lovely Saint is Crown'd!
While we, miſtaken in our Joy and Grief,
Bewail her Fate, who wants not our Relief:
From the pleas'd Orbs ſhe views us here below,
And with kind Pity wonders at our Woe.
Ah, Charming Saint! ſince thou art Bleſs'd above,
Indulge thy Lovers, and forgive their Love.
Forgive their Tears; who, preſs'd with Grief and Care,
Feel not thy Joys, but feel their own Deſpair!

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PROLOGUE *to the Univerſity of* OXFORD, 1681.

By Mr. J. DRYDEN.

THE fam'd *Italian* Muſe, whoſe Rhymes advance
Orlando, and the *Paladins* of *France*,
Records, that when our Wit and Senſe is flown,
'Tis lodg'd within the Circle of the Moon
In Earthen Jars, which one, who thither ſoar'd,
Set to his Noſe, ſnufft up, and was reſtor'd.
What e'er the Story be, the Moral's true,
The Wit we loſt in Town, we find in you.
Our Poets their fled Parts may draw from hence,
And fill their windy Heads with ſober Senſe.
When *London* Votes with *Southwark*'s diſagree,
Here may they find their long loſt Loyalty.
Here buſie Senates, to th' old Cauſe inclin'd,
May ſnuff the Votes their Fellows left behind:
Your Country Neighbours, when their Grain grows dear,
May come and find their *laſt Proviſion* here:
Whereas we cannot much lament our Loſs,
Who neither carry'd back, nor brought one Croſs;
We look'd what Repreſentatives wou'd bring,
But they help'd us, juſt as they did the King.
Yet we deſpair not, for we now lay forth
The *Sibyll*'s Books, to thoſe who know their Worth:
And tho' the firſt was Sacrific'd before,
Theſe Volumes doubly will the Price reſtore.
Our Poet bade us hope this Grace to find,
To whom by long Preſcription you are kind.
He, whoſe undaunted Muſe, with Loyal Rage,
Has never ſpar'd the Vices of the Age,
Here finding nothing that his Spleen can raiſe,
Is forc'd to turn his Satyr into Praiſe.

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SYPHILIS:

OR, A

Poetical HISTORY

OF THE

FRENCH Diſeaſe.

Written in *Latin*

By *FRACASTORIUS.*

And now Attempted in *Engliſh*

By *N. TATE.*

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

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THE TRANSLATOR TO Mr. *HOBBS*,

Surgeon to His MAJESTY.

ACcept, great Son of Art, this faint effect
Of a moſt active, and unfeign'd Reſpect:
Numbers that yield (Alas!) too juſt ſurvey
Of Phyſick's growth and Poetry's decay.
That ſhew a generous Muſe impair'd by me,
As much as th' Author's Skill's out-done by thee.
This *Indian Conqu'ror*'s fatal March he ſung,
To the ſame Lyre his own *Apollo* ſtrung;
Whoſe Notes yet fail'd the Monſter to aſſwage,
Revenging here, invading *Spaniards* Rage.
Dear was the Conqueſt of a new found World,
Whoſe Plague e'er ſince through all the Old is hurl'd;

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Had *Fracaſtorius*, who in Numbers told
(Numbers more rich than thoſe new Lands of Gold)
This great Deſtroyer's Progreſs, ſeen this Age
And thy Succeſs againſt the Tyrant's Rage,
Bembus had then been no immortal Name,
Thou and thy Art had challeng'd all his Flame!
Thou driv'ſt th' Uſurper to his laſt Retreats,
Repairing as thou go'ſt the ruin'd Seats:
Thus while the Foe is by thy Art remov'd,
The Holds are ſtrengthen'd and the Soil improv'd.
Thy happy Conqueſt do's at once expell
Th' Invader's force, and inbred Factions quell.
Thy Patients and *Auguſta*'s Fate's the ſame,
To riſe more fair and laſting for the *Flame*:
While meaner Artiſts this bold Task eſſay,
I'th' little *World of Man* they loſe their way.
Thou know'ſt the ſecret Paſſes to each Part,
And, skill'd in *Nature*, can'ſt not fail in *Art*.

The

The LIFE of

FRACASTORIUS.

Fracastorius was descended from the *Fracastorian* Family of great Antiquity in *Verona*. He seemed not only to rival the Fame of *Catullus* and *Pliny*, who had long before made that City renown'd, but to have very far exceeded all his Contemporaries, for Learning and Poetry. His Parents were *Paulo-Philippus Fracastorius* and *Camilla Mascarellia*, both of great Reputation. He was so well educated by his Father, that he gave early proofs of a great Genius, so that in his Childhood all Men conceived hopes of an extraordinary Man. Nor was Providence wanting to give him a signal Testimony, forasmuch as when he was an Infant in the Arms of his Mother, a sudden Tempest arising, in which the Mother was struck dead by Lightning, the Child received no harm. He was sent for Literature while very young to *Padua*, where even in that Age, with indefatigable Labour he opened his way to that height of Glory which he afterwards attained: After the initiatory Arts he applied himself to the secrets of distinct Sciences, but infinitely delighted with the Mathematicks, in all assisted by a Memory equal to his Ingenuity. After several Years spent in Philosophical Studies, under the Tutorship of *Peter Pomponatius* of *Mantua*; he devoted himself by the dictates of his Genius to Physick, with such Resolution and Success, that in the School Disputations, not only his Fellow-Students, but most

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experienc'd Doctors were sensible that he was designed by Providence for great Undertakings. Accordingly they then gave him the Honour of the Pulpit, which had never before been permitted to any Person, till they had perfected their Studies, and were arrived to the years of Manhood. This School being dissolv'd by the breaking out of the War, while he had Thoughts of returning to his Country (his Father being then dead) he was on honourable Conditions invited by *Livianus*, General of the *Venetian* Forces, and a noble Patron of Wit, to the College *Forojulienſis*, &c. and lodged in the same Apartment of *Andrea Naugerus* and *Johannes Cotta*, two Excellent Poets. He had not long resided here, before he published Verses on every extraordinary Occasion that happened, which were received with such general Applause throughout *Italy*, that their fame has to this Day stifled the Performances of his Companions. Having afterwards accompanied *Livianus* through many Wars, the General being at last overthrown and taken Prisoner by the *Turks* at *Athens*, he returned late into his native Country, where in the general Devastation he found his Patrimony almost utterly destroyed.

He marry'd, but was soon unhappy in the Loss of two Sons, whose untimely Death he bewailed in a most passionate Elegy. He was low of Stature, but of good Bulk, his Shoulders broad, his Hair black and long, his Face round, his Eyes black, his Nose short and turning upwards by his continual Contemplation of the Stars, a lively Air was spread over his Countenance, that displayed the Serenity and Ingenuity of his Mind. He affected a quiet and private Life, as being a Man free from ambitious Desires; contenting himself with a moderate Fortune, and placing his Happiness in improvement of his Knowledge. He was chearful though frugal at his Table, having a constant Regard to

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his Health; his Wit being always the best part of his Banquet. He was notwithstanding sparing in his Speech, and affecting no vanity in his Dress: He was never censorious of other Mens Performances; but always glad of an occasion to commend; for which he was deservedly celebrated by *Johannes Baptista* in a noble Epigram. He spent his time in curing the diseased, a divine Power seeming always to attend his Endeavours, above the sordid Desire of Gain, and thought himself best rewarded in the Health of his Patient. By these means he contracted many Friendships, and had (deservedly) no Enemy.

He was not only esteemed for his Skill in his own Country, but was sought to by foreign Princes in desperate Sickness; for which though vast Rewards were offered, he brought nothing home besides their Friendship.

In his leisure he diverted himself with reading History; at which time *Polybius*, or *Plutarch*, were never out of his Hands. He sometimes relieved his Studies with Mathematicks and Musick, and made no small Performances in Cosmography. He was much alone, yet always employed; and though by reason of his backwardness to discourse, he seemed of a Saturnine Temper, yet none was more chearful and pleasant when entred into Conversation. He performed Wonders by his exact Knowledge of Herbs and Simples, by searching the best Books of the Ancients. That most excellent Antidote called *Diascordium*, was of his preparing; we are likewise beholden to his Judgment for specifying many useful Herbs, of which the Ancients had left uncertain Description. The Age in which he lived saw nothing equal to his Learning, but his Honesty. In his retreat from the City, while the Pestilence raged, he found leisure to compose the following Poem, a work of such elegance, that *Sannazarius*

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freely acknowledged it to excel his own, *De partu Virginis*, that had coſt him above twenty Years labour and correction. His Treatiſes in Proſe, and efforts of Poetry are too numerous to be recited on this occaſion.

In all which he affected ſo little vanity, that he never preſerv'd a Copy; and we are beholden for what are extant, to the induſtry of his Friends that collected them after his Death.

He was above ſeventy Years old when he died, which was by an Apoplexy that ſeiz'd him while he was at Dinner at his Country ſeat. He was ſenſible of his Malady, though Speechleſs, often putting his Hand upon the top of his Head, by which ſign he would have had his Servants adminiſter a Cupping-Glaſs to the part affected, by which he had formerly cured a Nun in *Verona*, labouring under the ſame Diſtemper. But his Domeſticks not conceiving his Meaning, apply'd firſt one thing and then another, till in the Evening he gently expired. He was interr'd at *Verona*: His Statue, together with that of *Andrea Naugerus*, delicately caſt in Braſs, was erected in the School of *Padua* by *Johannes Baptiſta Rhamnuſius*. His Fellow-Citizens of *Verona*, not to be behind *Rhamnuſius* in reſpect (two Years after the erecting the brazen Statue in *Padua*) ſet up his Image in Marble at *Verona*, in imitation of their Anceſtors, who had performed the ſame honour to their *Catullus* and *Pliny*, with Laurel round their Heads.

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To his FRIEND, the Writer of the Enſuing Tranſlation.

WELL has thy Fate directed thee to thoſe
An Author, worthy of the nobleſt Muſe!
His learned Pen has, what was long unknown,
In Roman *Language, like a* Roman *ſhown.*
And thine as ſweet, in Britiſh *numbers taught*
The Labours of his vaſt Poetick thought.
Of Earth, of Seas, of putrid Air he ſung,
To ſearch from whence that dire Contagion ſprung,
Which now does worſe than falleſt Plagues deface
The beauteous Form of God's reſembling Race,
From the malignant Influence of the Skies,
'Tis ſure the Seeds of moſt Diſeaſes riſe,
But if this mercileſs, conſuming Flame,
From Vapours, or infectious Planets came;
Why rag'd it not much more in ancient Times,
From Exhalations of impurer Climes?
Beſides, no ſettled Conſequence can ſpring
From whatſoe'er contingent Cauſes bring.
The raging Peſtilence, that long lays waſte
The ſpotted Prey, devours it ſelf at laſt.
And ſure had this been ne'er ſo ſtrong entail'd,
The vile Succeſſion muſt e'er now have fail'd.
Blame not the Stars; 'tis plain is neither fell
From the diſtemper'd Heav'ns, nor roſe from Hell.
Nor need we to the diſtant Indies *rome;*
The curſt Originals are nearer home.
Whence ſhould that foul infectious Torment flow,
But from the baneful Source of all our Woe?

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That wheedling, charming Sex, that draws us in
To ev'ry punishment, and ev'ry sin.
While Man, by Heav'n's command, and Nature led,
Through this vast Globe his Maker's Image spread;
The Godlike Figure form'd in ev'ry womb
Prolifick stems, for Ages yet to come.
Uncurst, because he did not vainly toil,
On barren Mountains, or impregnant Soil;
Healthful and vigorous, he, o'er the Face
Of the wide Earth, dispers'd the sacred Race.
But now, that Tribe, who all our Rights invade,
Pervert the wise Decrees which Nature made.
Prompt to all Ill, insatiately they fire
At ev'ry pamper'd Brutes untam'd desire:
And while they prostitute themselves to more
Than Eastern Kings had Concubines before;
The foul Promiscuous Caitiff breeds,
Like jarring Elements, these pois'nous Seeds,
Which all the dreadful host of Symptoms bring,
And with one curst Disease a Legion bring.
Were the depray'd, degen'rate Race of Man
Untainted now, as when it first began;
And there were no such tort'ring Plagues on Earth,
The first incessant Wretch would give it Birth.
Shun her, as you would fly from splitting Rocks,
Not Wolves so fatal are to tender Flocks:
Though round the World the dire Contagion flew,
She'll poison more, than ever Pandora threw.

A Poetical History of the FRENCH DISEASE.

Through what adventures this unknown Diſeaſe
So lately did aſtoniſh *Europe* ſeize,
Through *Aſian* Coaſts and *Libyan* Cities ran,
And from what Seeds the Malady began,
Our Song ſhall tell: To *Naples* firſt it came
From *France*, and juſtly took from *France* its Name,
Companion of the War----
The Methods next of Cure we ſhall expreſs,
The wondrous Way of Mortals in diſtreſs:
But when their Skill too faint Reſiſtance made,
We'll ſhew the Gods deſcending to their Aid.
To reach the ſecret Cauſes we muſt riſe
Above the Clouds, and travel o'er the Skies.
The daring Subject let us then purſue,
Tranſported with an Argument ſo new,
While ſpringing Groves and tuneful Birds invite,
And Muſes chant in wondrous Theams delight.
O *Bembus*, Ornament of *Italy*,
If yet from Cares of State thou can'ſt be free,
If *Leo*'s Councils yet can ſpare thy Skill,
And let the Buſineſs of the World ſtand ſtill;
O, ſtoop a while to theſe cool Retreats,
The Muſes deareſt moſt frequented Seats;
And, gentle *Bembus*, do not there diſdain
A Member of the *Eſculapian* Train,
Attempting Phyſick's Practice to rehearſe,
And clothing low Experiments in Verſe.
A God inſtructs, theſe Myſteries of old
By great *Apollo*'s ſelf in equal Strains were told.

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The ſmalleſt Objects oft attract our Eyes,
But here, beneath a ſmall Appearance, lyes
A Source, that greateſt Wonder will create,
Of Nature much, and very much of Fate.
But thou, *Urania*, who alone canſt trace
Firſt Cauſes, meaſure out the Starry ſpace;
That know'ſt the Planets number, force and uſe,
And what Effects the vary'd Orbs produce:
So may the Sphears thy Heavenly Courſe admire,
The Stars with envy at thy Beams retire;
As thou a while ſhalt condeſcend to dwell
With me on Earth, and make this Grove thy Cell;
While *Zephyrus* can my Head with Myrtle bound,
And imitating Rocks my Song reſound.
Say, Goddeſs, to what Cauſe we ſhall at laſt
Aſſign this Plague, unknown to Ages paſt;
If from the Weſtern Climes 'twas wafted o'er,
When daring *Spaniards* left their Native ſhore;
Reſolv'd beyond th' *Atlantick* to deſcry
Conjectur'd Worlds, or in the ſearch to die.
For Fame reports this Grief perpetual there,
From Skies infected and polluted Air:
From whence 'tis grown ſo Epidemical,
Whole Cities Victims to its Fury fall;
Few ſcape, for what relief where vital Breath,
The Gate of Life, is made the Road of Death?
If then by Traffick thence this Plague was brought,
How dearly dearly was that Traffick bought!
This Prodigy of ſickneſs, weak at firſt,
(Like Infant Tyrants, and in ſecret Nurſt)
When once confirm'd, with ſudden Rage breaks forth,
And ſcatters deſolation through the Earth.
So while the Shepherd travelling through the dark,
Strikes his dim Torch, ſome unſuſpected Spark
Falls in the Stubble, where it ſmothers long,
But by degrees becomes at laſt ſo ſtrong,
That now it ſpreads o'er all the Neighbouring Soil,
Devours at once the Plowman's Hope and Toil;

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The Sacred Grove next Sacrifice muſt be,
Nor *Jove* can ſave his dedicated Tree;
The Grove Foments its Rage from whence it flies
In curling Flames, and ſeems to fire the Skies.
Yet Obſervation rightly taken draws
This new Diſtemper from ſome newer Cauſe;
Nor Reaſon can allow that this Diſeaſe
Came firſt by Commerce from beyond the Seas;
Since Inſtances in divers Lands are ſhown,
To whom all *Indian* Traffick is unknown:
Nor could th' Infection from the Weſtern Clime
Seize diſtant Nations at the ſelf-ſame time;
And in Remoter parts begin its Reign,
As fierce and early as it did in *Spain*.
What ſlaughter in our *Italy* was made,
Where *Tiber*'s Tribute to the Ocean's paid;
Where *Po* does through a hundred Cities glide,
And pours as many Streams into the Tide.
All at one Seaſon, all without Relief,
Receiv'd and languiſh'd with the common Grief.
Nor can th' Infection firſt be charg'd on *Spain*,
That ſought new Worlds beyond the Weſtern Main;
Since from *Pyrene*'s Foot; to *Italy*,
It ſhed its Bane on *France*, while *Spain* was free.
As ſoon the fertile *Rhine* its fury found,
And Regions with eternal Winter bound:
Nor yet did Southern Climes its Vengeance ſhun,
But felt a Flame more ſcorching than the Sun.
The Palms of *Ida* now neglected ſtood,
And *Egypt* languiſh'd while her *Nile* o'erflow'd;
From whence 'tis plain this Peſt muſt be aſſign'd
To ſome more pow'rful Cauſe, and hard to find.
In all Productions of wiſe Nature's Hand,
Whether Conceiv'd in Air, on Sea, or Land;
No conſtant Method does direct her way,
But various Beings various Laws obey;
Such things as from few Principles ariſe,
In every Place and Seaſon meet our Eyes;

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But what are fram'd of Principles obscure,
Such Places only and such Times produce.
Effects of yet a more stupendious Birth,
And such as Nature must with Pangs bring forth,
Where violent and various Seeds unite,
Break slowly from the Bosom of the Night:
Long in the Womb of Fate the Embryo's worn,
Whole Ages pass before the Monster's born.
Diseases these which various Seeds compound,
As various in their Birth and Date are found.
Some always seen, some long in darkness hurl'd,
That break their Chains at last to scourge the World.
To which black List this Plague must be assign'd,
Night's foulest Birth and Terror of Mankind.
Nor must we yet think this Escape the first,
Since former Ages with the like were curst.
Long since he scatter'd his Infernal Flame,
And always being bred, though not a Name.
At least what Name it bore is now unfound:
Both Names and Things in Time's Abyss are drown'd.
How vainly then do we project to keep
Our Names remembred, when our Bodies sleep?
Since late Succession searching their Defect,
Shall neither find our Dust nor Monument.
Yet where the Western Ocean finds its Bound
(The World so lately by the *Spaniards* found)
Beneath this Pest the wretched Natives groan,
In every Nation there and always known,
Such dire Effects depend upon a Clime,
On varying Skies and long Revolving Time:
The Temper of their Air this Plague brought forth,
The Soil it self dispos'd for such a Birth.
All things conspir'd to raise the Tyrant there,
But time alone cou'd fix his Conquest here.
If therefore more distinctly we would know
Each Source from whence this deadly Bane did flow,
His Progress in the Earth we must survey,
How many Cities groan beneath his Sway.

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And when his great Advancement we have trac'd,
We must allow his Principles as vast.
That Earth nor Sea th' Ingredients could prepare,
And wholly must ascribe it to the Air,
The Tyrant's Seat, his Magazine is there.
The Air that do's both Earth and Sea surround,
As easily can Earth and Sea confound;
What Fence for Bodies, when in every Pore
The soft Invader has an open Door?
What Fence, where Poison's drawn with vital Breath,
And Father Air the Author proves of Death?
Of subtile Substance that with Ease receives
Infection, which as easily it gives.
Now by what means this dire Contagion flies,
Was fourth'd aloft, by what Ingredients mixt,
Our Song shall tell; and in this wondrous Course,
Revolving times and varying Planets force.

First then, the Sun with all his Train of Stars,
Amongst our Elements raise endless Wars;
And when the Planets from their Stations range,
Our Orb is influenc'd, and feels the Change.
The chiefest Influence is the Sun's retreat;
No sooner he withdraws his vital Heat,
But fruitless Fields with Snow are cover'd o'er,
The pretty Fountains run, and talk no more.
Yet when his Chariot to the *Crab* returns,
The Air, the Earth, the very Ocean burns.
The Queen of Night can boast no less a Sway,
At least all humid Things her Power obey.
Malignant *Saturn*'s Star as much can claim,
With friendly *Jove*'s, bright *Mars*, and *Venus* flame:
And all the host of Lights without a Name.
Our Elements beneath their Influence lye,
Slaves to the very Rabble of the Sky.
But most when many meet in one Abode,
Or when some Planet enters a new Road,
Far distant from the Course he us'd to run,
Some mighty Work of Fate is to be done.

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Long Tracts of Time indeed muſt firſt be ſpent,
Before Completion of the vaſt Event;
But when the Revolution once is made,
What Miſchiefs Earth and Sea at once Invade!
Poor Mortals then ſhall all Extremes ſuſtain,
While Heav'n diſſolves in Deluges of Rain;
Which from the Mountains with impetuous Courſe,
And headlong Rage, Trees, Rocks and Towns ſhall force.
O'er ſwelling *Ganges* then ſhall ſweep the Plain,
And peaceful *Po* outroar the Stormy Main.
In other Parts the Springs as low ſhall lye,
And Nymphs with Tears, exhauſted Streams ſupply.
Where neither Drought nor Deluges deſtroy,
The Winds their utmoſt Fury ſhall employ;
While Hurricanes whole Cities ſhall o'erthrow,
Or Earthquakes gorge them in the Depths below.
Perhaps the Seaſon ſhall arrive (if Fate
And Nature once agree upon the Date)
When this moſt cultivated Earth ſhall be
Unpeopled quite, or drench'd beneath the Sea;
When ev'n the Sun another Courſe ſhall ſteer,
And other Seaſons conſtitute the Year:
The wondring North ſhall ſee the ſpringing Vine,
And *Moors* admire at Snow beneath the Line.
New *Species* then of Creatures ſhall ariſe
A new Creation Nature's ſelf ſurpriſe.
Then Youth ſhall lend freſh Vigour to the Earth,
And give a ſecond Breed of Gyants Birth.
By whom a new Aſſault ſhall be perform'd,
Hills heap'd on Hills, and Heav'n once more be ſtorm'd.
Since Nature's then ſo liable to change,
Why ſhould we think this late Contagion ſtrange;
Or that the Planets where ſuch Miſchiefs grow,
Should ſhed their Poyſon on the Earth below?
Two hundred rowling Years are paſt away,
Since *Mars* and *Saturn* in Conjunction lay.
When through the Eaſt an unknown Fever rag'd,
Of ſtrange Effects, and by no Arts aſſwag'd;

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From ſuffocated Lungs with pain they drew
Their Breath, and Blood for Spittle did enſue;
Four Days the Wretches with this Plague were griev'd,
(O diſmal Sight) and then by Death reliev'd.
From thence to *Perſia* the Contagion came,
Of whom th' *Aſſyrians* catch'd the ſpreading Flame.
Euphrates next and *Tigris* did complain,
Arabia too ſtyl'd happy now in vain;
Then *Phrygia* mourn'd, from whence it croſt the Sea
(Too ſmall to quench its Flame) to *Italy*.
Then from this lower Orb with me remove,
To view the Starry Palaces above,
Through all the Roads of wandring Planets rove.
To ſearch in what Poſition they have ſtood,
And what Conjectures were from them made good.
To find what Signs did former times direct,
And what the preſent Age is to expect:
From hence perhaps we ſhall with eaſe deſcry
The Source of this ſtupendous Malady.
Behold how *Cancer* with portentous Harms
Before Heav'ns Gate unfolds his threatning Arms;
Prodigious Ills muſt needs from thence enſue,
In which one Houſe we may diſtinctly view
A numerous Cabal of Stars conſpire,
To hurl at once on Air their baneful Fire.
All this the rev'rend Artiſt did deſcry
Who nightly watch'd the Motions of the Sky,
Ye Gods (he cry'd) what does your Rage prepare,
What unknown Plague engenders in the Air?
Beſides, I ſee dire Wars on *Europe* ſhed,
Auſonian Fields with Native Gore o'erſpread.
Thus ſung the Sage, and to prevent debate,
In writing left the Story of our Fate.
When any certain Courſe of Years is run,
E'er the next Revolution be begun,
Heaven's Method is, for *Jove* in all his State,
To weigh Events and to determine Fate;
To ſearch the Book of Deſtiny, and ſhow
What change ſhall riſe in Heav'n or Earth below,

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Behold him then in awful Robes array'd,
And calling his known Council to his Aid;
Saturn and *Mars* the Thundring Summons call,
The *Crab*'s portentous Arms unlock the Hall:
Mark with what various Mein the Gods repair;
First *Mars* with ſparkling Eyes and flaming Hair,
So furious and addicted to Alarms,
He dreams of Battels, though in *Venus* Arms,
But ſee with what auguſt and peaceful Brow
(Of Gold his Chariot if the Fates allow)
Great *Jove* appears, who do's to all extend
Impartial Juſtice, Heav'n and Nature's Friend.
Old *Saturn* laſt with heavy Pace comes on,
Loath to obey the Summons of his Son;
Oft going ſtopt, oft ponder'd in his Mind
Heaven's Empire loſt, oft to return inclin'd;
Thus, much diſtracted, and arriving late,
Sits grudging down beſide the Chair of State.
Jove now unfolds what Fate's dark Laws contain,
Which *Jove* alone has Wiſdom to explain:
Sees rip'ning Miſchiefs ready to be hurl'd,
And much condoles the Sufferings of the World:
Unfolded views Death's Adamantine Gates,
War, Slaughters, Factions, and ſubverted States.
But moſt aſtoniſh'd at a new Diſeaſe,
That muſt forthwith on helpleſs Mortals ſeize.
Theſe Secrets he unfolds, and ſhakes the Skies:
The Gods Condole, and from the Council riſe,
Hell's Agent thus no ſooner quits his Cage,
But on the ſtarting Spheres he hurles his rage:
The purer Orbs diſdain th' Infernal Foe,
And ſhake the Taint upon the Air below.
The groſſer Air receives the baneful Seeds,
Converting to the Poiſon which it feeds:
Whether the Sun from Earth this Vapour drew,
In late Conjunction with his fiery Crew;
Or from Fermenting Seas by *Neptune* ſent
In Envy to the higher Element,

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Is hard to say; or if more Powers combin'd,
Sent forth this Prodigy to fright Mankind.
The Offices of Nature to define,
And to each Cause a true Effect assign,
Must be a Task both hard and doubtful too,
Since various Consequences oft ensue:
Nor Nature always to her self is true.
Some Principles shall on the Instant work,
Whilst others shall for tedious Ages lurk:
Besides, the Power of Chance shall oft prevail
On Nature's Force, and cause Events to fail.
Nor is the Influence of Maladies
Less various than the Seeds from whence they rise,
Sometimes th' infectious Air lurks in the Trees alone,
To Grass and tender Blossoms pernicious known.
The Blast sometimes destroys the furrow'd Soil
With mildew'd Ears, nor vouch the Reapers Toil.
Or if some Dale with Grain seems more enrich'd,
It moulds and rots before the Sheaves are pitch'd.
When Earth yields these, yet oft some strange Disease
Shall fall, and only on poor Cattle seize:
Here it shall sweep the Stock, while there it sheds
Its fury only on devoted Heads.
My own Remembrance to this Hour retains,
An Autumn drown'd with never ceasing Rains:
Yet this Malignant Luxury the Breed
Of Goats alone did rue, the rest were freed.
See how at break of day their Number's sold,
See how the Keeper drives them from the Fold:
Behold him next beneath a hanging Rock,
And cheering with his Reed the browsing Flock,
While them he charms, nor is himself less pleas'd,
With a sharp sudden Cough some darling Kid is seiz'd:
The Cough his Knell, for with a giddy Round
He whirls, and straight falls dead upon the Ground.
This Fever thus on Goats and Kids severe,
While Autumn held, confin'd his Vengeance there;
Next Spring, both lowing Herd and Bleating Flock
At once it seiz'd, spar'd none but swept the Stock:

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With ſuch uncertainty from tainted Skies
In Bodies plac'd on Earth Effects ariſe.
Since then by dear Experiment we find
Diſeaſes various in their Riſe and Kind:
Of this Contagion let us take a View,
More terrible for being ſtrange and new,
That with the proudeſt Son of Slaughter vies,
And claims no lower Kindred than the Skies;
And as he did aloft conceive his Flame,
The proud Deſtroyer ſeeks no common Game,
He ſcorns the well-finn'd Sporters of the Flood,
He ſcorns the well-plum'd Singers of the Wood;
Diſdains the wanton Browzers of the Rock,
Diſdains the lowing Herd and bleating Flock;
With Wolf or Bear deſpiſes to engage,
Nor can the generous Horſe provoke his Rage:
The Lords of Nature only he annoys,
And Human Frame, Heav'ns Images, deſtroys.
The Blood's black viſcous Parts he ſeizes firſt,
By whoſe malignant Aliments he's nurſt;
And e'er he can the fierce Aſſault begin,
Factions of Humours take his Part within;
The ſtrongeſt Holds of Nature thus he gains,
Quart'ring his cruel Troops throughout the Veins,
While ſome more noble Seat the Tyrant's Throne contains.
Such Principles brought this Diſtemper forth,
Such Aliments maintain'd the dreadful Birth.
His certain Signs and Symptoms to rehearſe,
Is the next Task of our Inſtructing Verſe.
O, may it prove of ſuch a laſting Date,
To conquer Time, and triumph over Fate.
Apollo's ſelf inſpires the uſeful Song,
And all that to *Apollo* does belong,
Like him, ſhould ever live, and be for ever young.
How ſhall Poſterity admire our Skill,
Taught by our Muſe to know the lurking Ill?

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And when his dreadful Viſage they behold,
Cry, this is the Diſeaſe whoſe Signs of old
Th' inſpir'd Phyſician in bright Numbers told.
For tho' th' infernal Peſt ſhould quit the Earth,
Abſconding in the Hell, that gave it Birth;
Yet after lazy Revolutions paſt,
The unſuſpected Prodigy at laſt
Shall from the Womb of Night once more be hurl'd,
T' infect the Skies, and to amaze the World.
What therefore ſeems moſt wondrous in his Courſe
Is, that he ſhould ſo long conceal his Force;
For when the Foe his ſecret way has made,
And in our Intrails ſtrong Detachments laid;
Yet oft the Moon four monthly Rounds ſhall ſteer,
Before convincing Symptoms ſhall appear;
So long the Malady ſhall lurk within,
And grow confirm'd before the Danger's ſeen;
Yet with Diſturbance to the Wretch diſeas'd,
Who with unwonted heavineſs is ſeiz'd,
With drooping Spirits his Affairs purſues,
And all his Limbs their Offices refuſe,
The chearful Glories of his Eyes decay,
And from his Cheeks the Roſes fade away,
A leaden Hue o'er all his Face is ſpread,
And greater Weights depreſs his drooping Head;
Till by degrees the ſecret Parts ſhall ſhow,
By open Proofs the undermining Foe;
Who now his dreadful Enſigns ſhall diſplay,
Devour, and haraſs in the ſight of Day.
Again, when chearful Light has left the Skies,
And Night's ungrateful Shades and Vapours riſe;
When Nature to our Spirits ſounds Retreat,
And to the Vitals calls her ſtraggling Heat:
When th' Outworks are no more of Warmth poſſeſt,
Bloodleſs, and with a Load of Humours preſt;
When ev'ry kind Relief's retir'd within,
'Tis then the Execrable Pains begin:
Arms, Shoulders, Legs, with reſtleſs Aches vext,
And with Convulſions ev'ry Nerve perplext;

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For when through all our Veins th' Infection's spread,
And by what e'er should feed the Body fed;
When Nature joins the Vitals to defend,
And all destructive Humours outward send:
These being vitious, gross, and loath to stay,
In its dull march shall torture ev'ry Part;
Whence to the Bloodless Nerves dire Pains ensue,
At once contracted and extended too;
The thinner Parts will yet not stink so fast,
But to the Surface of the Skin are cast,
Which in foul Botches o'er the Body spread,
Prophane the Roseate, and deform the Head:
Here Pustles in the form of Acorns swell'd,
In Form alone, for these with Stench are fill'd,
Whose Ripeness is Corruption, that in time
Disdain Confinement, and discharge the Slime;
Yet oft the Foe would turn his Forces back,
The Brawn and inmost Muscles to attack,
And pierce so deep, that the bare Bones have been
Betwixt the dreadful fleshy Ranches seen;
When on the vocal Parts his Rage was spent,
Imperfect Sounds, for uncouth Speech was sent.
As on a springing Plant, you have beheld
The Juice that through the tender Bark has swelled,
That from the Sap's more vitious part did ooze,
Till by the Sun cordens'd into a Gumm;
So when this Base in once receiv'd within,
With such Eruptions he shall force the Skin;
And when the Humour for a time has shewn,
Grow fix'd at last, and harden to a Mole.
Hence some young Swain, as on the Banks he stood,
To view his Picture in the Crystal Flood,
And finding there his lovely Cheeks deformed,
Against the Stars, against the Gods he storm'd:
Mean while the Sable Wings of Night are spread,
And balmy Sleep on ev'ry Creature shed.
These Wretches only no Repose could take,
By this tormenting Fiend still kept awake;

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Impatient till the Morn reflor'd the Light,
Then curft her Beams, and wish'd again for Night.
Ceres in vain her Bleſſings did afford,
In vain the flowing Goblet crown'd the Board;
No comfort they in large Poſſeſſions had
Of Farms, or Towns, but e'en in Banquets ſad:
In vain the Streams, and Meads they did frequent,
The diſmal Thought purſu'd where-e'er they went;
And when for Proſpect they would climb the Hill,
The dire Remembrance hagg'd their Fancy ſtill:
In vain the Gods themſelves they did invoke,
Adorn'd their Shrines, and made their Altars ſmoak:
They Bribe and Pray'd, yet ſtill reliefleſs lay,
Their offer'd Gums conſum'd leſs faſt than they.
Shall I relate what I my ſelf beheld,
Where *Ollius* ſtream with gentle plenty ſwell'd?
In thoſe fair Meads where *Ollius* eurs his way,
A Youth of Godlike form I did ſurvey,
By all the World beſides unparallel'd,
And ev'n in *Italy* by none excell'd;
Firſt Signs of Manhood on his Cheeks were ſhown,
A tender Harveſt, and but thinly ſown,
Beſides thoſe Charms that did his Perſon grace,
Deſcended from a rich and noble Race:
What tranſport in Spectators did he breed,
Mounted, and managing the fiery Steed,
What Joy at once, and Terror did we feel,
When he prepar'd for Field, and ſhone in Steel?
Of equal Strength and Skill for Exerciſe,
All conflicts try'd, but never loſt a Prize;
Oft in the Chaſe his Courſer he'd forego,
Truſt his own Feet, and turn the ſwifteſt Roe,
For him each Nymph, for him each Goddeſs ſtrove,
Of Hill, of Plain, of Meadow, Stream and Grove;
Nor can we doubt that in this numerous Train,
Some One (neglected) did to Heaven complain,
Who though in vain the lov'd, yet did not Curſe
In vain;

For whilſt the Youth did to his Strength confide,
And Nerves in ev'ry Task of hardſhip try'd,
This finiſh'd Piece, this celebrated Frame,
The Manſion of a loath'd Diſeaſe became:
But of ſuch baneful, and malignant Kind,
As Ages paſt ne'er knew, and future ne'er ſhall find.
Now might you ſee his Spring of Youth decay,
The Verdure dye, the Bloſſoms fall away;
The foul Infection o'er his Body ſpread,
Prophanes his Boſom, and deforms his Head;
His wretched Limbs with filth and ſtench o'erflow,
While Fleſh divides, and ſhews the Bones below.
Dire Ulcers (can the Gods permit them?) prey
On his fair Eye-balls, and devour their Day,
Whilſt the neat Pyramid below, falls Mouldring quite away.
Him neighbouring *Alps* bewail'd with conſtant Dew,
Ollius no more his wonted Paſſage knew; [moan'd,
Hills, Valleys, Rocks, Streams, Groves, his Fate be-
Sebinus Lake from deepeſt Caverns groan'd.

From hence malicious *Saturn*'s Force is known,
From whoſe malignant Orb this Plague was thrown,
To whom more cruel *Mars* aſſiſtance lent,
And club'd his Influence to the dire Event:
Nor could the Malice of the Stars ſuffice,
To make ſuch execrable Miſchief riſe;
For certainly e'er this Diſeaſe began,
Through Hell's dark Courts the curſing Furies ran,
Where to aſtoniſht Ghoſts they did relate,
In dreadful Songs, the Burthen of our Fate;
The *Stygian* Pool did to the Bottom rake,
And from its Dregs the curſt Ingredients take,
Which ſcatter'd ſince through *Europe* wide and far,
Bred Peſtilence, and more conſuming War.

Ye Deities who once our Guardians were,
Who made th' *Auſonian* Fields your ſpecial Care,
And thou O *Saturn*, Father of our Breed,
From whence do's this unwonted Rage proceed
Againſt thy ancient Seats?

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Has Fate's dark Store a Plague yet left, which we
Have not ſuſtain'd ev'n to Extremity?
Firſt let *Parthenope* her Griefs declare,
Her Kings deſtroy'd, her Temples ſack'd in War.
Who can the Slaughter of that Day recite,
When hand to hand we join'd the *Gauls* in fight,
When *Tarrus* Brook was ſo o'er-ſwell'd with Blood,
Men, Horſes, Arms, rowl'd down th' impetuous
Eridanus in wandring Banks receives [Flood?
The purple Stream, and for our Fate with Brother
Tarrus grieves.
To what Eſtate, O wretched *Italy*,
Has civil Strife reduc'd, and moulder'd Thee!
Where now are all thy ancient Glories hurl'd?
Where is thy boaſted Empire of the World?
What nook in thee from barb'rous Rage is freed,
And has not ſeen her captive Children bleed?
That was not firſt to ſavage Arms a Prey,
And do's not yet more ſavage Laws obey?
Anſwer ye Hills where peaceful Cluſters grew,
And never till this hour diſturbance knew,
Calm as the Flood which at your Feet ye view;
Calm as *Erethenus*, who on each ſide
Beholds your Vines, and raviſht with their Pride,
Moves ſlowly with his Tribute to the Tide.
O *Italy*, our ancient happy Seat,
Glory of Nations, and the Gods Retreat,
Whoſe fruitful Fields for peopled Towns provide,
Where *Athefis*, and ſmooth *Benacus* glide,
What words have force, thy Sufferings to relate,
Thy ſervile Yoke, and ignominious Fate!
Now dive, *Benacus*, thy fam'd Courſe give o'er,
And lead thy Streams through Laurel-Banks no more.
Yet, when our Mis'ries thus were at their height,
As if our Sorrows ſtill had wanted weight,
As if our former Plagues had been too ſmall,
We ſaw our Hope, *Minerva*'s Darling, fall;
Thy Funeral, *Marcus*, we did then ſurvey,
Snatcht from the Muſes Arms before thy Day,

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Benacus thanks at thy Immortal groan'd:
And neighbouring *Athesis* thy Fate bemoan'd,
Where by the Moon's pale Beams, *Catullus* came;
And nightly still was heard to sound thy Name,
His Songs once more his native Seats inspire, [Lyre.
The Groves were charm'd, and knew their Master's

'Twas now the *Gauls* began their fierce Attempt,
And crushe *Liguria* with victorious Arms,
While other Provinces as fast expire
By *Cæsar's* Sword, and more destructive Fire;
No *Latian* Seat was free from Slaughter found,
But all alike with Tears and Blood were drown'd.

Now for our second Task, and what Relief
Our Age has found against this raging Grief,
The Methods now of Cure we will express,
The wondrous Wit of Mortals in distress.
Astonish'd long they lay, no Remedy
At first they knew, nor Courage had to try,
But learnt by slow Experience to appease,
To check, and last to vanquish the Disease.
Yet after all our Study, we must own
Some Secrets were by Revelation known:
For though the Stars in dark Cabals combin'd,
And for our Ruin with the Furies join'd,
Yet were we not to last Destruction left,
Nor of the Gods Protection quite bereft.
If strange and dreadful Maladies have reign'd,
If Ware, dire Missiles we have sustain'd,
If Flames have laid our Fields and Cities waste,
Our Temples too in common Ashes cast;
If swelling Streams no more in Banks were kept,
But Men, Herds, Houses with the Flood were swept;
If few survivd these Plagues, and Famine slow
The greater Part of that surviving Few;
Yet of such great Adventures we are proud,
As Fate had to no former Age allow'd.
For, what no Mortals ever dar'd before,
We have the Ocean-Demon'd from sight of Shore;

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Now that's enough, by *Mab* farthest bound,
That we the fair *Hesperian* Gardens found;
Thus we t' *Arabia* a new Passage sought,
While Ships for Camels the rich Lading brought:
To th' remotest East we since a Voyage made,
And in the rising Sun our Suits display'd,
Beyond the *Ind* large Tracts of Land did find,
And left the World's reputed bounds behind;
To pass the World's reputed bounds were small
Performances, of greatest Glory call
Our fam'd Adventures on the Western Shore,
Discovering Seas, and Worlds unknown before;
But waving these, our Age has yet beheld
An inspir'd Poet, and by none excell'd;
Parthenope extoll'd the Songs he made,
Sebethe's God, and *Virgil's* sacred Shade;
From Gardens to the Stars his Muse would rise,
And made the Earth acquainted with the Skies.
His Name might well the Ages Pride sustain,
But many more exalted Souls remain;
Who, when expir'd, and Envy with them dead,
To equal the best Ancients shall be said:
But, *Bembo*, while this List we do unfold,
In which Heav'n's Blessings on the Age are told,
Leo, the most illustrious Place do's claim,
The great Restorer of the *Roman* Name;
By whose mild Aspects, and auspicious Fire,
Malignant Planets to their Cells retire.
Jove's friendly Star once more is seen to rise,
And scatters healing Lustre through the Skies,
He, only he, our Losses could repair,
And call the Muses to their native Air.
Restore the ancient Laws of Right and Just,
Polish Religion from Barbarian Rust:
For Heav'n, and *Rome* engag'd in fierce Alarms,
With pious Vengeance, and with sacred Arms,
Whose terrour to *Euphrates* Banks was spread,
While *Nile* retir'd t' his undiscover'd Head,
And frighted *Doris* div'd into her oozy Bed.

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While ſome more able Muſe ſhall ſing his Name,
In Numbers equal to his Deeds and Fame.
While *Bembus* thou ſhalt this great Theme rehearſe,
And weave his Praiſes in eternal Verſe,
Let me, in what I have propos'd, proceed
With Subject ſuited to my ſlender Reed.
Firſt, then your Patient's Conſtitution learn,
And well the Temper of his Blood diſcern,
If that be pure, with ſo much greater eaſe
You will engage, and vanquiſh the Diſeaſe,
Whoſe Venom, where black Choler choaks the Veins,
Takes firmer hold, and will exact more Pains,
More violent Aſſaults you there muſt make,
And on the batter'd Frame no pity take.
Who e'er can ſoon diſcern the lurking Grief,
With far leſs labour may expect Relief;
But when the Foe has deeper inroads made,
And gain'd the factious Humours to his Aid,
What Toil, what Conflicts muſt be firſt ſuſtain'd
Before he's diſpoſſeſt, and Health regain'd?
Therefore with Care his firſt Approaches find,
And hoard theſe uſeful Precepts in thy Mind.
From noxious Winds preſerve your ſelf with care,
And ſuch are all that from the South repair,
Of Fens and Lakes avoid th' unwholſome Air.
To open Fields and ſunny Mountains fly,
Where *Zephyr* fans, and *Boreas* ſweeps the Sky:
Nor muſt you there indulge Repoſe, but ſtray,
And in continu'd Actions ſpend the Day;
With ev'ry Beaſt of Prey loud War proclaim,
And make the grizly Boar your conſtant Game,
Nor yet amongſt theſe great Attempts diſdain
To rouſe the Stag, and force him to the Plain.
Some I have known to th' Chaſe ſo much inclin'd,
That in the Woods they left their Grief behind.
Nor yet think ſcorn the ſordid Plow to guide,
Or with the pond'rous Rake the Clods divide,

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With heavy Ax, and many weary Blow,
The towring Pine, and ſpreading Oak o'erthrow;
The very Houſe yields Exerciſe, the Hall
Has room for Fencing, and the bounding Ball.
Rouze, rouze, ſhake off your fond Deſire of Eaſe,
For Sleep foments and feeds the foul Diſeaſe,
'Tis then th' Invader do's the Vitals ſeize.
But chiefly from thy Thoughts all Sorrows drive,
Nor with *Minerva*'s knotty Precepts ſtrive,
With lighter Labours of the Muſes ſport,
And ſeek the Plains where Swains and Nymphs reſort.
Abſtain however from the Act of Love,
For nothing can ſo much deſtructive prove:
Bright *Venus* hates polluted Myſteries,
And ev'ry Nymph from foul Embraces flies.
Dire Practice! Poiſon with Delight to bring,
And with the Lovers Dart, the Serpent's Sting.
A proper Diet you muſt next prepare,
Than which there's nothing more requires your Care;
All Food that from the Fens is brought refuſe,
Whate'er the ſtanding Lakes or Seas produce,
Nor muſt long Cuſtom paſs for an Excuſe;
Therefore from Fiſh in general I diſſuade,
All theſe are of a waſhy Subſtance made,
Which though the luſcious Palate they content,
Convert to Humours more than Nouriſhment;
Ev'n Giltheads, though moſt tempting to the ſight,
And ſharp-fin'd Perch that in the Rocks delight.
All ſorts of Fowl that on the Water prey,
By the ſame Rule I'd have remov'd away,
Forbear the Drake, and leave *Rome*'s ancient Friend
The Capitol and City to defend.
No leſs the Buſtard's luſcious Fleſh decline,
Forbear the Back and Entrails of the Swine,
Nor with the hunted Boar thy Hunger ſtay,
Enjoy the Sport, but ſtill forbear the Prey.
I hold nor Cucumber nor Muſhrooms good,
And Artichoke is too ſalacious Food;

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Nor yet the uſe of Milk would I enjoin,
Much leſs of Vinegar or eager Wine,
Such as from *Rhetia* comes, and from the *Rhine*;
The *Sabine* Vintage is of ſafer Uſe,
Which mellow and well-water'd Fields produce:
But if your Banquets with the Gods you'd make,
Of Herbs and Roots the unbought Dainties take;
Be ſure that Mint and Endive ſtill abound,
And Sowthiſtle, with Leaves in Winter crown'd,
And *Sian* by clear Fountains always found;
To theſe add Calamint, and Savery,
Burrage and Balm, whoſe mingled Sweets agree,
Rochet and Sorrel I as much approve:
The climbing Hop grows wild in ev'ry Grove,
Take thence the infant Buds, and with them join
The curling Tendrels of the ſpringing Vine,
Whoſe Arms have yet no friendly ſhade allow'd,
Nor with the weight of juicy Cluſters bow'd.
Particulars were endleſs to rehearſe,
And weightier Subjects now demand our Verſe.
We'll draw the Muſes from *Aonian* Hills,
To Nature's Garden, Groves and humble Rills,
Where if no Lawrels ſpring, or if I find
That thoſe are all for Conquerors deſign'd,
With Oaken Leaves at leaſt I'll bind my Brow,
For Millions ſav'd you muſt that Grace allow.
At firſt approach of Spring, I would adviſe,
Or ev'n in Autumn Months, if ſtrength ſuffice,
To bleed your Patient in the regal Vein,
And by degrees th' infected Current drein;
But in all Seaſons fail not to expel,
And purge the noxious Humours from their Cell;
But fit Ingredients you muſt firſt collect,
And then their different Qualities reſpect,
Make firm the Liquid and the Groſs diſſect.
Take, therefore, care to gather, in their prime,
The ſweet *Corycian* and *Pamphylian* Thyme,
Theſe you muſt boil, together with the reſt
In this enſuing Catalogue expreſt:

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Fennel and Hop that cloſe Embraces weaves,
Parſley and Fumitory's bitter Leaves;
Wild Fern on ev'ry Down and Heath you'll meet
With Leaves reſembling *Polypus*'s ſhagg'd Feet,
And Maiden-hair, of Virtue ſtrange, but true,
For dipt in Fountains, it retains no Dew:
Hart's-tongue and Citarch muſt be added too.

The greater Part, and with ſucceſs more ſure,
By Mercury perform the happy Cure;
A wondrous Virtue in that Mineral lies,
Whether by Force of various Qualities
Of Cold and Heat, it flies into the Veins,
And with a fiercer Fire their Flame reſtrains,
Conqu'ring the raging Humours in their Seat,
As glowing Steel exceeds the Forge's heat,
Or whether his keen Particles (combin'd
With ſtrange Connexion) when th'are once disjoin'd,
Diſperſe, all Quarters of the Foe to ſeize,
And burn the very Seeds of the Diſeaſe;
Or whether 'tis with ſome more hidden force
Endow'd by Nature to perform its Courſe,
Is hard to ſay, but tho' the Gods conceal
The virtual Cauſe, they did its uſe reveal.
Now by what means 'twas found our Song ſhall ſhew,
Nor may we let Heav'ns Gifts in Silence go.

In *Syrian* Vales where Groves of Oſier grow,
And where *Callirrhoe*'s ſacred Fountains flow,
Ilceus the Huntſman, who with Zeal ador'd
The rural Gods, with Gifts their Altars ſtor'd;
Was yet afflicted with this reſtleſs Grief,
And, if Tradition may obtain Belief,
As he was watering there each ſpicy Bed,
Thus to entreat the *Sylvan* Pow'rs, is ſaid,

You Deities by me ador'd, and thou
Callirrhoe, who do'ſt Relief allow
'Gainſt all Diſeaſes, as I ſlew for thee
The Stag, and fix'd his Head upon a Tree;

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A Tree that do's with leſſer Branches ſpread,
Than thoſe that join to that moſt horrid Head:
You ſacred Pow'rs, if you'll remove away
This Plague that racks my Frame all Night and Day,
I; all the mingled glories of the Spring,
Lillies and Violets to your Seats will bring.
With Daffadills firſt budding Roſes weave,
And on your Shrines the fragrant Garland leave.
He ſaid, and down upon the Herbage lay,
Tir'd with the raging Pain, and raging Day.
Callirrhoe (bathing in the neighbouring Well,
With Musk that grew in Plenty round the Cell)
Heard the Youth's Pray'r, and ſtreight in ſoft repoſe,
Th' indulgent Nymph his heavy Eyes did cloſe,
Then to his Fancy, from her ſacred Streams,
Appear'd and charm'd him with prophetick Dreams.
Ilcens (ſaid ſhe) my Servant, and my Care,
The Gods at laſt have hearken'd to thy Pray'r;
Yet, on the Earth, as far as *Sol* can ſpy,
For thy Diſeaſe remains no Remedy.
Cynthia, and *Phœbus* too at her Requeſt,
Into thy tortur'd Veins have ſent this Peſt,
The Stag to her was ſacred which you ſlew,
And this the Puniſhment that did enſue,
For which the Earth, as far as *Sol* can ſee,
The ſpacious Earth, affords no Remedy:
Then ſince her Surface no relief can lend,
To her dark Entrails for thy Cure deſcend;
A Cave there is, it ſelf an awful ſhade,
But by *Jove*'s ſpreading Tree more dreadful made,
Where mingling Cedars wanton with the Air,
Thither at firſt approach of Day repair;
A jet-black Ram before the Entrance ſlay,
And cry, Theſe Rites great *Ops* to thee I pay.
The leſſer Pow'rs, pale Ghoſts and Nymphs of Night,
The Smoak of Yew and Cypreſs ſhall invite;
Theſe Nymphs ſhall at the outmoſt Entrance ſtay,
And through the dark Retreats conduct thy way,

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Riſe, riſe, nor think all this an idle Dream,
For know I am the Goddeſs of this Stream.
This for thy pious Homage to my Cell----
So ſpake the Nymph, and div'd into the Well.
The Youth ſtarts up aſtoniſh'd, but reſtor'd,
With grateful Pray'rs th' obliging Nymph ador'd:
Thy Voice, bright Goddeſs, I'll with ſpeed Obey,
O, ſtill aſſiſt and bleſs me on my Way.
With the next Dawn the ſacred Cave he found,
With ſpreading Oaks and towring Cedars crown'd;
A jet-black Ram did at the Entrance ſlay,
And cry'd, Theſe Rites, great *Ops*, to thee I pay:
The leſſer Pow'rs, pale Ghoſts and Nymphs of Night,
The Smoak of Yew and Cypreſs did invite.
His Voice reſounding through the hollow Seats,
Diſturb'd the Nymphs within their deep Retreats.
Thoſe Nymphs that toil in Metals under ground,
Gave o'er their Work at th' unexpected Sound;
Some Quickſilver, and Sulphur others brought,
From which calcin'd, the golden Oar was wrought;
Of pure Ætherial Light a hundred Beams,
Of Subterranean Fire a hundred Streams,
With various ſeeds of Earth and Sea they join'd,
For human Eyes too ſubtle and refin'd.
But *Lipare* who forms the richer Oar,
And to the Furnace brings the Sulph'rous ſtore,
To *Ilceus* through the dark Receſſes broke,
And in theſe Words the trembling Youth beſpoke:
Ilceus (for I have heard your Name and Grief)
Callirrhoe ſends you hither for relief;
Nor has the Goddeſs counſell'd you in vain,
Theſe Cells afford a Med'cine for your Pain;
Take courage therefore, and the Charge obey,
She ſaid, and through the Cavern leads the way.
He follows wondring at the dark aboads,
The ſpacious Voids and Subterranean Roads;
Aſtoniſht there to ſee thoſe Rivers move,
Which he obſerv'd to loſe themſelves above:

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Each Cave, cry'd *Lipare*, ſome Pow'r contains,
I'th' loweſt Manſion *Proſerpine* remains;
The middle Regions *Pluto*'s Treaſure hold,
And Nymphs that work in Silver, Braſs and Gold,
Of which rich Train am I, whoſe Veins extend,
And to *Callirrhoe*'s Stream the ſmoaking Sulphur ſend.
Thus through the Realms of Night they took their way,
And heard from far the Forge and Furnace play.
Theſe (ſaid the Nymph) the Beds of Metals are,
That give you wretched Mortals ſo much Care.
By thouſand Nymphs of Earth and Night enjoy'd,
Who yet in various Tasks are all employ'd.
Some turn the Current, ſome the Seeds diſſect
Of Earth and Sea, which ſome again collect,
That, mixt with Lightning, make the Golden Oar,
While others quench in Streams the ſhining Store.
Not far from hence the *Cyclop*'s Cave is found,
See how it glows, hark how their Anvils ſound.
But here turn off, and take the right-hand way,
This Path do's to that ſacred Stream convey,
In which thy only Hope remains: She ſaid,
And under Golden Roofs her Patient led.
Hard by, the Lakes of Liquid Silver flow'd,
Which to the wondring Youth the Goddeſs ſhow'd;
Thrice waſht in theſe (ſaid ſhe) thy Pains ſhall end,
And all the Stench into the Stream deſcend.
Thrice with her Virgin hands the Goddeſs threw
On all his ſuffering Limbs the healing Dew:
He, at the falling Filth admiring ſtood,
And ſcarce believ'd for Joy, the Virtue of the Flood.
When therefore you return to open Day,
With Sacrifice *Diana*'s Rage allay,
And Homage to the Fountain's Goddeſs pay.
Thus ſpake the Nymph, and through the Realms of Night,
Reſtor'd the grateful Youth to open Light.
This ſtrange Invention ſoon obtain'd belief,
And flying Fame divulg'd the ſure Relief.

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But first Experiments did only join,
And for a Vehicle use lard of Swine;
Larch-gum and Turpemine were added next,
That wrought more safe, and less the Patient vext;
Horse-grease and Beans with them they did compound,
Bdellium and Gum of Cedar useful found;
Then Myrrh, and Frankincense were us'd by some,
With living Sulphur and *Arabian* Gum;
But if black Hellebore be added too,
With Rain-bow Flowers, your Method I allow;
Benzoin and Galbanum I next requise,
Lint-Oil, and Sulphur's e'er it feels the Fire.
With these Ingredients mix'd, you must not fear
Your suffering Limbs and Body to besmear,
Nor let the foulness of the Course displease,
Obscene indeed, but less than your Disease:
Yet when you do anoint, take special care
That both your Head and tender Breast you spare;
This done, wrapt close and swath'd, repair to Bed,
And there let such thick Cov'rings be o'er-spread,
Till streams of Sweat from ev'ry pore you force:
For twice five Days you must repeat this Course;
Severe indeed, but you your Fate must bear,
And Signs of coming Health will straight appear.
The Mass of Humours now dissolv'd within,
To purge themselves by Spittle shall begin,
Till you with wonder at your feet shall see,
A tide of Filth, and bless the Remedy.
For Ulcers that shall then the Mouth offend,
Boil Flowers that Privet and Pomgranets send.
Now, only now, I would forbid the use
Of generous Wine that noble Soils produce;
All sorts without distinction you must fly,
The sparkling Bowl with all its Charms deny.
Rise, now victorious, Health is now at hand,
One labour more is all I shall command,
Easie and pleasant; you must last prepare
Your Bath, with Rosemary and Lavender,
Vervain and Yarrow too must both be there;

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'Mongſt theſe your ſteeping Body you muſt lay,
To chear you, and to waſh all Dregs away.
But now the verdant Bleſſings that belong
To new diſcover'd Worlds demand our Song.
Beyond *Herculean* bounds the Ocean roars
With loud Applauſe to thoſe far diſtant Shoars.
The ſacred Tree muſt next our Muſe employ,
That only could this raging Plague deſtroy;
Juſt Praiſe (*Urania*) to this Plant allow,
And with its happy Leaves upon thy Brow,
Through all our *Latian* Cities take thy way,
And to admiring Crouds the healing Boughs diſplay;
B'en I my ſelf ſhall prize my Strains the more,
For Bleſſings never Seen nor Sung before.
Perhaps ſome more exalted Poet (warm'd
For Martial Strains) with this new ſubject Charm'd,
Shall quit the noble Buſineſs of the Field,
Bequeath to Ruſt the Sword and poliſht Shield,
Leave wrangling Heroes that o'ercome or die,
Both ſhrouded in the ſame obſcurity;
Paſs o'er the haraſt Soil and bloody Stream,
To proſecute this more delightful Theme;
To tell how firſt auſpicious Navies made
More bold attempts, and th' Ocean's bounds eſſay'd;
To ſing vaſt Tracts of Land beyond the Main;
By former Ages gueſs'd, and wiſht in vain,
Strange Regions, Floods and Cities to rehearſe,
And with true Prodigies adorn their Verſe;
New Lands, new Seas, and ſtill new Lands to ſpy,
Another Heaven, and other Stars deſcry.
When this is done, reſume their Martial Strain,
And crown our Conqueſts in each ſavage Plain,
That ev'n from Vanquiſhment advantage draws,
Enrich'd with *European* Arts and Laws,
Shall ſing (what future Ages will confound)
How Earth and Sea one Veſſel did ſurround.
Thrice happy Bard, to whom indulgent Heav'n
A Soul capacious of this Work has giv'n.

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My weaker Muſe ſhall think her Office done,
Of all theſe wonders to record but one:
One ſingle Plant which theſe glad Lands produce
To ſpecifie and ſhew its ſov'reign Uſe,
By what adventures found, and wafted o'er
From unknown Worlds to *Europe*'s wondring Shore.
Far weſtward hence where th' Ocean ſeems to boil
Beneath fierce *Cancer*, lyes a ſpacious Iſle,
Deſcry'd by *Spaniards* roving on the Main,
And juſtly honour'd with the Name of *Spain*.
Fertile in Gold, but far more bleſt to be
The Garden of this conſecrated Tree:
Its Trunk erect, but on his Top is ſeen
A ſpreading Grove with Branches ever Green;
Upon his Boughs a little Nut is found,
But poignant and with Leaves encompaſs'd round;
The ſtubborn Subſtance toothleſs makes the ſaw,
And ſcarcely from the Axe receives a flaw;
Diſſected, various Colours meet your view,
The outward Bark is of the Laurel hue;
The next like Box, the parts more inwards ſet
Of dusky Grain, but not ſo dark as Jet,
If to theſe mixtures you will add the Red,
All Colours of the gaudy Bow are ſpread.
This Plant the Natives, conſcious of its uſe,
Adore, and with religious Care produce;
On ev'ry Hill, in ev'ry Vale 'tis found,
And held the greateſt Bleſſing of the Ground.
Againſt this Peſt that always Rages there,
From Skies infected and polluted Air,
The outward Bark as uſeleſs they refuſe,
But with their utmoſt force the Timber bruiſe,
Or break in Splinters, which they ſteep a while
In Fountains, and when ſoak'd, in Veſſels boil,
Regardleſs how too fierce a Fire may make
The Juice run o'er, whoſe healing Froth they take,
With which they Bath their Limbs where Puſtles breed,
And heal the Breaches where dire Ulcers feed.

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Half boil'd away, the Remnant they retain,
And adding Honey boil the Chips again:
To use no other Liquor when they Dine,
Their Countries Law, and greater Priest enjoin:
The first Decoction with the rising Light
They drink, and once again at fall of Night;
This Course they strictly hold when once begun,
Till *Cynthia* has her Monthly Progress run,
Hous'd all the while where no offensive Wind,
Nor the least Breath of Air can entrance find.
But who will yield us credit to proceed,
And tell how wondrous slenderly they feed;
Just so much Food as can bare Life preserve,
And to its Joint connect each feeble Nerve:
Yet let not this strange Abstinence deter,
And make you think the Method too severe.
This Drink it self will wasted Strength repair,
For *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* too are there;
All Offices of Nature it maintains,
The Heart refreshes, and recruits the Veins.
When the Draught's ta'en, for two hours and no more
The Patient on his Couch is cover'd o'er;
For by this means the Liquor with more ease
Expels in Streams of Sweat the foul Disease,
All Parts (O prodigy!) grow sound within,
Nor any Filth remains upon the Skin;
Fresh Youth in ev'ry Limb, fresh vigour's found,
And now the Moon has run her Monthly Round.
What God did first the wondrous use display
Of this blest Plant, what chance did first convey
Our *European* Fleet to that rich Shore,
That for their Toil so rich a Traffick bore,
Our Song shall now unfold; a Navy bound
For no known Port nor yet discover'd Ground,
Resolv'd the secrets of the Main to find,
And now they leave their Native Shore behind,
Clap on more Sail and skudd before the Wind.
Thus on the spreading Ocean they did stray,
For many Weeks uncertain of their Way;

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The throngingSea-Nymphs, wondring at the Pride
Of each tall Ship, appear above the Tide,
And with proportion'd speed around them glide,
Charm'd with each painted Stern and golden Prow,
With each gay Streamer, striving as they go
To catch their Pictures in the Flood below.
'Twas Night, but *Cynthia* did such Beams display,
So strong as more than half restor'd the Day.
When the bold Leader of this roving Train,
(The bravest Youth that ever stemm'd the Main;)
As on the Decks he lay with anxious Care,
And watchful o'er his Charge, conceiv'd this Pray'r;
Bright Goddess of the Night (said he) whose sway,
All humid Things and these vast Seas obey;
Twice have we seen thy infant *Crescents* spring,
And twice united in a glorious Ring,
Since first this Fleet commenc'd her restless Toil,
Nor yet have gain'd the Sight of any Soil.
O Virgin Star, of nightly Planets chief,
Vouchsafe your weary Wanderers relief;
Let some fair Continent at last arise,
Or some less distant Isle salute our Eyes;
At least some Rock with one small Rill and Port,
For these o'er-labour'd Boats and Youths support.
The Goddess heard not this Address in vain,
But leaves to her nocturnal Steeds the Rein,
And like a Sea-Nymph floats upon the Main:
So well disguis'd that *Clotho*'s self might be
Deceiv'd, and take her for *Cymothoe*;
With such a Mein she cut the yielding Tide,
And in these Words bespoke the wandring Guide;
Take Courage, for the next approaching Day
Shall see these Ships safe riding in the Bay;
But stay not long where first your Anchors fall,
The Fates to yet more distant Regions call;
Find *Ophyre* high-seated in the Main;
Those Seats for you the Destinies ordain.
She said, and push't the Keel; a brisker Gale
Forthwith descends and pregnates every Sail:

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Now from the East the Sun invites their Eyes,
As fast they Westward see the Mountains rise,
Like Clouds at first, but as they nearer drew,
Rocks, Groves and Springs were open'd to their Views;
High on the Decks the joyful Sailors stand,
And thrice with Shouts salute th' expected Land.
Then safely Anchor'd in the promis'd Bay,
First to the Gods their just Devotion pay.
Four Days, no more, are spent upon this Soil,
To fit their shatter'd Ships for farther Toil,
Each hand once more is to his Charge assign'd,
All take advantage of the friendly Wind;
A swift and steddy Course they now maintain,
And leave *Anthylia* floating on the Main:
With *Hagia*'s coast, and tall *Ammeria*'s Isle,
The Cannibals most execrable Soil,
O'er all the Deep they now see Turrets rise,
And Islands without number meet their Eyes;
'Mongst these they singled one, from whence they heard
Streams fall, while spreading Groves aloft appear'd:
Charm'd with these Objects there they put to Shore,
Where first the Island's Genius they adore,
Then spread their Banquet on the verdant Ground,
Whilst Bowls of sparkling Wine go nimbly round;
Refresht, they separate, some to descry
The Country, others more o'er-joy'd to spye
Beneath the Flood pure Gold lye mixt with Sand,
And seize the shining Oar with greedy Hand.
At length a Flock of painted Birds they view,
With azure Plumes and Beaks of Coral hue,
Which fearless through the Glades did seem to rove,
And percht securely in their native Grove;
The Youths to temper'd Engins have recourse
That imitate the Thunders dreadful Force,
Vulcan's Invention, while with wondrous Art
He did to Men the Arms of *Jove* impart;
Each takes his Stand and singles out his Mark,
The dire Ingredients with a sudden Spark

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Enflam'd, discharge with rage the whizzing Ball,
The unsuspecting Birds by hundreds fall;
The Air with Smoak and Fire is cover'd round,
The Groves and Rocks astonisht with the Sound,
And shaking Sands beneath the Seas rebound.
The Remnant of the Flock with terror fly
To Rocks whose Turrets seem'd to pierce the Sky.
From whence with human Voice (O dire Portent!)
One of this feather'd Tribe these Numbers sent.
You who have Sacrilegiously assay'd
The Sun's lov'd Birds, and impious slaughter made,
Hear what th' enrag'd avenging God prepares,
And in prophetick Sounds by me declares.
Know, you at last have reacht your promis'd Soil,
For this is *Ophyre*'s long expected Isle,
But destin'd Empire shall not yet obtain
Of Provinces beyond the western Main,
The Natives of long Liberty deprive,
Found Cities, and a new Religion give,
Till Toils by Earth and Sea are undergone,
And many dreadful Battels lost and won;
For, most shall leave your Trunks on foreign Land,
Few shatter'd Ships shall reach your Native Sand,
In vain shall some Sail back again, to find
Their wretched Comrades whom they left behind;
Whose Bones of Flesh divested shall be found,
For *Cyclops* too in these dire Coasts abound:
Your Foes o'er-come, your Fleet in Civil Rage
Shall disagree, and Ship with Ship engage.
Nor end your Sufferings here, a strange Disease,
And most obscene, shall on your Bodies seize;
In this Distress your Error you shall mourn,
And to these injur'd Groves for Cure return.
This dreadful Doom the feather'd Prophet spoke,
And feulkt within the Covert of the Rock.
Astonisht with the unexpected sound,
Th' offending Men fell prostrate on the Ground;
Forgiveness from the sacred Flock to gain,
But chiefly *Phœbus* Pardon to obtain.

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The Guardians of the Grove to reconcile;
And once more hail the fair *Ophyian* Iſle.
Theſe Rites perform'd, returning on their way,
A race with human Shape they did ſurvey,
But black as Jet, who ſally'd from the Wood,
And made the Vale more dark in which they ſtood;
No Garment o'er their Breaſts or Shoulders ſpread,
And Wreaths of peaceful Olive on their Head;
Unarm'd, yet more with wonder ſtruck than fear,
They view'd the Strangers, and approach'd more near;
Aſtoniſht at their glittering Arms, but more
At each proud Veſſel lodg'd upon the Shore,
The Flags and Streamers ſporting with the Wind,
And thought their Owners more than human Kind,
Some Gods, or Heroes to the Gods ally'd,
And more than Mortal reverence apply'd;
But to our Chief their firſt Reſpect they paid,
And cheap, but yet moſt Royal Preſents made,
Rich Golden Oar, of uſe and worth unknown,
And only priz'd by them becauſe it ſhone,
With which the Bleſſings of their Fields were born,
Ripe bluſhing Fruits and pondrous Ears of Corn;
Unpoliſht but capacious Veſſels fill'd
With Hony from each fragrant Tree diſtill'd,
Which did from Heaven in nightly Dew arrive,
Without the tedious Labours of the Hive.
With them our Garments like Reception found,
And now the Tribes ſate mingled on the Ground,
With *Indian* Food and *Spaniſh* Vintage crown'd:
Who can expreſs the Savages delight,
As if the Gods ſome Mortal ſhould invite
To heavenly Courts, and with the *Nectar*-bowl
Into a Deity exalt his raviſht Soul!
By chance the ſolemn Day was drawing near,
The greateſt Feſtival of all the Year;
And to the Sun their greateſt God belong'd,
To which from ev'ry part the Natives throng'd,
With whom their Neighbours of *Heſperia* met,
And now within the ſacred Vale were ſet.

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Each Sex, and all degrees of Age were ſeen,
But plac'd without diſtinction on the Green;
Yet from the Infant to the grizled Head,
A Cloud of Grief o'er ev'ry Face was ſpread,
All languiſh'd with the ſame obſcene Diſeaſe,
And Years, not Strength diſtinguiſht the Degrees;
Dire flames upon their Vitals fed within,
While Sores and cruſted Filth prophan'd their Skin.
At laſt the Prieſt in ſnowy Robes array'd,
The Boughs of healing Guiacum diſplay'd,
Which (dipt in living Streams) he ſhook around
To Purge, for holy Rites, the tainted Ground.
An Heifer then before the Altar ſlew,
A Swain ſtood near on whom the Blood he threw;
Then to the Sun began his myſtick Song,
And ſtreight was ſeconded by all the Throng.
Both Swine and Heifers now by thouſands bleed,
And Natives on their roaſted Entrails feed.
Our Train with wonder ſaw theſe Rites, but more
Aſtoniſht at the Plague unſeen before:
Mean while our Leader in his careful Breaſt,
Form'd ſad Conjectures of this dreadful Peſt,
This, this, ſaid he (the Gods avert our Fate)
Is that dire Curſe which *Phœbus* did relate;
The Birds prodigious Song I now recall,
The ſtrange Diſeaſe that on our Troops ſhould fall.
As therefore from the Altar they retir'd,
Our Gen'ral of the Native Prince enquir'd,
To what dread Power theſe Off'rings did belong?
What meant that languiſhing infected Throng?
And why the Shepherd by the Altar ſtood?
And wherefore Sprinkled with the guſhing Blood?
To which the Iſland Monarch, Noble Gueſt,
With annual Zeal theſe Off'rings are addreſt,
To *Phœbus* enrag'd Deity aſſign'd,
And by our Anceſtors of old enjoin'd;
But if a foreign Nations toils to learn,
And leſs refin'd be worth your leaſt concern;

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If you have any Senſe of Strangers fate,
From its firſt Source the Story I'll relate.
Perhaps you may have heard of *Atlas* Name,
From whom in long deſcent great Nations came;
From him we ſprang, and once a happy Race,
Belov'd of Heav'n while Piety had place,
While to the Gods our Anceſtors did Pray,
And grateful Off'rings on their Altars lay.
But when the Powers to be deſpis'd began,
When to leud Luxury our Nation ran;
Who can expreſs the Mis'ries that enſu'd,
And Plagues with each returning Day renew'd?
Then fair *Atlantia*, once an Iſle of fame,
(That from the mighty *Atlas* took its Name,
Who there had govern'd long with upright Sway)
Was gorg'd intire, and ſwallowed by the Sea.
With which our Flocks and Herds were wholly drown'd,
Not one preſerv'd or ever after found.
Since when outlandiſh Cattle here are ſlain,
And Bulls of foreign Breed our Altars ſtain;
In that dire Seaſon this Diſeaſe was bred,
That thus o'er all our tortur'd Limbs is ſpread:
Moſt univerſal from its Birth it grew,
And none have ſince eſcap'd, or very few;
Sent from above to ſcourge that vicious Age,
And chiefly by incens'd *Apollo's* Rage,
For which theſe annual Rites were firſt ordain'd,
Whereof this firm Tradition is retain'd.
A Shepherd once (diſtruſt not ancient Fame)
Poſſeſt theſe Downs, and *Syphilus* his Name.
A thouſand Heifers in theſe Vales he fed,
A thouſand Ewes to thoſe fair Rivers led:
For King *Alcithous* he rais'd this Stock,
And ſhaded in the Covert of a Rock.
For now 'twas *Solſtice*, and the *Syrian* Star
Increaſt the Heat and ſhot his Beams afar;
The Fields were burnt to Aſhes, and the Swain
Repair'd for ſhade to thickeſt Woods in vain.

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No Wind to fan the ſcorching Air was found,
No nightly Dew refreſht the thirſty Ground:
This Drought our *Syphilus* beheld with pain,
Nor could the ſuff'rings of his Flock ſuſtain,
But to the Noon-day Sun with up-caſt Eyes,
In rage threw theſe reproaching Blaſphemies:
Is it for this, O *Sol*, that thou art ſtyl'd
Our God and Parent? How we are beguil'd!
Dull Bigots to pay Homage to thy Name?
And with rich Spices feed thy Altar's flame:
Why do we yearly Rites for thee prepare,
Who tak'ſt of our Affairs ſo little Care?
At leaſt thou might'ſt between the Rabble Kine
Diſtinguiſh, and theſe royal Herds of Mine.
Theſe to the great *Alcithous* belong,
Nor ought to periſh with the Vulgar throng.
Or ſhall I rather think your Deity
With envious Eyes our thriving Stock did ſee?
I grant you had ſufficient Cauſe indeed,
A thouſand Heifers of the ſnowy Breed,
A thouſand Ewes of mine theſe Downs did feed;
Whilſt one Etherial Bull was all your Stock,
One Ram, and to preſerve this mighty Flock,
You muſt forſooth your *Syrian* Dog maintain:
Why do I worſhip then a Pow'r ſo vain?
Henceforth I to *Alcithous* will bring
My Off'rings, and Adore my greater King,
Who do's ſuch ſpacious Tracts of Land poſſeſs,
And whoſe vaſt Pow'r the conquer'd Seas confeſs.
Him I'll invoke my Suff'rings to redreſs.
He'll ſtreight command the cooling Winds to blow,
Refreſhing Show'rs on Trees and Herbs beſtow,
Nor ſuffer Thirſt, both Flock and Swain to kill.
He ſaid, and forthwith on a neighbouring Hill
Erects an Altar to his Monarch's Name,
The Swains from far bring Incenſe to the Flame;

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At length to greater Victims they proceed,
'Till Swine and Heifers too by hundreds Bleed,
On whose half roasted Flesh the impious Wretches feed.

All quarters soon were fill'd with the Report,
That ceas'd not till it reacht the Monarch's Court;
Th' aspiring Prince with Godlike Rites o'erjoy'd,
Commands all Altars else to be destroy'd,
Proclaims himself in Earth's low Sphere to be
The only and sufficient Deity;
That Heav'nly Pow'rs liv'd too remote and high,
And had enough to do to Rule the Sky.
Th' all-seeing Sun no longer could sustain
These Practices, but with enrag'd Disdain
Darts forth such pestilent malignant Beams,
As shed Infection on Air, Earth and Streams;
From whence this Malady its birth receiv'd,
And first th' offending *Syphilus* was griev'd,
Who rais'd forbidden Altars on the Hill,
And Victims Blood with impious Hands did spill;
He first wore Buboes dreadful to the Sight,
First felt strange Pains, and sleepless past the Night;
From him the Malady receiv'd its Name,
The Neighbouring Shepherds catcht the spreading Flame:
At last in City and in Court 'twas known,
And seiz'd th' ambitious Monarch on his Throne;
In this distress the wretched Tribes repair
To *Ammerice* the Gods Interpreter,
Chief Priestess of the consecrated Wood,
In whose Retreats the awful Tripod stood,
From whence the Gods responsal she expresst;
The Crowd enquire what Cause produc'd this Pest,
What God enrag'd? and how to be appeas'd,
And last what Cure remain'd for the Diseas'd?
To whom the Nymph reply'd-----The Sun incens'd,
With just revenge these Torments has commenc'd,
What Man can with immortal Pow'rs compare?
Fly, Wretches, fly, his Altars soon repair,

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Load them with Incenſe, him with Pray'rs invade,
His Anger will not eaſily be laid;
Your Doom is paſt, black *Styx* has heard him
ſwear,
This Plague ſhould never be extinguiſht here:
Since then your Soil muſt ne'er be wholly free,
Beg Heav'n at leaſt to yield ſome Remedy:
A Milk-white Cow on *Juno*'s Altar lay,
To Mother Earth a jet-black Heifer ſlay;
One from above the happy Seeds ſhall ſhed,
The other rear the Grove and make it ſpread,
That only for your Grief a Cure ſhall yield.
She ſaid: the Croud return'd to th' open'd Field,
Rais'd Altars to the Sun without delay,
To Mother Earth and *Juno* Victims ſlay.
'Twill ſeem moſt ſtrange what now I ſhall declare,
But by our Gods and Anceſtors I ſwear,
'Tis ſacred Truth------
Theſe Groves that ſpread ſo wide and look ſo green
Within this Iſle, till then, were never ſeen,
But now before their Eyes the Plants were found
To ſpring, and in an inſtant ſhade the Ground,
The Prieſt forthwith bids Sacrifice be done,
And Juſtice paid to the offended Sun;
Some deſtin'd Head t' attone the Crimes of all,
On *Syphilus* the dreadful Lot did fall,
Who now was plac'd before the Altar bound,
His Head with ſacrificial Garlands crown'd,
His Throat laid open to the lifted Knife,
But interceding *Juno* ſpar'd his Life,
Commands them in his ſtead a Heifer ſlay,
For *Phœbus* Rage was now remov'd away.
This made our grateful Anceſtors enjoin,
When firſt theſe annual Rites they did aſſign,
That to the Altar bound a Swine each time
Should ſtand, to witneſs *Syphilus* his Crime.
All this infected Throng whom you behold,
Smart for their Anceſtors Offence of old:

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To heal their Plague this Sacrifice is done,
And reconcile them to th' offended Sun.
The Rites perform'd, the hallow'd Boughs they ſeize,
The ſpeedy certain Cure for their Diſeaſe.
With ſuch diſcourſe the Chiefs their Cares deceive,
Whoſe Tribes of different Worlds united live,
Till now the Ships ſent back to *Europe*'s Shore,
Return and bring prodigious Tidings o'er;
That this Diſeaſe did now through *Europe* rage,
Nor any Med'cine found that cou'd aſſwage,
That in their Ships no ſlender Number mourn'd,
With Boils without and inward Ulcers burn'd.
Then call'd to mind the Bird's prophetick Sound,
That in thoſe Groves Relief was to be found.
Then each with ſolemn Vows the Sun entreats,
And gentle Nymphs the Guardians of thoſe Seats.
With luſty Strokes the Grove they next invade,
Whoſe weighty Boughs are on their Shoulders laid,
Which with the Natives Methods they prepare,
And with the healing Draughts their Health repair.
But not forgetful of their Country's Good,
They fraight their largeſt Ships with this rich Wood,
To try if in our Climate it would be
Of equal uſe, for the ſame Malady:
The Year's mild Seaſon ſeconds their deſire,
And weſtern Winds their willing Sails inſpire.
Iberian Coaſts you firſt were happy made
With this rich Plant, and wonder'd at its Aid;
Known now to *France* and Neighbouring *Germany*,
Cold *Scythian* Coaſts and temp'rate *Italy*,
To *Europe*'s Bounds, all bleſs the vital Tree.
Hail Heav'n-born Plant whoſe Rival ne'er was ſeen,
Whoſe Virtues like thy Leaves are ever green;
Hope of Mankind and Comfort of their Eyes,
Of new diſcover'd Worlds the richeſt Prize.
Too happy, would Indulgent Gods allow
Thy Groves in *Europe*'s nobler Clime to grow:
Yet if my Strains have any force, thy Name
Shall flouriſh here, and *Europe* ſing thy Fame.

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If not remoter Lands with Winter bound,
Eternal Snow, nor *Libya*'s ſcorching Ground;
Yet *Latium* and *Benacus* cool Retreats
Shall thee reſound, with *Atheſis* fair Seats.
Too bleſt, if *Bembus* live thy Growth to ſee,
And on the Banks of *Tyber* gather thee,
If he thy matchleſs Virtues once rehearſe,
And crown thy Praiſes with eternal Verſe.

A PROLOGUE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

GAllants, a baſhful Poet bids me ſay
He's come to loſe his Maidenhead to Day,
Be not too fierce, for he's but green of Age;
And ne'er, 'till now, debauch'd upon the Stage.
He wants the ſuff'ring part of Reſolution;
And comes with Bluſhes to his Execution.
E'er you deflow'r his Muſe, he hopes the Pit
Will make ſome Settlement upon his Wit.
Promiſe him well, before the Play begin;
For he wou'd fain be cozen'd into Sin.
'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail;
But, if you leave him after being frail,
He'll have, at leaſt, a fair Pretence to rail;
To call you baſe, and ſwear you us'd him ill,
And put you in the new Deſerters Bill:
Lord, what a Troop of perjur'd Men we ſee;
Enow to fill another *Mercury*!
But this the Ladies may with Patience brook:
Theirs are not the firſt Colours you forſook!
He wou'd be loath the *Beauties* to offend;
But, if he ſhou'd, he's not too old to mend.
He's a young Plant, in his firſt Year of bearing;
But his Friend ſweats, he will be worth the rearing.

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His Gloſs is ſtill upon him: Tho' 'tis true
He's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue.
You think an *Apricot* half green is beſt;
There's ſweet and ſour: And one ſide good at leaſt.
Mango's and Limes, whoſe Nouriſhment is little,
Tho' not for Food, are yet preſerv'd for Pickle.
So this green Writer may pretend, at leaſt,
To whet your Stomachs for a better Feaſt.
He makes this difference in the Sexes too,
He ſells to Men, he gives himſelf to you.
To both, he wou'd contribute ſome Delight;
A meer Poetical Hermaphrodite.
Thus he's equipp'd, both to be woo'd, and woo;
With *Arms* offenſive, and defenſive too;
'Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.

A very ancient Song of the Baniſhment of the two Dukes of HEREFORD *and* NORFOLK, *in the Time of King* RICHARD *the Second.*

TWO noble Dukes of great Renown,
That long had liv'd in Fame,
Thro' hateful Envy were caſt down,
And brought to ſudden Shame;
The Duke of *Hereford* was the one,
A prudent Prince and wiſe,
'Gainſt whom ſuch Malice there was ſhown,
Which ſoon in fight did riſe.
The Duke of *Norfolk* moſt untrue,
Declar'd unto the King,
The Duke of *Hereford* greatly grew
In hatred of each thing,
Which by his Grace was acted ſtill,
Againſt both High and Low;

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And how he had a traiterous Will
His State to overthrow.
The Duke of *Hereford* then in haſte
Was ſent for to the King,
And by the Lords, in order plac'd,
Examin'd of each thing;
Who being guiltleſs of this Crime,
Which was againſt him laid;
The Duke of *Norfolk* at that time
Theſe Words unto him ſaid,
How canſt thou with a ſhameleſs Face,
Deny a Truth ſo ſtout;
And here before his Royal Grace
So falſly face it out?
Did not theſe wicked Treaſons paſs,
When we together were,
How that the King unworthy was
The Royal Crown to bear?
Wherefore, my gracious Lord, quoth he,
And you his noble Peers,
To whom I wiſh long Life to be,
With many happy Years;
I do pronounce before you all,
This treacherous Lord that's here
A Traytor to our noble King,
As Time ſhall ſhew it clear.
The Duke of *Hereford* hearing that,
In Mind was grieved much,
And did return this Anſwer flat,
Which did Duke *Norfolk* touch:
The term of Traytor, truthleſs Duke,
In Scorn and great Diſdain,
With flat Defiance to thy Face,
I do return again.
And therefore if it pleaſe your Grace
to grant me Leave, quoth he,
To combate with my deadly Foe,
That here accuſeth me;

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I do not doubt but plainly prove,
That like a perjur'd Knight,
He hath moſt falſly ſought my Shame,
Againſt all Truth and Right.
The King did grant this juſt Requeſt,
And did therewith agree,
At *Coventry* in *Auguſt* next
This Combat fought ſhould be.
The Dukes on ſturdy Steeds full ſtout,
In Coats of Steel moſt bright,
With Spears in Reſts, did enter Liſts,
This Combat fierce to fight.
The King then caſt his Warden down,
Commanding them to ſtay,
And with his Lords he Counſel took,
To ſtint that mortal Fray;
At length unto theſe noble Dukes
The King of Heralds came,
And unto them with lofty Speech
This Sentence did proclaim,
Sir *Henry Bullenbrook*, this Day,
The Duke of *Hereford* here,
And *Thomas Mewbry*, *Norfolk* Duke,
Valiantly did appear:
And having in honourable ſort,
Repaired to this Place,
Our noble King for ſpecial Cauſe
Hath alter'd thus the Caſe:
Firſt, *Henry* Duke of *Hereford*,
E'er fifteen Days be paſt,
Shall part the Realm on pain of Death,
While ten Years ſpace doth laſt.
And *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk* now,
That hath begun this Strife,
And thereof no good Proof can bring,
I ſay for Term of Life;
By Judgment of our Sovereign Lord,
Which now in Place doth ſtand,

For.

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For evermore I banish thee,
Out of thy Native Land:
Charging thee on Pain of Death,
When fifteen Days are past,
Thou never tread on *English* Ground,
So long as Life doth last.
Thus they were sworn before the King,
Ere they did further pass,
The one should never come in place
Where-as the other was.
Then both the Dukes with heavy Hearts
Were parted presently,
Their uncouth Streams of froward Chance
In Foreign Lands to try.
The Duke of *Norfolk* coming then
Where he would Shipping take,
The bitter Tears fell down his Cheeks,
And thus his Moan did make:
Now let me Sigh and Sob my fill,
Ere I from hence depart,
That inward Pangs with speed may burst
My sore afflicted Heart.
Oh cursed Man! whose loathed Life
Is held so much in scorn,
Whose Company is clean despis'd,
And left as one forlorn:
Now take thy leave and last adieu
Of this thy Country dear,
Which never more thou must behold,
Nor yet approach it near.
Now happy should I count my self,
If Death my Heart had torn:
That I might have my Bones entomb'd,
Where I was bred and born:
Or that by *Neptune*'s wrathful Rage
I might be prest to dye,
Whilst that sweet *England*'s pleasant Banks
Did stand before mine Eye.

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How sweet a Scent hath *English* Ground
Within my Senses now!
How fair unto my outward sight
Seems ev'ry Branch and Bough!
The Fields and Flowers, the Streets and Stones,
Seem such unto my Mind,
That in all other Countries sure,
The like I ne'er shall find.
O that the Sun with shining Face
Would stay his Steed by strength,
That this same Day might stretched be
To twenty Years in length:
And that the true performing Tide
Her hasty Course would stay;
That *Æolus* would never yield
To bear me hence away.
That by the Fountain of my Eyes
The Fields might watered be,
That I might grave my grievous Plaint
Upon each springing Tree:
But Time, I see, with Eagle's Wings
So swift doth fly away;
And dusky Clouds begin to dim
The brightness of the Day:
The fatal Hour draweth on,
The Winds and Tides agree;
And now, sweet *England*, overcoom
I must depart from thee;
The Mariners have hoised Sail,
And call to catch the Tyn,
And now in woful Heart I feel
My Torments to begin.
Wherefore farewel for evermore,
Sweet *England*, unto thee;
But farewel all my Friends, which I
Again shall never see.
And *England* here I kiss thy Ground,
Upon my bended Knee,

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Whereby to shew to all the World
How dearly I love thee.
This being said, away he went,
As Fortune did him guide,
And at the length with Grief of Heart
In *Venice* there he dy'd.
The noble Duke in doleful sort
Did lead his Life in *France*;
And at the last the mighty Lord
Did him full high advance,
The Lords of *England* afterwards
Did send for him again,
While that King *Richard* at the Wars
In *Ireland* did remain:
Who, by the vile and great Abuse
Which through his Deeds did spring,
Deposed was, and then the Duke
Was truly crowned King.

An Ancient Pastoral Song.

UPON a Down where Shepherds keep,
Piping pleasant Lays,
Two Country Maids were keeping Sheep,
And sweetly chanted Roundelays:
Three Shepherds, each an Oaten-Reed,
Blaming *Cupid*'s cruel Wrong,
Unto these rural Nymphs agreed
To keep a tuneful Under-Song.
And so they were in number five,
Musick's number sweet,
And we the like let us contrive,
To sing their Song in order meet;
Fair *Phyllis*'s Part I take to me,
She 'gainst loving Hinds complains;

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And *Amaryllis* thou shalt be,
She defends the Shepherd Swains.
Ph. Fie on the slights that Men devise.
Sh. Hey ho, silly slights.
P. When simple Maids they would intice.
S. Maids are young Mens chief Delights.
A. Nay, Women they which with their Eyes.
S. Eyes like Beams of burning Sun.
A. And Men once caught they soon despise.
S. So are Shepherds oft undone.
P. If any young Man win a Maid.
S. Happy Man is he;
P. By trusting him she is betray'd.
S. Fie upon such Treachery:
A. If Maids catch young Men with their Guiles,
S. Hey ho, hey ho, guiltless Grief.
A. They deal like weeping Crocodiles.
S. That murther Man without relief.
P. I know a silly Country Hind,
S. Hey ho, hey ho, silly Swain!
P. To whom fair *Daphne* proved kind;
S. Was he not kind to her again?
P. He vow'd to *Pan* with many an Oath,
S. Hey ho, Shepherds God is he;
A. Yet since he hath chang'd and broke his Troth;
S. Troth plight broke, will plagued be.
A. She had deceived many a Swain,
S. Fie upon false Deceit;
A. And plighted troth to them in vain,
S. There can be no Grief more great.
A. Her measure was with measure paid,
S. Hey ho, hey ho, equal meed;
A. She was beguil'd that was betray'd,
S. So shall all Deceivers speed.
P. If every Maid were like to me,
S. Hey ho, hey ho, hard of Heart!
P. Both Love and Lovers scorn'd should be.
S. Scorners should be sure of smart.

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A. If every Maid were of my mind,
S. Hey ho, hey ho, lovely sweet,
A. They to their Lovers would prove kind:
S. Kindness is for Maidens meet.
P. Methinks Love is an idle Toy,
S. Hey ho, hey ho, baste Pain;
P. Both Wit and Sense it doth annoy;
S. Both Wit and Sense thereby we gain.
A. Tush *Phyllis*, cease, be not so coy:
P. Hey ho, hey ho, my Disdain!
A. I know you love a Shepherd's Boy:
S. Fie on that Woman so can feign.
P. Well, *Amaryllis*, now I yield;
S. Shepherds sweetly Pipe aloud;
P. Love Conquers both in Town and Field;
S. Like a Tyrant fierce and proud.
A. The Evening-Star is up we see,
S. *Vesper* shines, we must away;
P. Would every Lady would agree:
S. So we end our Roundelay.

A Dialogue between Plain TRUTH *and* IGNORANCE.

TRUTH.

GOD speed you, ancient Father,
And give you a good Day.
What is the Cause, I pray you,
So sadly here you stay?
And that you keep such gazing
On this decayed place?
The which for Superstition
Good Princes down did raze.

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IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee by my vaces
That zometimes che have known
A vair and goodly Abbay
Stand here, of Brick and Stone:
And many holy Usiez,
As ich may say to thee,
Within theſe goodly Cloyſters,
Che did full often zee.

TRUTH.

Then I muſt tell thee, Father,
In Truth and Verity,
A ſort of greater Hypocrites
Thou could'ſt not likely ſee:
Deceiving of the Simple,
With falſe and feigned Lies;
But ſuch an Order, truly,
Chriſt never did deviſe.

IGNORANCE.

Ah, ah, che zmell thee now, Man,
Che no well what thou art;
A Vellow of mean Learning,
Che was not worth a Vart.
Vor when we had the old Law,
A merry World was then,
And every thing was plenty,
Among all ſorts of Men.

TRUTH.

Thou giveſt me an Anſwer,
As did the *Jews* ſometimes
Unto the Prophet *Jeremy*;
When he accus'd their Crimes:
'Twas merry (ſaid the People)
And joyful in our Realm,
When we did offer Spice-cakes
Unto the Queen of Heaven.

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IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee what, Good-Vellow,
Before the Vicars went hence,
A Buſhel of the beſt Wheat
Was zold vor vourteen Pence:
And vorty Eggs a Penny,
That were both good and new;
And this zhe zay my zelf have zeen,
And yet ich am no *Jew*.

TRUTH.

Within the ſacred Bible,
We find it written plain,
The latter Days ſhould troubleſome
And dangerous be, certain;
That we ſhould be Self-Lovers,
And Charity wax cold;
Then 'tis not true Religion
That makes the Grief to hold.

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee my Opinion plain,
And choul that well ye knew,
Ich care not for the Bible Book,
'Tis too big to be true:
Our bleſſed Lady's Pſalter
Zhall for my Money go;
Zuch pretty Prayers as there be
The Bible cannot zhow.

TRUTH.

Now haſt thou ſpoken truly,
For in that Book indeed
No mention of our Lady,
Or *Romiſh* Saint we read:
For by the bleſſed Spirit
That Book indited was,
And not by ſimple Perſons,
As is the fooliſh Maſs.

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IGNORANCE.

Cham zure they are not voolish
That made the Maſs, the vow,
Why Man? 'Tis all in *Latin*,
And Vools no *Latin* know?
Were not our Fathers wiſe Men,
And they did like it well,
Who very much rejoiced
To hear the Zeering-Bell?

TRUTH.

But many Kings and Prophets,
As I may ſay to thee,
Have wiſht the Light that you have,
And could it never ſee:
For what art thou the better
A *Latin* Song to hear,
And underſtandeth nothing
That they ſing in the Quire?

IGNORANCE.

O hold thy Peace, che pray thee,
The Noiſe was paſſing trim,
To hear the Uriers zinging,
As we did enter in:
And then to zee the Rood-loft
Zo bravely zet with Zaints,
And now to zee them wandring,
My Heart with Zorrow faints.

TRUTH.

The Lord did give Commandment,
No Image thou ſhouldſt make,
Nor that unto Idolatry
You ſhould your ſelf betake:
The Golden Calf of *Iſrael*
Moſes did therefore ſpoil,
And *Baal*'s Prieſts and Temple
He brought to utter Foil.

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IGNORANCE.

But our Lady of *Walsingham*
Was a pure and holy Saint,
And many Men in Pilgrimage
Did shew to her Complaint:
Yea, with sweet *Thomas Becket*,
And many other mo,
The holy Maid of *Kent* likewise,
Did many Wonders shew.

TRUTH.

Such Saints are well agreeing
To your Profession sure;
And to the Men that made them,
So precious and so pure:
That one was found a Traytor,
And judged worthy of Death;
The other eke for Treason,
Did end his hateful Breath.

IGNORANCE.

Yea, yea, it is no matter
Dispraise them how you will;
But sure they did much Goodness,
Would they were with us still:
We had our holy Water,
And holy Bread likewise,
And many holy Reliques
We saw before our Eyes.

TRUTH.

And all this while they fed you
With vain and sundry Shows,
Which never Christ commanded,
As learned Doctors knows;
Search then the holy Scriptures,
And you shall plainly see
That headlong to Damnation
They always trained thee.

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IGNORANCE.

If it be true, Good-vellow,
As thou doſt zay to me;
Then to my Zaviour Jeſus,
Alone then will I flee:
Believing in the Goſpel,
And Paſſion of his Zon,
And with the zubtil Papiſts,
Ich have for ever done.

A Dialogue between FANCY *and* DESIRE.

COME hither, Shepherd's Swain.
Sir, What do you require?
I pray thee ſhew thy Name?
My Name is Fond Deſire.
When waſt thou born, *Deſire?*
In Pomp and Pride of May.
By whom, ſweet Child, waſt thou begot?
Of Fond Conceit, Men ſay.
Tell me, who was thy Nurſe?
Sweet Youth, and ſugar'd Joys.
What was thy Meat and dainty Food?
Sad Sighs and great Annoys.
What hadſt thou for to drink?
Unſavory Lovers Tears.
What Cradle waſt thou rocked in?
In Love devoid of Fears.
What lull'd thee then aſleep?
Sweet Speech, which likes me beſt.
Tell me where is thy Dwelling place?
In gentle Hearts I reſt.
What thing doth pleaſe thee moſt?
To gaze on Beauty ſtill.

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Whom doſt thou think to be thy Foe?
Diſdain of my Good-Will.
Doth Company diſpleaſe?
Yea ſure, many one.
Where doth Deſire delight to live?
He loves to live alone.
Doth either Time or Age
bring him to decay?
No, no, Deſire both lives and dies
Ten thouſand times a Day.
Then Fond Deſire, farewel,
Thou art no Meat for me;
I ſhould be loath to dwell
With ſuch a one as thee.

A Farewel to LOVE.

I.

FArewel, falſe Love, the Oracle of Lies,
A mortal Foe, an Enemy to Reſt,
An envious Boy, from whence great Cares ariſe,
A Baſtard vile, a Beaſt with Age poſſeſt:
A Way for Error, a Tempeſt full of Treaſon,
In all Reſpects contrary unto Reaſon.

II.

A poiſon'd Serpent cover'd all with Flowers,
Mother of Sighs, and Mutheters Repoſe,
A Sea of Sorrows, whence run all ſuch Showers
As Moiſture gives to every Grief that grows;
A School of Guile, a Neſt of deep Deceit,
A golden Hook that holds a poiſon'd Bait.

III.

A Fortreſs fled, whom Reaſon did defend,
A *Syren's* Song, a Server of the Mind;
A Maze wherein Affections find no end,
A running Cloud that runs before the Wind;

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A Subſtance like the Shadow of the Sun,
A Goal of Grief, for which the wiſeſt run.

IV.

A quenchleſs Fire, a Reſt of trembling Fear,
A Path that leads to Peril and Miſhap,
A true Retreat of Sorrow and Deſpair,
An idle Boy that ſleeps in Pleaſure's Lap:
A deep Miſtruſt of that which certain ſeems,
A Hope of that which Reaſon doubtful deems.

V.

Then ſith thy Reign my younger Years betray'd,
And for my Faith Ingratitude I find;
And ſuch Repentance hath the Wrong bewray'd,
Whoſe crooked Cauſe hath not been after Kind;
Falſe Love go back, and Beauty frail adieu,
Deaſt is the Root from which ſuch Fancies grew.

The End of the FIFTH PART.

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